

Elric The Enchanter

Hawkwind

The song he sang was surfaces
Nothing deeper than a child knows
He could sing sand into pearls
So the saying goes
Some said he was a sorcerer
Or a warrior chief
But he was the stealer of souls
The lord of Chaos reaps
And he's frozen in a time trap
Slowly losing power
And he's frightened if he makes a move
The dream will soon turn sour

Sprawling in a Ruby Throne
Head cupped in his hands
The Lord of Dragons, Elric's thoughts
Were of quests to far off lands
The Black Sword was at his side
Murmuring in it's scabbard cold
Waiting for the moment to arrive
To drink the very essence of soul
And he's frozen in a time trap
Slowly losing power
And he's frightened if he makes a move
The dream will soon turn sour

He did not know that the sword he'd hold
Would turn his priceless empire into 'fool's gold'
The truth, the shadow of the sword will hide
'Til it's too late, a traitor at his side

And as he gazes from his ruby throne
He's growing restless of the life he's sown
To get away, embark on a quest
And put his powers of sorcery to the test

The drugs he takes to keep himself awake
Lose their effect, he can no longer wait
To find the sword and gain more power
And make his move before the dream turns sour