

# Elexorien

## "The Disciple Of The Night Under A Starless Sky"

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### Part I

Arlen, High Priest of the Crystal Palace

...and suddenly...

The Sign of Lor, that warded the ancient tomb of the Adamantine Heart, Guardians of the Crystal Palace, shone heavily in the night.

There, where light and darkness fought their epic battles, shadows leaped into existence, dueling on either side.

But what many failed to see, was he who was darker than the shadows.

Fighting furiously, pounding like the Dragon'sheart, yet carefully considering every single move.

...it was...

The Disciple of the Night under a starless sky

Arlen

Ancient graves were violated

Undead awoken by the light

Long gone forces recreated

Joining the Disciple in the fight

The Army

Lain to rest, ancient warriors

Revenge! Revenge!

The Army of the Adamantine Heart

Put to death by ancient swords

Aeons have passed on since we died

Rejoined honourbound for the Disciple

The Legion of Steel

For the glory of the Crystal Palace

And the pride of our beloved lands

We'll unite our forces,

The shadow army will fall by our hands

The Army

Lain to rest, ancient warriors

Through magic reborn, revenge! Revenge!

The Legion of Steel  
For the honour of our king and country  
The splendour of our beloved lands  
The flame still burns underneath the ashes  
We'll crush the enemy with our bare hands

## Part II

Arlen

...and so the Legion of Steel battled bravely against the storming hordes of the former Adamantine Heart, slaying the shadows by the hundreds. But they kept on creeping into the dark halls. Knowing they would never be able to win this battle by the might of their blades alone, one of the Legion's lieutenants, Jindereth, fought his way through the evil hordes, in order to reach the Sign of Lor. Realizing that if he failed to close the seal, the Legion would be overrun, and the Crystal Palace would fall...

Jindereth

Follow me into the shadow horde  
The path is leading to the Sign of Lor  
If I have to sacrifice my life, then I will  
With my death I will stop this war

Bring the dead their eternal rest  
By closing the Adamantine's Tomb  
And bring peace to the Crystal Palace once more

The Army

Men of ancient glory wield thy magic blades  
Adamantine Heart Guards shadow sentinels  
Stand together to avert our tragic fate  
Stand together!

[The Disciple of the Night]

Or be damned back into Hell!  
Jindereth  
Follow me!!

## Part III

Arlen

...the battle was long and exhausting, but Jindereth and his strongest soldiers managed to get within reach of the Sign of Lor, using flares and torches to keep the shadows at bay. But then...  
Coming through line after line of shadow warriors, a tall dark figure stepped up towards the Legion of Steel,

holding his cold Nightblade high above his head,  
loudly cursing at Jindereth...

The Disciple of the Night and the Army of the  
Adamantine Heart  
Who are you to enter our sacred resting place?  
The power of our immortal souls has opened up the  
seal  
From the hour of our demise, since our deaths aeons  
ago  
We have sought revenge and we will reveal our true  
face

Jindereth and the Legion of Steel  
For the glory of the Crystal Palace  
And the pride of our beloved lands  
We'll unite our forces  
The shadow army will fall by our hands

For the honour of our king and country  
The splendour of our beloved lands  
The flame still burns underneath the ashes  
We'll crush the enemy with our bare hands

Jindereth  
To battle and victory!!

#### Part IV

Arlen  
...the Legion of Steel, under Jindereth's command,  
charged towards the seal.  
Many brave soldiers found a painful death in that  
desperate run.  
Those who survived could feel the magic pouring out  
of the tomb, and penetrating their bodies, when  
suddenly...  
...Big flashes of lightning filled the sky, followed by  
deafening thunder, which numbed even the bravest  
souls.  
But one man was left standing, high on top of the  
tomb, bathing in bright sunlight shining through the  
clouds.  
It was him, he had done it!  
Jindereth had managed to close the seal!  
Yet. As he stepped down, he felt the Disciple's icy  
Nightblade thrusting into his back.  
In his fall, he made one final swing with his sword, and  
slew the Disciple of the Night, sending him back into  
the fiery abyss that is now his final resting place

The Legion of Steel  
For the glory of the Crystal Palace  
And the pride of our beloved lands  
He has slain the Disciple of the Night  
While his life was slipping through his hands

For the honour of our king and country  
He has accepted the fate he met  
For the future he sacrificed his life  
Thy name will be remembered brave Jindereth

Arlen  
Jindereth...  
Thy name will forever be remembered in these lands  
Forever...

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