

To Be A Dwarf

Wind Rose

Beneath the mountain's ancient brow
The caverns deep are echoing now
We're beating the iron, we're breaking the stone
In halls of rock, we're forging our home

The hammers dance, the forges sing
With ores and jewels on golden rings
With magical power, as lineage commands
We're smithing our fame with the skill of our hands

With axes sharp and shields so strong
We guard our realm, where we belong
An oath made of iron, a race made of stone
I'll honor the blood of my brothers until I die

Die! If I have to, I'll die
Die! The brotherhood will fight
Fight! I'm meant to be a dwarf
Till the moment that I die

Die! If I have to, I'll die
Die! The brotherhood will fight
Fight! I'm meant to be a dwarf
The promise of all

I will be the fire of the morning light (I swear!)
I will be the white of the mountain high (I swear!)
I will be the hammer beating on the anvil
To be a dwarf, it's an oath we swearing us all

Fire of the morning light (I swear!)
I will be the white on the mountain high (I swear!)
I will be the hammer beating on the anvil
To be a dwarf, it's our oath, and will be forevermore

Around the hearth, when day is done
We share our tales with ale and fun
Surrounding the fire, in tunnels so deep
In halls of rock, our oaths we keep

Of battles fierce, of brothers gone
Their memories live in our song
When hammering sounds, our voices will rise
These stories will guide us as torches into the night
To be a dwarf, an oath that surrounds me

Like a storm whitens the mountain
Like a fire scorches the stone
To be a dwarf, an oath that surrounds me
As a legend yet untold
As a legend yet untold!

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Yet untold!