

Cruel Storm

Espers

Oh, cruel storm
Cruel sailor, cruel land
They take what they'd sooner sell
To some foreign land
From my highest tower
I see just how he stands and sways
Whispered my lie
There is a happy land
For the weary maid
Oh, splendid lady
Steals time with your heels
I watched your eyes fill with delight
As your hounds take the wild fox down
You're wicked, ugly
Wines placed at your side
The black thorns might be smarter
But then they might be free
Light darkness once more
Light my sailor's home again
With a vaguely crueler kind
As light bleeds from the sky
I watch our heart die
Cold moonbeams lived my time
Pass, true loves, by once more
And it will be splendid