

The Minstrel Song

Aesma Daeva

In darkness let me dwell

The ground, the ground shall sorrow be
The roof of despair
which bars all cheerful light from me
To bar all cheerful light
The walls marble black
which moistened still shall weep from me
They still shall weep forever in darkness

To bar all cheerful light

The roof of despair
which bars all cheerful light from me
My queen, my queen I only
wish my song to please thee
I wish to be the minstrel in your gallery

I wish to be the minstrel in your gallery

My music
Jarring, jarring
Jarring, jarring sounds to banish sleep

Thus bedded to my woes
And bedded, bedded to my tomb
Oh let me living die, oh let me living
let me living die
Till death do come, till death do come
Till death, till death do come