

The Dark Gift

Satyrian

We are like mourners when they stand and cry
At open grave in wind and rain.
Yes, it is death. But you shall rise again
Your sun return to this benighted sky.

I plunge in flood and flame,
Suffer every shame and blame.
What ear would hear me if I cried?
what could I do to stand the tide?

Darkness pressed the shimmering veil,
To the black it starts to rend.
I am not called upon to be
The dark gift.

Your heart that cannot lie,
Your love is chained, you greedy soul
Love with us won't grief no more
New life will come as your tears will dry.

I plunge in flood and flame,
Suffer every shame and blame.
What ear would hear me if I cried?
what could I do to stand the tide?

Darkness pressed the shimmering veil,
To the black it starts to rend.
I am not called upon to be
The dark gift.

Hush my child and come along
Where the stars are velvet soft.
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Where the stars are velvet soft.

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To the black it starts to rend
I am not called upon to be...

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