

Nimrodel/The Procession/The White Rider

Camel

When he rides, my fears subside,
For darkness turns once more to light.
Through the skies, his white horse flies,
To find a land beyond the night.

Once he wore grey, he fell and slipped away
From everybody's sight.
The wizard of them all, came back from his fall
This time wearing white.

He has a certain air, as if he's never there,
But somehow far away.
And though he seems afar, like a distant star.
His warm he can convey.