

## **The Elder's Last Stand**

by Brandon M. Dennis

They sent the Noth-fiends far away,  
When the Elders stood at the fire-hemmed gate,  
Twenty years ago, that fateful day.

Kaedmon and Natalph arrived to say  
That death was not the Macerean fate;  
They sent the Noth-fiends far away.

Sir Gyrlon held the Nurith at bay,  
And swung his sword in a frenzied state,  
Twenty years ago, that fateful day.

The Seer arrived while the skies were gray,  
And led the Elders against the weight;  
They sent the Noth-fiends far away.

Sir Gyrlon passed through the Great Way,  
To die before the evil-spawn gate,  
Twenty years ago, that fateful day.

The Elders brought forth flames to stay,  
Guarding the world from that Nothly Hate.  
They sent the Noth-fiends far away,  
Twenty years ago, that fateful day.