

## In My Holy Time

Aesma Daeva

(There were three)  
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As I walked on my own  
As I look for my dear home  
I felt the sun leaving me  
White choruses wait for me

"Where shall we our breakfast take?"  
Said the first raven  
Down in yonder green field  
There lies a knight slain under his shield

Down comes his follow doe  
As great with young, as she might go  
She lift up his bloody head  
And kissed his wounds that were so red

She got him up on her back  
And carried him to earth and lake  
She buried him before the prime  
She was dead herself before night time

Do you still see me?  
Do you still see me?