

# Summoning, The Glory Disappears

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves  
That break against the shore, shall lull my mind  
And scorn against all enemies prepared  
And with the food of pride sustained my soul  
In solitude

Sad was I, to pain depressed  
Importunate and heavy load  
My destiny has found me here  
Upon this lonely road

And many thousands now are sad  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear  
For I must die who is their stay  
Their glory disappears

Now I am dead and gone, my friend  
Life's pain has come to end now  
Your star will guide my soul  
To ride the winds above