

And Another Cist Looms

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So I reel away to a vale
Of cists in front of me
Endless buried names of forlorn games
Wilting I fall to the ground
Unable to reach the gate
The stones on which he lain all knew his name

Fare you well my mother
I shall search your flames
In the four winds of the land
Fare you well my dear son
Never forget the end

I awake by moonlight
Under a lorn tree
A forgotten might
Forces me to the sea

By a lonely seashore
A fair young naiad beholds me
The spray whispers my name
I laud her embrace , my wild young sea

So In desperate longing I take my path
Unable to turn around
A forgotten might lames my will
But in my dreams I can hear her voice
A flame in the dark
A forgotten might makes me chill

By a lonely tree
A fair maiden beholds me
Eyes of soil , a sylvan goddess
Her beauty lames my forlorn heart
Silently the stones whisper a name
I laud her embrace like a fuddled bard

So In desperate...

By a bleak ghastly champaign
A gibbous moon illuminates
Staring eyes in the wind
Burning like infernal blazes
I will never laud her cold embrace

But her flames calls my name