

Web Of Light

Heather Alexander

Web of Power, Web of Light raise by magic's hand,
From a node of ancient fire far beneath the land.
Called by forces strong and sure to this final test.
Joining Heralds North and south with those from east to
west.

Challenge not this Web of Light, oh mage of dark
designs.

Lay your stones before you, mages trained and skilled.
They will form the pattern of the web of that we must
build.
This our parting gift to generations yet to be;
A trap to warn of magic that no mortal eyes can see.

Challenge not this Web of Light, oh mage of dark
designs.

You are we who felt the touch, of magic's guiding
light.
You were still in years ahead, are those prepared to
fight.

In our circle one last time we need to raise the par,
That must endure when flesh is gone and light the
darkest hour.

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