

Dark Valley Suite

The Gates of Slumber

Beyond the bounds of time and space.
Flowing eternal in that realm beyond.
Past the river black as the grave.
Lies Dark Valley home of shadow and fear.
Sad life spent on its sullen shore.
Midst ruins of an age that never was.
You lived apart in that hollow dark.
With a heart as heavy as stone.

Death, it came in dreams.
Haunting while you slept.
And you walked alone.
Forever at war.
Had you lived before.
Will you live again.
To see the failing of our doomed race.
Stretching back through time.
Hurling on towards end.
Will you ever know our ultimate fate.
Or do you rest in that valley dark.
Beyond the river forever more.

Robert E. Howard's "Lines Written in the Realization
That I Must Die"

"The Black door gapes and the Black wall rises;
Twilight gasps in the grip of Night.
Paper and dust are the gems man prizes-
Torches toss in my waning sight.

Drums of glory are lost in the ages,
Bare feet fail on a broken trail-
Let my name fade from the printed pages;
Dreams and visions are growing pale.
Twilight gathers and none can save me.
Well and well, for I would not stay:

Let me speak through the stone you gave me:
He never could say what he wished to say.
Why should I shrink from the sign of leaving?
My brain is wrapped in a darkened cloud;
Now in the night are the sisters weaving
For me a shroud.

Towers shake and the stars reel under,
Skulls are heaped in the Devil's fane;
My feet are wrapped in a rolling thunder,
Jets of agony lance my brain.

What of the world I leave forever?
Phantom forms in a fading sight-
Carry me out on the ebon river
Into the Night."