

# Elvenking, My Little Moon

As the embroidery of blazing little stars fades with the dawn  
The silent damsel plunges behind the curtain of the mountains  
Where are you now my little moon? Hidden from everyone  
I will find you huddled up somewhere, somehow...  
As the day tries to light a pale and by now cold aged time  
A tired sun still searches for a lost friend known seasons ago  
Year after year as silent centuries have gone... have gone  
Hush! I turn around and you're still there... with me