

# The Dark Gift

Satyrian

We are like mourners when they stand and cry  
At open grave in wind and rain.  
Yes, it is death. But you shall rise again  
Your sun return to this benighted sky.

I plunge in flood and flame,  
Suffer every shame and blame.  
What ear would hear me if I cried?  
what could I do to stand the tide?

Darkness pressed the shimmering veil,  
To the black it starts to rend.  
I am not called upon to be  
The dark gift.

Your heart that cannot lie,  
Your love is chained, you greedy soul  
Love with us won't grief no more  
New life will come as your tears will dry.

I plunge in flood and flame,  
Suffer every shame and blame.  
What ear would hear me if I cried?  
what could I do to stand the tide?

Darkness pressed the shimmering veil,  
To the black it starts to rend.  
I am not called upon to be  
The dark gift.

Hush my child and come along  
Where the stars are velvet soft.  
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