

Lullaby (The Final Gyre of Suns)

The Moon and the Nightspirit

Slumber now, fiery Lords, nursed by the ageless Night.
Return to the cradle whence thou came
O, sidereal hosts of the sky

Rest now proud kings, ardent Sons of Light
This shall be thy final gyre on the stellar path

But from thy ashes younger worlds shall spring
And thy renewed light shall rise from darkness eternal

And new suns shall born, heirs to the throne of skies
Lustrous offsprings of thou
O, old wanderers of light