

# The Sealing Day

Darkseed

Music: Hertrich

Lyrics: Hertrich

I look upon myself and curse my fate  
Shall I compare You to a winter day ?  
Pull down Your vanity, I say pull down !  
A world of made is not a world of born  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
and my eternal spring it shall not fade  
Some safer world in depths of wood embrace  
The stars move still with sound of glace  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds  
My ear is much enamoured of Your silent notes  
What angel wakes me from my flowered bed ?  
Oh, You have killed my sleeping fairy-land  
I pray, You gentle mortal, sing again,  
I'm wandering 'till truth makes all things plain  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
so stay but here awhile most radiantly  
How glorious once above thy spear  
and all the air  
Heaven's matchless king does glance  
methoughts he is here...