

The Monk

Coronatus

A long time ago lived a monk
In dark middle ages he lived
He prayed to father and son
For the grace of an innocent life line
One day he went out to the woods
To ease all this heaviness
He fled from the monastery walls
To the silence and peace of the forest

Was it dark grace or was it a spell
For whatever you name this old legend I tell
The finger of God marked the monk
And his entire world was a ship that sunk

The monk reached a clearing, a well
He sat down to rest for a while
So tired he was falling asleep
When he woke up a strange feeling caught him
When he woke up the breathing was different

Was it dark grace or was it a spell
For whatever you name this old legend I tell
The finger of God marked the monk
And his entire world was a ship that sunk

He headed towards the monastery gate
He begged for entry, he knew he was late
The monk at the gate was unknown to him
Nameless fear rose, caused sweat on his skin

Was it dark grace or was it a spell
For whatever you name this old legend I tell
The finger of God marked the monk
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None of the brothers remember the monk
Nor did he remember their faces as well
The abbot discovered the name of our monk
Noted missing one day 14 decades ago