

# 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 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