

## The Loss

Dakrua

Take A Look Up To The Stars  
In The End Of A May's Night  
So Near And Yet So Far  
Seems Their Light  
That's No More Within Your Sight

And Still Turns The Mortal Wheel  
Of This World Cold As Steel

Have The Gods Pity Of He  
Who Dies Young As Ancients Say?  
What Tomorrow Brings Is Unknown  
But The Past Has His Cost

And Still Turns The Mortal Wheel  
Of This World Cold As Steel

'Til Death Of Sun We'll Cry A Loss...  
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