

Salamandra, The Blackest Wings

Land's fallen a sleep
Dust, ash and smoke
Fill night with evil
You can't see the force
Feeding on cruel night
And on lives of the brave

She's certainly come
Spreading her wings
Searching the country
With her blackened eyes
She's looking for each flash
Of a mind weak or tired

Feel Morana
Spread her wings over the country
Spreading her great dark wings

She'll turn her head
Look in your eyes
She'll search your soul, your soul
What could she find
Inside your mind
Is there a hope, oh hope?

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What will you tell her
If ever asked
Proud Moravian
How did you help your country?