

## Sword "The Black River"

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Great peril awaits us beyond the Black River  
Summoned by the beating of drums  
Our number is few and our errand is dire  
We do what must be done

At the bidding of the high priest  
The tribes gather for war  
Evil sorcery is unleashed  
Upon the opposite shore

Make your stand with great hound  
The frontier is lost  
Black waters lie before you  
Together you cross

Take heart!  
Do not fear

Though you know  
Your death nears

We shall build you a cairn beyond the Black River  
Where no one will disturb you rest  
There you shall lay in your helm and your harness  
With your sword across your breast

Now take a quick moment to answer this question  
As the ferry approaches the shore  
Will you have the coin to pay for your passage  
And the courage to take up the oar?

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