

The Night I Left

Elane

Too soon it came I had to leave my land
my mystic woods, the hills and the fields
I had to leave my beloved one
couldn't ride to the forest again

My dream I'll come to you
someday in these years
with the wind I will come
when you gave up to cry

My dear here I swear
I'll appear in the night
no one will see me come
in the weakest moonlight

Last night I saw the silver moon
sleeping in a amber coloured sky
I craved but knew I had to leave
when I glanced I swore by my tears

When I rode noone saw me crying
for a dream I always should live
in thoughts I am
and with every single step
a thought soon becomes a tear

My dream I'll come to you...