Waterdeep, Silversword

Awoke in the city
Late afternoon
Born soul surrounded
By poisons and by gold

There a sea of people
In need of one good reason
Lost hope in fairy tales
And the birth of each new season

Found I a silver sword
And a name to carry
Born soul a second time
When I knelt before my Saviour

Promise of a kingdom
From the grace of a King
No more lying vanities
And no more broken dreams