

Throne Of Bones

Dragonland

["The momentous call of the Century Horn touched upon every ear of all men and beast of the Realms. Even into the Royal Hall of the Great Tower of Westmar its sound pierced, forming a poignant counterpoint to the King's already troubled thoughts"]

Last night I dreamt in a fever
My deeds formed a prison of stone
And to me now this golden throne
seems made of bone

I gazed upon armies in silver
Clashing with beasts from the sky
And I wept with a sigh
- yet I know

The dragon's son must die
Sshe'll return to me
That I know, I've seen her in my dreams
The old gods, they spoke to me;
"Slay them all, and we shall set her free!"
To light up my life, and keep me from harm