

Umbrea

Mephisto Walz

Far over the mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away ere break of day
To seek the pale enchanted hold
Cold be hand, heart and bone
Cold be sleep under stone
Never more to wake... the sun's failed
Never, 'til the moon is dead
In hallowed halls beneath the fells
On silvered laces strung
Flowering stars on crowns were hung
The dragon-fire in twisted wire
Cold the blackwind and stars shall die
And still on stone here let them lie
As the dark lord lifts his hand
Over the dead sea and withered land

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