

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