

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