

# Wilderun, The Dying Californian

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer  
For my limbs are growing old  
And thy presence seemeth nearer  
When thine arms around me fold

I am dying, brother, dying  
Soon you'll miss me in your berth  
For my form will soon be lying  
'Neath the oceans briny surf

Tell my father when you see him  
That in death I prayed for him  
Prayed that I might only meet him  
In a world that's free of sin

Tell my mother, God assist her  
Now that she is growing old  
That her child would glad have kissed her  
When his lips grew pale and cold

Will you gain what I've lost?  
On this broken journey of trust  
Carry my soul back home

Paint me the land of our childhood  
Tell me of love in their hearts  
Show me the strength of our fathers  
As you linger while I depart

And if death does not shine behind the white clouds  
Harness my one final breath  
Let it sweep cross the plains of their memories  
And give wind to their sails as they venture into the dark

Can you grasp it my loyal brother?  
Oh please help me. I can't find the way

Will the wind whisper of glory's road?  
Or will the skies shiver as this tales tragedy unfolds?

As the seas fall away, I hear  
A child's voice led astray

Father, the legends you passed down to me  
They have not saved me the fate I've met  
I've gathered your spark for their eyes to see  
Can they light the candles we've left?

Sillhouette stained in their minds  
Cursed figure leaves them blind

Let go of this pain  
She will still remain  
Hear them speak your name

Listen brother, catch each whisper  
Tis my wife I speak of now  
Tell oh tell her how I missed her  
When the fever burned my brow

Tell her she must kiss my children  
Like the kiss I last impressed  
Hold them as when last I held them  
Held them closely to my chest

Drown my pride with the blood I've given  
My selfish fear has despairful, tired eyes  
If you catch them the flames forbidden  
I can let the haunting storm subside

Through the beckoning, frozen horizon  
A golden beam casts its life 'cross the earth

It was for them I crossed the ocean  
What my hopes were I will not tell  
But they gained an orphan's portion  
Yet he doeth all things well

Tell them I have reached the haven  
Where I sought the precious dust  
And I gained a port called Heaven  
Where the gold will never rust