

Aesma Daeva, In My Holy Time

(There were three)
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...

As I walked on my own
As I look for my dear home
I felt the sun leaving me
White choruses wait for me

"Where shall we our breakfast take?"
Said the first raven
Down in yonder green field
There lies a knight slain under his shield

Down comes his follow doe
As great with young, as she might go
She lift up his bloody head
And kissed his wounds that were so red

She got him up on her back
And carried him to earth and lake
She buried him before the prime
She was dead herself before night time

Do you still see me?
Do you still see me?