

The Sword, The Black River

Great peril awaits us beyond the Black River
Summoned by the beating of drums
Our number is few and our errand is dire
We do what must be done
At the bidding of the high priest
The tribes gather for war
Evil sorcery is unleashed
Upon the opposite shore
Make your stand with the great hound
The frontier is lost
Black waters lie before you
Together you cross
Take heart!
Do not fear
When you know
Your death nears
We shall build you a cairn beyond the black river
Where no one will disturb your rest
There you shall lay in your helm and your harness
With your sword across your breast
Now take a quick moment to answer this question
as the ferry approaches the shore
Will you have the coin to pay for your passage
and the courage to take up the oar?