

Riddle

Zemial

I was born to the sound of the funeral bell
To the sounds of mourning - when night cast her spell
My path is of solitude - I dwell where all winds blow
I rise with nightfall - Helios my foe

I am the one who stands in whispering halls
On both sides of the mirror - our legacy foretold
I am the silent traveller amongst you as I walk
The stranger at your funerals...

Kpabe meaan kopab

Kpabe kopaka

Kpabe meaan kopab

Kpaze!

I am the shadows that dance across your walls

Looking through your misty windows

As the sun descends and the night falls

I am the unexpected knock upon your door

The howling wind that blows your fire out in winter nights so cold...

I am the silent one who visits when you sleep

The one you talk about that stirs a fear so deep!

I am the sound of footsteps that makes the traveller turn

The one you would like to catch and hope that fire can burn!