

Plan Nine

"The Black Gate"

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This is the tale of first lovers torn,
Their eyes closed to a gathering storm.
They met when they could at the edge of town,
In the creeping hours after night was down.

The black gates of Glood ruled over the land,
The Lord in His castle, an orb in His hand.
Their love is forbidden by this man alone.
His love he renounced for the sake of the throne.

Hell!
Never looked so good.
Fire!
At the gates of Glood.

We've been in this game too long for this to end.
The Gloodlings are disgusted, my love's my only friend

And you're never gonna find me here,
No you're never gonna find me here,
This ain't the place you want to be.

I will be free!
To ride across the noble plains
On my steed!
Like a knife towards your heart.
You and me!
The two of us in perfect
Harmony!
But till then

And you're never gonna find me here,
No you're never gonna find me here,
This ain't the place you want to be.

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