

# The Black Mare

Dragonland

["After spending a night among cheerful song and many a laughter at the Inn of Eamon Bayle, the Islander and the Elf woman, whose destinies were now closely entwined, set out to the east away from pursuing men and towards the glades of her people. Like a horse that great elven kings would mount before men had not yet named a chieftain, the black mare now carried them in restless flight across the Southland Dales"]

Crack of thunder, sound of rain across the endless fields

as we speed towards the night upon a steed that never yields

Black as the night, swift as the wind and eyes of emerald green

In restless flight our journey takes us further east  
The seventh day we reach the west trail

through the Nethermoor

guides us through the mist

Across the river past the grey stones of  
Ne'anthor, stars shine our way

Journey into far away

and to forgotten lands

and here by my side

she will ride there with me

To the home of her kind

I see creatures from old stories I thought make believe

Crawling in the shades with thousand eyes they gaze upon me

She lifts her head up like she senses unseen enemies

In the black of night a shadow watches over me

On the second moon we set out east for Val'inthor

Where her kindred dwell

We pass the mighty ruined citadels of ancient lore

The moon lights our way

Journey into far away

and to forgotten lands

and here by my side

she will ride there with me

To the home of her kind

[Solo: Mörck]

[Solo: Holmlid]

Ghostly specters, faded wanderers that gone before  
reveals the passage through the river to the northern shore

Something dwells within the dark I sense we're not alone

though I know it cannot pass beyond the warding stones  
before the break of fall we stand before the sacred realm

where her kindred dwell

we make camp in crumbling temples by the raging ford  
light shine our way

Journey into far away

and to forgotten lands

and here by my side

she will ride there with me

She's the queen of her kind