

# Daughter Of The Sun

Battlelore

She sang like a nightingale  
Like a mother to a child  
She shone like dew on a meadow  
In the merest light of dawn  
In a time of need and whispers  
A whole new world came to her  
Neither asked nor wished for it  
The Weaver made her a shrouding

In her early years she lost it all  
Grief enough for one to share  
But the care of a King enhanced her will  
She rose again and bravely carried on

She saw the days embraced  
By her hopes and dreams  
She saw the nightly sky  
Open it's diamond eyes

The truth and the lies together  
The daggers and the tongues  
Made her grow like a rose  
Among the thousand thorns  
She broke her shackles  
And threw them into the sea  
Of never ending dreams  
Eternal home for the forever lost

She raised her wings from the earth  
And flew towards the Sun  
Great White against the clouds  
Made her shine within

She prayed against her dread  
And hoped once more  
She cried and stood in the storm  
At the hour of great loss

She consumed the fear of her kin  
And believed once more  
She cast away the storm  
To love and to dream again