

Land of the Dead

Summoning

Where forest stream went through the wood
And silent all the stens there stood
Of tall trees, moveless, hanging dark
With mottled shadows on their barkAs faint as deepest sleeper's breath
An echo came as cold as death
Long are the paths, of shadow made
Where no foot's print is ever laidNo moon is there, no voice, no sound
Of beating heart; a sigh profoundOnce in each age as each age dies
Alone is heard. Far, far it liesThe Land of Waiting where the Dead sit,
In their thought's shadow, by no moon litUpon the plain, there rushed forth and high
Shadows at dead end of night and mirrored in the skyFar far away beyond might of day
And there lay the land of the dead of mortal cold decay

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