

When the moon's in darkness
Covered by the call
And love is in the mystery of the fall
The worth of all
Remembers the message and the call
Please send help, please
We don't know where we are
We are five and fifty on the call
The dog will lead you here
To the place of the fall
A childish hand had written the curse of all
The words the peasants read, the fall
And since that time two years have passed
The starving dog is dead now
The dog is dead now