

House Of Heroes

Battlelore

The man and the ghost, will meet again,
In the night when it snows, never quiet, never cold

Hear their calling, lost lords to cast the ride,
White spears in their hands, pointing towards the sky

The ancient echoes, from the wielded jaws,
The bones and the scales, the forgotten lore

The calm of the night, lighting the flame,
In the night when they haunt, the curtain shall fall

Heroes and fools, all together, all the same, statues of the re
stless
Gallery of the drowned and the pale

The man and ghost, will meet again, on the marshes of the old,
Though silent when it snows