

Falconer, Pale Light Of Silver Moon

Dweller of the Sombre Lanes,
Crow of the gutter and grime.
Striving through the dark for gain,
Up to the gallows you climb.
Through your most stagnant life
The rusty blade leads the way.
Rags and a muddy cloak
Is but your sole array.

Among the hawking beggars,
Among the thieves.

Pale Light of Silver Moon
Cast your light upon wicked plans.
To anthems of virtuous' ruin
The villain and the sinner, they dance.

Hailing from penury's womb,
Sprung from the bower of sin.
Where fate held nothing but gloom
And future wore a taunting grin.
Find the scavenger's demise
By the trail of the poverty.
Look for the vulture eyes
On the fair of misery.