

## The Fifth Season

Heir Apparent

I looked unto the Old One, in the Sacred Halls  
I found him there amidst his grief, and crumbling walls  
The tears that lined his face  
Told the tale he tried to hide  
Of castles made of sand, and of the tide

A whisper through his sobs  
I heard him softly say  
"My kingdom for a wise man: yesterday"  
"No one can save us, no one can stop the end"  
Not all the king's horses, or all your amen's:

There's no disarming, no forewarning  
Morning is over - forever burns the night  
Time's forever fused with the night  
The passions of men -in a flash  
Put an end to the light

No one can save us now  
Nothing can stop the end  
Not all the king's horses, or all your amen's

No disarming, no forewarning  
Morning is over- forever burns the night  
Time's forever fused with the night  
The passions of men -in a flash  
Put an end to the light

Shadows seething - darkness fills the sky  
Ashes wreathing - fire burning on high  
Suffocation - the light all gone away  
In the end - no final words to say