

To the Days of Old

Pantommind

Across the field a shadow lures slow.
Someone died, someone I don't know.
The rocks point their finger
to the rose red sky,
while the sun is waving goodbye
to the days of old.

Sheltering your sacred soul
and watering your hope.
Now I turn my face to cry
while the moon sings this lullaby
to the days of old.

The lonely nights, the wishful sights
of children at play that never came your way.
And while the owl begins this tale to tell,
a star whispers a sweet farewell.

Sheltering your sacred soul
and watering your hope.
Now I turn my face to cry
while the moon sings this lullaby
to the days of old.
To the days of old...