

Black Tide

Black Tusk

Crossing the boundaries of this land and time
A journey to enter the plains of divine

A power grows, thundering hooves
Fog obscures, cities of light
Beyond the divide we must ride

Reach for the voices from the hallowed light
Mocking and taunting from the barren wastes

Hopeless, never coming, endless ride to the sky
You feel ever weaker, voices call from inside
Sliding from the saddle as the strength leaves your soul
Laughter from your demons as you cross the divide