

Old Mornings Dawn

Summoning

The windy years have strewn down distant ways
and in the halls still doth thy spirit sing
songs of old memory amid thy present tears
or hope of days to come half sad with many fears

Though along thy paths no longer runs
while war untimely takes thy many sons
no tide of treason can thy glory drown
robed in sad majesty, the stars thy crown
I am the blood!

Old mornings dawn
i am not the light you see
but only that which is falling on me

The misty stars thy crown, the night thy dress
most peerless magical thou dost possess my heart
and old days come to life again
old mornings dawn...