A box of doves
I placed beside your chest
Liar
A stork of silk
With rubies in it's nest
Fire
Of my love
Will burn thee to a wizened word
For ere to go unheard.

A mare of wood

Elder, elm and oak

Liar

Will keep you fair

If you jest me no joke

Fire

Of my love

Will burn thee to a wizened word

For ere to go unheard.

I'm old and bruised
But my fate is that of youth
Liar
Trickster you
Be a grisly dragon's tooth
Fire
Of my love
Will burn thee to a wizened word
For ere to go unheard.

You gashed the heart of my heart Like a Portuguese Witch, I'd planned for you this land But you devoured my hand.