

The Necromancer

Rush

I. Into The Darkness

As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky,
the three travelers, men of Willowdale,
emerge from the forest shadow.
Fording the River Dawn, they turn south, journeying
into the dark and forbidding lands of the Necromancer.
Even now the intensity of his dread power can be felt,
weakening the body and saddening the heart.
Ultimately they will become empty, mindless spectres;
stripped of will and soul,
only their thirst for freedom
gives them hunger for vengeance...

Silence shrouds the forest
As the birds announce the dawn
Three travellers ford the river
And southward journey on
The road is lined with peril
The air is charged with fear
The shadow of his nearness

Weighs like iron tears
Shreds of black cloud loom in overcast skies.

The Necromancer keeps watch with his magic prism eyes.

He views all his lands and is already aware
of the three helpless invaders trapped in his lair...

Brooding in the tower
Watching o'er his land
Holding ev'ry creature
Helplessly they stand
Gaze into his prisms
Knowing they are near
Lead them to the dungeons
Spectres numb with fear

They bow defeated
Enter the Champion.

Prince By-Tor appears to battle for freedom
from chains of long years.

The spell has been broken; the Dark Lands are bright.
The Wraith of the Necromancer soars away in the night.

Stealthily attacking
By-Tor slays his foe
The men are free to run now
From labyrinths below
The Wraith of Necromancer

Shadows through the sky
Another land to darken
With evil prism eye

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>