

Skin & Feather

Human Fortress

[L: Parcharidis / M: Parcharidis, Wolf]

Charms and bags and graveyard stones, witch bottles protects our homes

Minerals of many, many kinds - Things we dig for in our mines

Now the element of fire - From candle glow to wild desire

They walk in it and do not burn - It seals the spell from which they yearn

The tide is rolling on but they will never turn

To burn the orks and skeletons - Is just for what they yearn

[CHORUS]

From the mountains the wizards come

But no all at once just one by one

With powers in the coats they wear

Skin and feather, fur and hair

Relics of power and filled full of wonder

Those who slithered, pattered, thundered

Stones upon which mysterious symbols show

And lava, fire, spit taken from volcano

Spells to aid them in their quest - Combining them of course is always the best

And when with magic scrolls they are steady - To fight in battle they'll be ready

[CHORUS]

The tide is rolling on - With demon ships across the shore

The wizards fight until the tide should roll no more

Turn around look at the field - Holding nothing but my wand and my shield

Those demons are amazed and leave our land alone