

Forest Of Shadows, Of Sorrow Blue

Of sorrow blue and clad in mist
Dancing midst the meadows of my dreams
My precious one my fallen beauty
Fallen beneath a dismal cloud
I recall that dreary morning
I ran to the shores of her eyes
I was there watching the seas
And it was all silent upon the sea
A candle caravan
The final stream of angel gleam
There was no farewell of solace
Before the caravan was gone
Of sorrow blue and clad in tears
Her cordial hands reach for me
My peaceful dream her soothing warmth
Fallen beneath a dismal cloud
I bow to her beautiful name
The flowers need not to be watered
These tears wont let the soil dry
Where her name is carved in stone
You were my core you were my soul
Lips of roses mane of gold
Intoxicated we lay entwined
I wore the carnal crown of sorrow
Blue and clad in soil
My mind still echoes from her songs
Earth and time are calling my name
Let me fall beneath this dismal cloud