

Slowly turns the key of time  
In the lock of promises broken  
In mute silence of my space  
I crouch under my yearning

The works of my gods receding now  
Evade my grasping hands

Her hair I would long to adorn  
With glowing stars  
Her brow with shining sun  
In silver I would trace  
The moonshine of her grace  
The shining one

Perfection of the skies I knew  
And memories of my deeds  
Fade away beyond my reach  
And change to lonely nights

But ever so slowly  
Turns the key of time  
In a rusty lock  
Of broken promises