

The 3rd And The Mortal, Stream

I long for you
as a flower longs for the morning dew
I long for you
As a hind longs for the running streams

Frown on me no more
and let me smile again
before I go away
and cease to be

While I refused to speak
my agony was quickened
my heart burned within me
as the fever rose
my eyes are open
but I can not see