

Song of the Graves

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"Shades`ll grow stronger"
a dark voice calls
out of the past

Minds too weak
to with stand
to divide higher thoughts
from barren lies

Here I stand on the plain
while dark forces gather around me
hear the lament of the corvine goddess
a sullen croon of my destiny

The air resounds
a song of doom
all is lost
only cairns will last
Oh they`ll remain
as a mute testimony
to the valor of men
who proudly defied the will of fate
led by a vision to a bitter end

Come on - you creatures
of war and hate
leader of the weak
taste the steel of my blade
Stouthearted I stand
face to face with the darker side of mine
well aware of my decline

So here the story ends
with trembly letters
On this fateful script
the kings herald brought to me
Misery is a child of bliss
and so the circles close
to finally vanish into a
haze of mystery

All this I witnessed
and even more
as time passed by
I saw the sons of romolns fall
the one god rise
and coldness survive

ANOETH BID BET Y ARTHUR
(A secret The Grave Of Arthur)