["After spending a night among cheerful song and many a laughter at the Inn of Eamon Bayle, the Islander and the Elf woman, whose destinies were now closely entwined, set out to the east away from pursuing men and towards the glades of her people. Like a horse that great elven kings would mount before men had not yet named a chieftain, the black mare now carried them in restless flight across the Southland Dales"] Crack of thunder, sound of rain across the endless fields as we speed towards the night upon a steed that never yields Black as the night, swift as the wind and eyes of emerald green In restless flight our journey takes us further east The seventh day we reach the west trail through the Nethermoor guides us through the mist Across the river past the grey stones of Ne'anthor, stars shine our way Journey into far away and to forgotten lands and here by my side she will ride there with me To the home of her kind I see creatures from old stories I thought make believe Crawling in the shades with thousand eyes they gaze She lifts her head up like she senses unseen enemies In the black of night a shadow watches over me On the second moon we set out east for Val'inthor Where her kindred dwell We pass the mighty ruined citadels of ancient lore The moon lights our way Journey into far away and to forgotten lands and here by my side she will ride there with me To the home of her kind [Solo: Mörck] [Solo: Holmlid] Ghostly specters, faded wanderers that gone before reveals the passage through the river to the northern Something dwells within the dark I sense we're not though I know it cannot pass beyond the warding stones before the break of fall we stand before the sacred where her kindred dwell we make camp in crumbling temples by the raging ford light shine our way Journey into far away and to forgotten lands and here by my side she will ride there with me

She sthe queen of her kind