

# Aesma Daeva, Hymn To The Sun

To bright palace of gold sun  
I fly on flaming steed  
to steer my father's god wings.  
O please, fulfill my dream.  
My queen is the bright-haired sun.  
Herald young horse master;  
crescendo the dawn chorus;  
bow to bronzen pilot;  
as Pantheon blessed sky father, fly to the gods:  
few mortals have flown on wings.  
Fierce idols drive blood sun  
through black heavens  
so how shall I dream?  
I'll weave a new verse  
each dawn for you.  
I fear I follow illusion.  
Is this my final veil?  
The mirage of the phoenix  
from ash daily arises.