

The Wraith of the Rings

Bob Catley

A stone's throw after midnight
Standing in the rain
Just echoes of a heartbeat
As lonely as the grave

The silence rules the halflight
With deafening resound
As the iridescent moonlight
Falls softly to the ground

If only for a moment
There's peace on middle earth
Till stepping from shadows
They arrived without a word

Don't make a sound, we're all out of miracles
I shake with fear and watch the wraiths of the ring appear
They're reaching out, they're tireless and cynical
I smell the death and know the wraiths of the ring are here
They know that the ring is near

A locked door should be airtight
Pull the shutters down
Better pray that in the daylight
We can turn this world around

We tip toe in the footsteps
Of those who went before
The weary and the breathless
Deny what fate befalls

A few souls in the darkness
Are faithful to the cause
So we gather round the embers
Of a dream worth fighting for

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A wrong move from a graveside
And no one dares to breathe
We would die than ever question
The paths of true belief

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