

Reader of the Runes - Book I

Elvenking

I can sense a demon within carries your name
Oh Ethel, Dear Ethel
I'll carry hurt to their divided hearts

Somebody died on that dark awful night
Somebody's bound to bear the price
Unaware under a pale moonlight
The runes will wake blood sacrifice

The gods foreshadowed and the stars complied
A gift of potency on silent tides
A pact was written and in magic sealed
A power tool under a hood concealed

A lullaby for the fragile souls
For those who held the scene
A chant to those who pay the toll
What will be with what have been

Isa told of spells and moans
Othila traces plans unknown
Feoh spoke with its ancient tongue
As Alghiz hails the one

I'm the Reader of the Runes
I'm searching diamonds in the night
All the way across the firmament
Where stars paint fates aligned
I'm the Reader of the Runes
I'm luring gemstones in the light

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And the wake of all their deeds
Will thrive and burn alight

I can sense a demon within - it carries your name
Oh Ethel, Dear Ethel
I'll carry hurt to their divided hearts
I can sense a demon within - with blackened wings
They're marching! They're marching!
I'll carry hurt and rip their souls apart

They're marching, they're riding the sky vault
Towards their fate
Aligned they are marching, lone dark souls
To the gate (of Sauin)

Read the lines that no one reads
They are written everywhere
See the things that no one can see
Things that God forbids

There were runes can still be called
Under thirteen Moons of Fall
Magic, Spirits and a Sunset
Reader of the Runes

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