

## **The Skies of Ealdormere Wept Today**

The skies in Ealdormere wept today.  
A gentle weeping, a loss, an ache.  
For on this day, a King lay dead.  
And a silence lay in his wake.

The skies of Ealdormere wept today,  
A fire blindingly bright,  
Was snuffed so suddenly from our midst  
On a springtime Baron Wars night.

A blade of Fire, Prowess and Speed  
A Knight, A King, A Duke.  
No longer will he grace a throne  
No longer to rebuke.

Our King of this Land Ealdormere  
King of Wolves and Land.  
The Hrogan now lay bitter leaves  
And sheath the swords at hand.

The skies of Ealdormere wept today  
No light shone around  
For today the Crown of Ealdoremere  
Lay lonely on the ground.

-Goodbye Duke Sir Thorbjorn Osis.

-Sebastian Silverlake