

Edyta Górniak, Litany

Pale star of morning
Unto your care
My soul I offer
Here my prayer
Goddess of silver
Please hear my plea
Mistress of fortune
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me

I who have nothing
Kneel here before you here me cry
All I desire
Glittering gold, shining silver
A life before I die
I entreat you
Let me be your willing slave
Cradle unto the grave
A slave with the whole world to rule
Goddess of moonlight
I who have no one here implores

An ivory tower
Where all I touch turns to gold
And I hold it close to me
Be my lover and lighten
My empty days
Brighten my lonely nights
And all my darkest full fill
Heal my spirit restore my soul

No one loves
Or needs me
Hear my prayer don't leave me here
How the world
Has worn me
Raise me high
Or I'll die