

The Wild Swans

Empyrium

Behind the fading glow
of the horizon line
Where flame and ice melt into black
and sun and moon unite

Where drapes enwind so meek
the olden mossy trees
Across the mountains grey...
They glide into the falling night

Human in their hearts
but cursed they are
to roam as swans in daylight
freed only by the ev'ning star

Unto the end of time...
The wild swans fly
Into the fading sun...
Toward the burning sky

Where enchanted woodlands whisper
and the creeks fall steep
Where cold winds blow in ardour
and where the nightbirds weep

Concealed the valley lies
In which the six swans dwell
Beyond the seven mountains
Veiled by a vicious spell

This deceitful magic
To never be undone
With every dawns awakening
A feathered coat is spun

Unto the end of time...
The wild swans fly
Into the fading sun
Toward the burning sky