Shadow Gallery
"Ghostship"

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THE GATHERING THE NIGHT BEFORE

Time has come
The dawn shall see us off again
Glory rides
The star shall be our watching guide
We know
God is ready
And he's willing
To fill our veins it takes my mind away
Hot sun
Splitting thunder
Deafening
Violent storms
We sail atop the highest waves in search of our viking
gold
And turn our backs into the night
We sail into the night

As the mighty desert wind blows through the
mountains
Still she sails our trusty ship across the sea
And we raise our glasses high to this good life
See our torches brandish light upon the free

Cowards running to the hills no courage in their eyes
Shadowed terrors prey on them no mercy in their eyes
Their battle's over long before they have a chance to
pray
But we shall stand steadfast our ground
Unmoved through the day

Let us drink to the spirit
That has given us the power
To rule with the mightiest of swords
Through all of the
Land

VOYAGE;
DEAD CALM;

APPROACHING STORM;

Our ship now listless drifting aimlessly through the tide
This calm before the storm screams over high
This must be madness cause the sky is growing
blacker
Than the shadow of a dead star in regression of it's
power
If the darkness that sorrounds you leaves you nowhere
you can run to
I implore you fall down to your knees
And pray these tentacles released their grip

STORM;

Well you and I do not belong here
Will we return
I cannot believe
Strong winds
Twisting and tearing our sails off
I'm hiding my eyes
You are fading away

ENCHANTMENT;

LEGEND;

Misfortune paints their lonely story
A thousand years shall endure
Unfold the tale of that dark day
Their mystics ship so far from sure

They sailed away
Into
Another sea
A mystery
To us all
Beware the waves
You sail upon
In ships so strong
It is our belief
This story's true

Typed by: Ludwig