

Raleytar, Autumn Winds Before The Rain

<based on a poem by J. R. R. Tolkien>
The wind was on the withered heath
But in the forest stirred no leaf
There shadows lay by night and day
When one came down he lost his faith
The wind came down from mountains cold
And like a tide it roared and rolled
The branches groaned, the forest moaned
And leaves were laid upon the stoned
The wind went on from west to east
All movement in the forest ceased
But shrill and harsh, across the marsh
where the whistling voices rush
The grasses hissed, their tassels bent
The reeds were rattling - on it went
Where racing clouds were rent and torn
For fate and trust they were not born
It passed the lonely mountain bare
And swept above the dragon's lair
There black and dark lay boulders stark
And flying smoke was the expired mark
It left the world and took its flight
Over the wide seas of the night
The moon set sail upon the gale
The dark tower as the holy frail...