

Frail

Conjurer

Speak, dear friend, has the void taken thee?
Did this realm become all too much to bear?

With your ghostly hand
This once faithless man believes
And with your frail touch
I know what it is to grieve

How I yearn for your solace, pale ghost
How I yearn to walk these hallowed grounds
Forever

With your ghostly hand
This once faithless man believes
And with your whispers faint
The sorrow never seems to cease

A life lost is the price we pay
For every second in wasted day
A fleeting glimpse of majesty
Was all I had 'fore you were taken from me

My frail phantom, disappear once more
Before I follow you back into the dark
I'll follow forever into the dark