

Redeemers, The Wish Well

To whom I complain my lonely nights,
Afraid to face the sunlight.
The darkness I see, the fears I feel,
People throw a dime, and I make it real.

In this well, I always dwell,
Misshapen as my face, live in disgrace.
Granting a wish, is a joy for all,
But my dwelling here is as tight as a hole.

The wishes are granted by this stranded dwarf,
Unable to live under the sky, inside the well he always lies,
And People seek the well's wishes.

Knights who wish for days of endless fame.
I wish to grant me endless fame.
Kings who seek wealth of their hideous lands.
I wish to grant me wealth of noble lands.

Stranded here in tears of despair.
If I died, would someone care?!
Again, I complain, but who would hear?
Nobody knows a dwarf is living here.

Time passes; no one discovers that the magic has gone,
They keep throwing their dimes, wishing
Till the Wish Well is no more.

Knights who wished, and kings who sought the lands,
They were granted in the days of past.
Legend of the dwarf has been untold,
The well has a deep secret inside.