

Aeveron

"The Stranger"

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A black stripe at the horizon like a thunderstorm.
Slowly but unstoppable it approaches, the army of
darkness.

Fear spreads across the faces, they call them the
lawless.

The henchmen of evil, the henchmen of evil.

The hoof-beats resound down the hill
As the riders invade into the village.
They murder and plunder and set the huts on fire.
The people run for cover, without a chance of
resistance.

Never before he was ever seen.
No one knows just where he came from.
It is unknown where his path will lead him.
That's why they call him the STRANGER.
Never before he was ever seen.
No one knows just where he came from.
He seems both enigma and secret.
That's why they call him the STRANGER.

After a few moments the battle is done.
And as fast as they had appeared the forest takes up
the warriors into it's
Profound thicket.
It is those woods from which one day a rider will reveal
merely known as
The STRANGER.

Majestically he thrones in his saddle.
The iron of his sword flashes in the sunlight.
High above on his proud horse he seems to see the
world with different
Eyes.

Never before he was ever seen.
No one knows just where he came from.
It is unknown where his path will lead him.
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