

Faerghail, In Portraits Of Shadowed Life

For those who've heard the bells ringing
For those who've felt my gazing eyes
I am what you call a dream
To whom I draw the line of sanity

To furthest hill I long my tears (to fall)
Til my soul leaves this poignant world
To be what is one with the night
I am what is your inmost might
For who has seen those windswept flowers
For who has held the rarest rose

I shall crown him as the king to be
While his servants laments shall be my wine
I am what will forever be
In blood that is written
From the wounds of your pale skin
To join those who have risen
I am eternally lost in the winds of oblivion

In portraits of shadowed life
I saw her embraced by the light
A light which you shall never see
For you are what is forlorned
Forlorned shall never be
Just a pale mourning of those forgotten

Filled with sorrow drowned in my endless tears
Under the stars of the nightly sky
I have wept a thousand times

In my bitter sadness
I can now see the beauty in death
As I vanished to forever sleep
I saw the angels that wept
I saw the angels of death