

The Days Before The Fall

Empyrium

Ride where the days unfiring the sun,
the nights were soft and cloudless,
the silent welkin hung,
and winds did lays in forest,
and dawn was filled with eerie sweetness
in days before the fall.

Night with our hearts and oceans were young,
the times were full of magic
and seed with songs unsung,
and winds did lays in forest,
and dawn was filled with eerie sweetness
in days before the fall.

The sweetness, the hacks, now water restrain
and silently we wallow in memory of the day,
when winds did lays in forest,
and dawn was filled with eerie sweetness
in days before the fall.

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