

Daughter Of The Sun

Battlelore

She sang like a nightingale
Like a mother to a child
She shone like dew on a meadow
In the merest light of dawn
In a time of need and whispers
A whole new world came to her
Neither asked nor wished for it
The Weaver made her a shrouding

In her early years she lost it all
Grief enough for one to share
But the care of a King enhanced her will
She rose again and bravely carried on

She saw the days embraced
By her hopes and dreams
She saw the nightly sky
Open it's diamond eyes

The truth and the lies together
The daggers and the tongues
Made her grow like a rose
Among the thousand thorns
She broke her shackles
And threw them into the sea
Of never ending dreams
Eternal home for the forever lost

She raised her wings from the earth
And flew towards the Sun
Great White against the clouds
Made her shine within

She prayed against her dread
And hoped once more
She cried and stood in the storm
At the hour of great loss

She consumed the fear of her kin
And believed once more
She cast away the storm
To love and to dream again