

Dying Earth

The Sword

Beneath a dimming sun great cities moulder and decay
In brooding nights of gloom and on through melancholy days
In the manses of the mages great magics still hold sway
And those who dwell within are wont to say

As the sun fades from the sky
This ancient earth prepares to die
Here at the end of all time
A slow demise so saturnine

As aeons pass unheeded subtle sorcerers parlay
Among the haunted hills strange creatures stalk unwary prey
There may come no tomorrow so all live for today
And the crimson twilight turns to grey

As the earth prepares to die
The waning sun fades from the sky
Here at the end of all time
Our slow demise becomes sublime