

# Rush, The Necromancer

"I. Into The Darkness"

"As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky,  
the three travelers, men of Willowdale,  
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 spectres;  
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 travellers 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

"II. Under The Shadow"

"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 o'er his land  
Holding ev'ry creature  
Helplessly they stand  
Gaze into his prisms  
Knowing they are near  
Lead them to the dungeons  
Spectres numb with fear  
They bow defeated

"III. Return Of The Prince"

"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