

Many Moons Ago

Empyrium

A night of december so dark and cold,
I walked a path ages old
The moon amongst the clouds revealed
lightning valleys, forest and field

Embraced by silence I wandered the moor
an endless landscape by my side
when in the mist I saw a light
dancing through the hazy night

I stood and watched the play in awe
was deeply touched by what I saw
I told my friends what I did see
and what they told did tremble me!

It's said the ghost of a young, fair maid
is cursed to dwell beneath the shade
of the olden oak she died below
And that was many moons ago!