

# A Tale Of Forgotten Realms

Crystal Eyes

On a cold winternight with the moon ablaze  
We where gathered around the fireplace  
Silent we sat with our foaming ales  
Respectfully waiting for the old man's tale

With a final draw on his ivory pipe  
The old man raised his voice , and began

As his voice raised and sank in the strangest rhyme  
We drifted away to worlds of ancient times  
By his words we where able to see through his eyes  
Into places beyond where dragons still flies

Forgotten realms , mysterious lands  
When childhood dreams are close at hand  
With mythical beasts and lustrous elves  
Those magical worlds reveal themselves

And when the story ended we felt hollow yet glad  
The return to the grey reality made us all a bit sad  
But I could see the faith in everyones eyes  
That somewhere , there are worlds where dragons fly

And this strange night in late december  
Will stay in my mind , and I'll , remember