Thor "Myth Of Abdou"

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While the elders are weeping

In the old courts of laughter

Spilling tears on velvet, tears spun from dew

Draped from the lace

Where the elders are weeping

Come, come, see for yourself

When the raven's wings are beating

Where the harlequin sleeps

And the old play is pleading

Under dark, cold raining skies

Beneath the old courts of laughter

Come, come see for yourself

Come, come, see for yourself

Come, come, see for yourself

Come, come, see for yourself

And the wise men speak

While the raven's wings beat

And a cold raining sky

And a harlequin sleeps

Where the old players plead

Under dark, cold raining skies

Come, come, see for yourself

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