

# The Priory

## Falconer

The mist carried tidings of fire and blood:  
On northern waves the dragons ride.  
Heaven shall mourn what darkness will scorn  
on the day when prayers die.  
The omens spoke of a rising beast  
that sailed out from the eastern shores.  
Brethren will cry and angels will sigh  
on the day of the fiendish force. Aaaaah, the priory burned.  
Aaaaah, aflame and ablaze. The heathen horde struck from the sea  
like a cut from a tempered blade.  
In black the day was hung by the foreign  
dragon's tongue  
on the day of the sinister raid.  
A plundered parish by a pagan plague  
perished under the Autumn clouds.  
Their embers went cold as fate did unfold  
and wrapped them in a solacing shroud.

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