

Herdchant

Elvenking

A chant is resounding afar
Is calling your name aloud
A call from the mountains
A song sung by the folks through the centuries
A ballad echoes through ages bringing your name out immortally
War hymns and poetries preserve your token of love for eternity

Still don't step in the abyss below
The judgement above
It comes crushing nigh
On this day you will die
Decide
She's on your side

You won't be there to embrace the glory
And golden words glimmering
The world came to an end in the forest of portent whisperings

He dyed her eyes in his fictional sky since he was a child
"I don't want to die without thee on my side"
A spell
In the chasm he fell

Far away
Forefathers who await me ashore
Flag of dishonour held high
Torn away in the potent mercy of true apathy

Far away
Mother ward off all my bane as the memory of Eleanor dies
Torn away
Shine and guide me through this blazing storm
Far away

That night the voice of the knife sang sudden his mortal melody
The end of Eleanor carved your name in wood of finest ebony

Down
You go in the abyss below
A self-sentence invoked
The quill wrote the last testament of your life
Unloved
Yet undying

Far away
The wind will carry away
The memories of those who died
Far away
A herdchant for the coming centuries

Far away
Forefathers who await me ashore
Flag of dishonour held high
Torn away in the potent mercy of true apathy

Far away
Mother ward off all my bane as the memory of Eleanor dies

Torn away
Shine and guide me through this blazing storm
Far away

Far away