

The Rising Moon, the Northern guard
Held the shadowed wall of fear
The Setting Sun, the Southern pride
Seepetre over the wild

Two lords, two defenders
Raised the forts and claimed the lands
Monuments of the ages
Kept the shadows away
Vaults for their godly gifts
Celestial treasures
Beacons to scare the fallen
The One that lay nigh upon the East

Two lords, two defenders
Did not see the Iron Fist
Monuments of the ages
Crumbled down to dust
Vaults for their godly gifts
Filled with disgrace
The White Tree of life
Cut down and burned to ashes

Those were the elder days
The golden age for the mortal
Set and cast was the fate
By the days of men

It was hard to believe
Nearly gone was all hope
When the Tree grew again
And brought the light
It was hard to believe
Nearly gone was all hope
Set and cast was the fate
By the days of men