

The Stranger

Aeveron

A black stripe at the horizon like a thunderstorm.
Slowly but unstoppable it approaches, the army of darkness.
Fear spreads across the faces, they call them the lawless.
The henchmen of evil, the henchmen of evil.

The hoof-beats resound down the hill
as the riders invade into the village.
They murder and plunder and set the huts on fire.
The people run for cover, without a chance of resistance.

Never before he was ever seen.
No one knows just where he came from.
It is unknown where his path will lead him.
That's why they call him the STRANGER.
Never before he was ever seen.
No one knows just where he came from.
He seems both enigma and secret.
That's why they call him the STRANGER.

After a few moments the battle is done.
And as fast as they had appeared the forest takes up the warriors into its profound thicket.
It is those woods from which one day a rider will reveal merely known as the STRANGER.

Majestically he thrones in his saddle.
The iron of his sword flashes in the sunlight.
High above on his proud horse he seems to see the world with different eyes.

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