

# Aesma Daeva, Tisza's Child

Daughters, sons, river deaths:  
Faces pale like moons  
And hands, bright stars  
Fair children cradle water graves  
Vast river, spirits, can you hear us pray?

Arise, hear my lullaby  
How I wreck my broken love  
Upon unlived lives  
Vast river, dark water  
I drown in lament endlessly

Spirit guide, river stag arise  
Eyes ablaze and hide steaming  
Pull treasures from turbid water

Tisza's child clothed in liquid light arise, awake, mystify  
How I drowning bathe in rivers  
That flood all hope in water  
Final lord, and I will fly to thee