

## 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.