

Rush, The Necromancer I. Into The Darkness

"As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky, the three travelers, men of Willowdale, emerge
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
Silence shrouds the forest
As the birds announce the dawn
Three trav'lers 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