

# Elric the Enchanter

## Hawkwind

The song he sang was surfaces  
Nothing deeper than a child knows  
He could sing sand into pearls  
So the saying goes  
Some said he was a sorcerer  
Or a warrior chief  
But he was the stealer of souls  
The lord of Chaos reaps  
And he's frozen in a time trap  
Slowly losing power  
And he's frightened if he makes a move  
The dream will soon turn sour  
Sprawling in a Ruby Throne  
Head cupped in his hands  
The Lord of Dragons, Elric's thoughts  
Were of quests to far off lands  
The Black Sword was at his side  
Murmuring in its scabbard cold  
Waiting for the moment to arrive  
To drink the very essence of soul  
And he's frozen in a time trap  
Slowly losing power  
And he's frightened if he makes a move  
The dream will soon turn sour  
He did not know that the sword he'd hold  
Would turn his priceless empire into 'fool's gold'  
The truth, the shadow of the sword will hide  
'Til it's too late, a traitor at his side  
And as he gazes from his ruby throne  
He's growing restless of the life he's sown  
To get away, embark on a quest  
And put his powers of sorcery to the test

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