

Silent Moon

Damh the Bard

Silver you fly, a ghost in the sky,
Like a ship on an endless deep sea,
You are a Goddess, to this holy novice,
A spiritual refugee.
So to you I dedicate my rites,
Guardian of the mystery of the night.
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You are silent moon,
You are silent moon.
My right hand it catches, you power as it waxes,
A silver smile in the night,
I feel you growing, the seeds I am sowing,
Blessed by the maiden's moonlight.
On this night when you are born anew,
Lady I will share my dreams with you.
When you are waning and times they are changing,
I offer into your care,
In a world gone insane, you heal the pain,
As the Mother you're always there.
Lady you are Mother of the Tides,
Standing here where land and sea collide.
I cannot see you but I can feel you,
When the veil has hidden your face,
And as the Crone you lead the dead home,
To the comfort of your embrace.
Yes I know that everything must die,
But for now I ask you pass me by.