Across the Eerie waters,
Misty covered glass I spied
A sad procession, snaking down
The dry and deathly trail.
And as my telescopic eye
Focused on the marching line,
It settled on the fallen crown,
Now covered with a veil.

The heavy weight of mourning
Drew each head to face the ground.
Muscles tight on bearers' arms
Each body cold and frail.
And through the muslin mist
The beating drums, the only sound..
Twenty boats out in the bay
All ready to set sail.

Ashes.. take me back to earth.. Water.. quench my human thirst.. Ashes.. take me back to earth.. Water.. quench my human thirst..

My bones soaked in the icy cold
And fixed me where I lay,
Until each vessel left the shore
And made a line for me.
There never was a breeze,
The leaves were silent all that day.
They say the sails were ghosts
That stole the wind to set them free.

I layed transfixed,
Felt nothing, but the beating of my fear
As flames rose up and swallowed whole
Greatest of the fleet
The others circled round
And I heard chanting fill the air,
The ashes, lifted high
Were falling back into the sea.

Ashes.. take me back to earth.. Water.. quench my human thirst.. Ashes.. take me back to earth.. Water.. quench my human

Thanks to razvan