

Ebethron

The Sword

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