

The Dance of the Elves

Ereb Altor

The light is slowly fading away from the setting sun
Hiding its glory behind the trees
The magic's slowly taking form in the twilight
The boundaries are fading as light becomes dark

The dance of the elves
A procession following the streams

The streams of the underground
Like a river of waters so black
A prelude of the enchanted display
Where the invisible can be seen

On the meadow dew
A ring of white mist
The dance of the elves
Where time stand still

A melody opaque
Enthralling beyond sense
A dark magnetic force
Following the mist
Entranced by the tunes
Dancing in the dark
A century will pass tonight
Time forever lost

On the meadow dew
A ring of white mist
The dance of the elves
Where time stand still

The dance of the elves
A procession following the streams
The dance of the elves