The Necromancer

Rush

{As gray traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky
The three travelers, men of Willow dale emerge from the forest shadow
Fording the river dawn, they turn south
Journeying into the dark and forbidding lands of the necromancer}{Even now the intensity of his dread power can be felt
Weakening the body and saddening the heart
Ultimately they will become empty, mindless specters
Stripped of will and soul
Only their thirst for freedom gives them hunger for vengeance}Silence shrouds the forest as the birds announce the dawn
Three travelers ford the river and southward journey on
The road is lined with peril, the air is charged with fear
The shadow of his nearness weighs like iron tears{Shreds of black cloud loom in overcast skies
The necromancer keeps watch with his magic prism eyes
He views all his lands and is already aware
Of the three helpless invaders trapped in his lair}Brooding in the tower, watching over his land
Holding every creature helplessly they stand
Gaze into his prisms knowing they are near
Lead them to the dungeons, specters numb with fear
They bow defeated{Enter the Champion
Prince By-Tor appears to battle for freedom from chains of long years
The spell has been broken, the Dark Lands are bright
The Wraith of the necromancer soars away in the night}Stealthily attacking By-Tor slays his foe
The men are free to run now from labyrinths below
The Wraith of necromancer, shadows through the sky
Another land to darken with evil prism eye

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