

## 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