

## Moontower

## Battlelore

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