

We are warriors, fierce and brutal
Living far from sun and moon
Our greed for gold and jewels
Will be our gloom and doom

My lust for battle is bigger than me
I'm forging metal in dungeon so deep

We are feasting on the barley juice
We grow our beards and keep it true
Durin's sons are mountain-born
Our hearts belong to Erebor

War dwarf
I'm a war dwarf

We are drinking stout and porter
While were singing loud and proud
Songs of honor, death and warfare
Bloody meat and sauerkraut

It's not that easy to find dwarven ladies
Their beards are to blame 'cause it's hereditary

We are feasting on the barley juice
We grow our beards and keep it true
Durin's sons are mountain-born
Our hearts belong to Erebor

I'm a war dwarf

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