

With the Music of the Night No More

*The music of the night has faded once again,
And I know that, at last, my time is coming to an end.
What songs we sung, what tales we told, what seems like years ago,
But choices have been made, and now there's just one path to follow.
I hold my breath, to go back into the darkness of the ground,
Hesitating to return to that dark I know so well.*

*But, the time has come, I hear it passing like your wedding bells,
Silver simple songs that you once knew so well,
But wish that I would sit with you
Beneath a morning's light:
Voice and spirit, hand in hand, for once escaped the night.*

*The sun would gleam and brush us with her golden hair,
The wind would bellow firmly and fill us with cool air,
Contemptuous clouds create a cover to hold back the light,
But wait, and let them melt and burn, 'til 'gain we're undisguised.*

*I feel this golden ring, cold 'pon fingers pale,
And think and wish, and wish my dear,*

That your hand still lingered here.

But off are you, away from me,

And off am I, to make my peace, in that which accepts me.