

Winds of Wisdom

Twilight Force

Fall is coming and the colours turns to gold
Leaves are falling to the ground
Cold of the rain
Skies turn to grey
And the light fades away

Season of wisdom
Time to call the wind
Days of prophecies
Finally here, gathered again
In a tower high in the clouds

Power of the mages will reveal the horn
Horn of the ancient prophecies

Winds of wisdom
Howling in the spire
Telling tales from far and wide
Winds of wisdom
Singing to the mages
Echoes through the skies

Horn of the whispering winds
Was made from dragon bone
Magic dragon bone
Made by the one
Ancient and wise
The Enchanted Dragon of Wisdom

Echoes of the dragonhorn were fading out
Pages of knowledge inked in time

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