

Brocas Helm, Into the Ithilstone

I watched for you by the Eastern gate
Till the bloody break of day
Then I drove the needle deep
And slowly ran away

Dragons to the left of me
Demons to the right
The dark lord smiles with scarlet eyes
As the silver vampire bites

A million stars blaze in my hand
And moon flames in my hair
So like the time you touched me first
But this time you're not there

Instead a rider cloaked in black
With deadly dreaming eyes
Soars near me on a ghastly steed
Whose thunder fills the skies

Now lurking near the Eastern gate
I hold a crystal blade
It's edges greened with venom stain
It's orc-hilt pitted jade

I feel his will gush through my brain
In endless waves of gore
Yet, still the question breathes within
Who am I waiting forr?

Into the Ithilstone
Reflection searing bright
Burning in my private hell
Caught in the grip of night