

## 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