

# 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