

My Little Moon

Elvenking

As the embroidery of blazing,
Little stars fades with the dawn,
The silent damsel plunges,
Behind the curtain of the mountains.
Where are you now my little moon,
Hidden from everyone?
I will find you,
Huddled up somewhere, somehow...
As the day tries to light a pale,
And by now, cold aged time,
A tired sun still searches,
For a lost friend known seasons ago.
Year after year,
As silent centuries have gone, have gone.
Hush... I turn around,
And you're still there... with me.