The Black River

The Sword

Great peril awaits us beyond the black river
Summoned by the beating of drums
Our number is few, our errand is dire
We do what must be doneAt the bidding of the high priest
Tribes gather for war
Evil sorcery is unleashed
Upon the opposite shoreMake your stand with the great hound
The frontier is lost
Black waters lie before you
Together you crossTake heart do not fear
When you know your death nearsWe shall build you a cairn beyond the black river
Where no one will disturb your rest
There you shall lay in your helm and your harness
Your sword across your breastNow take a quick moment to answer this question
As the ferry approaches the shore
Will you have the coin to pay for your passage
Or the courage to take up the oar?

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