

## Crown

### "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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