The Wraith of the Rings

Bob Catley

A stone's throw after midnight Standing in the rain Just echoes of a heartbeat As lonely as the grave

The silence rules the halflight With deafening resound As the iridescent moonlight Falls softly to the ground

If only for a moment There's peace on middle earth Till stepping from shadows They arrived without a word

Don't make a sound, we're all out of miracles
I shake with fear and watch the wraiths of the ring appear
They're reaching out, they're tireless and cynical
I smell the death and know the wraiths of the ring are here
They know that the ring is near

A locked door should be airtight Pull the shutters down Better pray that in the daylight We can turn this world around

We tip toe in the footsteps Of those who went before The weary and the breathless Deny what fate befalls

A few souls in the darkness Are faithful to the cause So we gather round the embers Of a dream worth fighting for

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A wrong move from a graveside And no one dares to breathe We would die than ever question The paths of true belief

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