

# Throne Of Bones

Dragonland

["The momentous call of the Century Horn touched upon every ear of all men and beast of the Realms. Even into the Royal Hall of the Great Tower of Westmar its sound pierced, forming a poignant counterpoint to the King's already troubled thoughts"]

Last night I dreamt in a fever  
My deeds formed a prison of stone  
And to me now this golden throne  
seems made of bone

I gazed upon armies in silver  
Clashing with beasts from the sky  
And I wept with a sigh  
- yet I know

The dragon's son must die  
Sshe'll return to me  
That I know, I've seen her in my dreams  
The old gods, they spoke to me;  
"Slay them all, and we shall set her free!"  
To light up my life, and keep me from harm