

A Promise Of Old

Stormwitch

Oh! There you are dear, I've been looking today
Now come a bit near, I have something to say
I know how you're feeling you'd like to think in peace
But hear my speaking, take good news from me
Come give me this thing, I need it, I said
I would like to use the ring to defend the flat
Why do you want it? How can it help by destroying?
What do you think you're doing?
No good, so hand me the ring!
No, Denetyde, you know my mind
A promise of old, a promise of mine!
It's not what you say, your will can't be true
I'll just take, I'm stronger than you
Come listen to reason, more than you can bear
You don't want to listen, I 'll stop playing fair
No Denetyde.
As I swore this ring I would protect
With an aim the mountain I will treck
Then at last the fire I will find
My own past in this course of mine
Now I must go, I can't wait anymore
All alone in search for freedom's door
Must be done, at best will be done now
I must go as silent as I know right now
I know it better, alone I will be
Shall the ring be a gift for another? Will I be free?