

Hall Of Tales

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There's darkness everywhere in the hall of time
But a low glowing fire shines on lonely silhouettes
Nigh colums of chilliads with runes of fate
Scalds , bards and minstrels stare into the flames

Their lonely voices soar into the silence
Like a glint into the feeble light
Some runes start to shine in silvery letters
Forgotten stories of ruins and ne'er ending blight:

Far away from now in sunken times
A fair young maiden followed the wind
A will - o' - the - wisp led her astray
Into a vale of bleakness and grief
Thousands of men - struck the marching tune
So they died and she greets seeding tears
And waiting for harvest

Far away from now in sunken times
A travelling lad followed an old path
His thoughts stray constantly to the sky
Where elfs and wyverns fly
His colleen by his side with so bright eyes
Shillelagh won't ever fly again

Far away from now in sunken times
An old bard sung with the wind
The trees on an old path told him
Of a place his thoughts still long for
A hall of ancient wisdom and lore
In the eclipse of abandoned time:

There's darkness...