

The Three Flames Sapphire

Empyrium

Autumn was in its prime
Fruits turned to golden wine
The heath shone purple and the haze so softly rose
and hovered o'er the ground
By magic without sound
three figures appeared on misty soil to the village close

They appeared as maidens to the ball
at the hour of nightfall
...so strange yet beautiful

With a glint of sadness in their eyes
that could not be denied
Yet it added to their charms
as they gladly joined the dance

...And they danced
as if their life depended on their pace

Any man was under a charm
and awed by their embrace
But the night had to come to end
with the morning rays

Vanished into the dark...
Forever gone and never seen again

As if night engulfed their shapes
and kept them forevermore

Now blue flames glide in the mist
of the moonlit moor

And enchant any man
as they dance through the endless night of their souls