

Wizard's Apprentice

"King's Council"

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King of a land that had flourished like few
Once heroes had come to bask in his glory
but good times had gone and bad come anew
Hear this my recital of his sad story

An elderly man, burdened by fate
Roaming madly and always alone
Whispering, scarred by years of hate
-I will go to my grave without heir to my throne

It was the year of the Demon as it's known ever since
The King in his moods was feared by all
No one dared but follow his whims
When sudden swung open the gates of the hall

A figure in robes with a staff in his grip
Surrounding mist, sparkling lights too bright
As he bowed to the king with a smile on his lips
He spoke in the silence, shining with light

-Sire!

It has come to my knowledge that you are in need
I have come to your aid, my skills are for hire
This soldier must die, let your kingdom be freed!
I'll fight evil with evil and fire with fire

-Your words promise much, but I've heard them before
Many have tried, but no one returned
You really should go and tell me no more
or you will be taught the lesson they've learned

-I assure you my lord, that my skills supersede
the pityful crafts of ordinary men
The offer I make is a Sorcerers deed
Where others have failed I will triumph again!

I can see that you doubt, but I promise you this;
Once an opponent makes always a foe
You are the King, it will be as you wish
If you don't want my service, by your leave I will go

-Then try if you must, you may do as you please
Use what you need when attempting to win
-I thank you, my Lord! I will now release
the means of salvation; Let the Ritual begin!

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