

The Necromancer

Rush

I. Into Darkness

As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky, the three travelers, men of Willow Dale, emerge from the forest shadow. Fording the River Dawn, they turn South, journeying into the dark and forbidding lands of the Necromancer. Even now the intensity of his dread power can be felt, weakening the body and saddening the heart. Ultimately they will become empty, mindless spectres, Stripped of will and soul. Only their thirst for freedom gives them hunger for Vengeance...

Silence shrouds the forest
As the birds announce the dawn.
Three trav'ellers ford the river
And southward journey on.
The road is lined with peril,
And the air is charged with fear.
The shadow of his nearness
Weighs like iron tears.

II. Under the Shadow

Shreds of black cloud loom in overcast skies;
The Necromancer keeps watch with his magic prism eyes.
He views all his lands and is already aware
Of the three helpless invaders
Trapped in his lair...

Brooding in the tower,
Watching o'er his land,
Holding ev'ry creature,
Helplessly they stand.

Gaze into his prisms,
Knowing they are near.
Lead them to the dungeons.
Spectres numb with fear,
They bow defeated.

III. Return of the Prince

Enter the Champion.
Prince By-Tor appears to battle for freedom from chains of long years.
The spell has been broken...the Dark Lands are bright, the Wraith of the Necromancer soars away...in the night.

Stealthily attacking,
By-Tor slays his foe.
The men are free to run now
From labyrinths below.
Wraith of the Necromancer
Shadows through the sky;
Another land to darken

With evil prism eye.