

## 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