

## Black Tide

## Black Tusk

Crossing the boundaries of this land and time  
A journey to enter the plains of divine

A power grows, thundering hooves  
Fog obscures, cities of light  
Beyond the divide we must ride

Reach for the voices from the hallowed light  
Mocking and taunting from the barren wastes

Hopeless, never coming, endless ride to the sky  
You feel ever weaker, voices call from inside  
Sliding from the saddle as the strength leaves your soul  
Laughter from your demons as you cross the divide