

Riddle

Zemial

I was born to the sound of the funeral bell
To the sounds of mourning - when night cast her spell
My path is of solitude - I dwell where all winds blow
I rise with nightfall - Helios my foe

I am the one who stands in whispering halls
On both sides of the mirror - our legacy foretold
I am the silent traveller amongst you as I walk
The stranger at your funerals...

Kpabe meaan kopab

Kpabe kopaka

Kpabe meaan kopab

Kpaze!

I am the shadows that dance across your walls
Looking through your misty windows
As the sun descends and the night falls
I am the unexpected knock upon your door
The howling wind that blows your fire out in winter nights so c
old...

I am the silent one who visits when you sleep
The one you talk about that stirs a fear so deep!
I am the sound of footsteps that makes the traveller turn
The one you would like to catch and hope that fire can burn!