

## Byzantine Princess

Folkearth

Cold black curls frame her ivory face  
The chiseled features of an Aphrodite in tears  
Her body trembles, as she takes one last walk  
Magnificent and beautiful in it's fragile elegance...

One last walk through the cloisters of home  
To see her little white doves flying around  
To see the sun shimmering cross the Aegean sea  
To smell the fragrant thyme of the hills in spring

O byzantine princess wither will you go?  
Thou art too young too radiant to be a wife  
How does your heart bear to leave this land  
And marry a barbarian as your father did command?

Her eyes are the color of cinnamon and honey  
Her garments glimmer gold in the summer time  
What sad fate awaits thee fair maid? Why do you cry?  
Fair and desperate thou art - like Helen of Troy...

Highborn she may be but nothing but a pawn  
In the grander scheme of imperial politics  
And so she has to go, as will so many more  
To seal a pact with europe's barbarian lords

She took with her the arts, the light of her fatherland  
A dowry far more great than gold and jewels combined  
And she brought to distant lands the grace that delivered  
Europe from the night and raised her to the sunlit sky...