## Mistweaver "The Story Of The Mistweaver"

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If you listen I'll tell you a story About things you'd not believe About magic and strange lands In a world beyond in time

Once upon there was a man Who lived in a dark tower At the top of a great mountain At the end of a long path

When the sunset came each day And the realms of the night got closer All the living beings disappeared They had to hide for cover

'Cause the man in the dark tower To the depths of the earth invoqued And with a pale and dense mist Dominated the land to his will

A spell was cast and the gates of hell were open Then the mist covered the realm The man with his books, a wizard or just a fool So he was called the mistweaver

Through the mist in the darkness Many brave tried to cross But the creatures of the damned Made them go astray

In the morning of the next day When the sun rays started to shine Only their corpses remained Their souls went with the mist

A spell was cast and the gates of hell were open Then the mist covered the realm The man with his books, a wizard or just a fool So he was called the mistweaver

And sometimes in my dreams I can hear him calling me

## I see my soul wander in the mist

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