

Black blades in their hands  
obey his every command  
they search for that which is lost  
through realms of rime and of frost  
where no mortal may pass  
atop a dais of glass  
sits a scepter of light  
a symbol of Titan's might

He comes from cities of darkness  
to suffer harlots and fools  
loneliness is his raiment  
solitude is his jewel  
he's seen the valleys of solace  
beheld the spires of sleep  
he's fed the pyres of the fallen  
and heard the widows weep

We come from cities in darkness  
to conquer cowards and fools  
loneliness is our payment  
solitude is our due  
walk through valleys of solace  
ascend the spires of sleep  
ignore the warnings of prophets  
and for your children I'll weep

skies blackened with crows  
shadows on winter's snows  
within a temple of ice  
priestesses perform the rites  
witness the setting of suns  
the darkest days have begun  
let the seers come forth  
at morning's light we ride north