## Crown Of Autumn "A Lyre In The Old Vesper's Realm"

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So dark are these paths no human eye should see Guarded by statues in velvet moss clad Grow savage blackthorns'ere yonder secret cave For hid shalt remain the dun Elfin Grot ...Yet for mee to know...

Subterranean ruins falling from rocky clouds Far anvils echo in the snow-covered temple Beyond the lake mist, on the opposite shore Silhouettes are dancing an elemental dance ...The Nine Worthies stand there...

In the bleeding One turked the ruin of a royalty once forlorn
But in a future of centuries old They will leave the catacombs of earth

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