

Ch'aska "Nymph Of The Lake"

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Near to the clouds,
A lake keeps a spirit that nobody feels.
Lake from the high plains, fallen tears.
There's a nymph that anybody feels.

An old man. He lives alone. A rural life.
Mortal man who walks lonely through the fields,
Under the sun and the shining moon.
He's waiting for someone who'll never come.

But the dark storm breaks the night.
The lake awakes and it's water shakes.
The lady dances and spins in the eye of the storm,
calling for him.
She sneaks into his dreams.

Late into the night, he heard her calling.
His soul flew and he went for her.

... And the dark storm broke the night.
The lake awoke and it's water shook.
The lady danced and played in the eye of the storm.
He'll never return. They went far away.

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