

Falconer, Waltz With The Dead

Tunes of mendacity whispers
throughout the gloom, like echoes
of mystery or a lullaby of doom

An illusion of pleasure
an illusion of pain
Yield to the beauty and
soon you will waltz with the dead

Come yes you and listen to
my melody. Say can you do
another such sweet harmony

Deep in the mist you can hear him
softly playing his strings in order
to snatch your soul far away
Deep in the mist you reveal him
a naked shape of peace as he plays
you a song to lure you to stay

Such nimble fingers that play
upon the fiddle. In shadows they
linger like the darkest of riddles

Deep in the mist you can hear him,
hearken not to the sound
from upon his luring strings.
Deep in the mist you reveal him,
the fiddler of the lost and drowned
that slip you a song to sing.