

The Passing of the Grey Company

Summoning

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Over the land there lies a long shadow,
westward reaching wings of darkness.
The tower trembles, to the tombs of kings
doom approaches. The dead awaken,
for the hour is come for the oathbreakers;
at the stone of Erech they shall stand again
and hear there a horn in the hills ringing.

Whose shall the horn be? Who shall call them
from grey twilight, the forgotten people?
the heir of him to whom the oath they swore.
From the North shall he come, need shall drive him.
He shall pass the door to the path of the dead.

On your knees...

The grey company is arriving now...