

## Espers

### "Cruel Storm"

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Oh, cruel storm  
Cruel sailor, cruel land  
They take what they'd sooner sell  
To some foreign land  
From my highest tower  
I see just how he stands and sways  
Whispered my lie  
There is a happy land  
For the weary maid  
Oh, splendid lady  
Steals time with your heels  
I watched your eyes fill with delights  
As your hounds take the wild fox down  
You're wicked, ugly  
[?] placed at your side  
The black thorns might be smarter  
But then they might be free  
Like darkness once more  
Like my sailor's home again  
With a vaguely cruel or kind  
As light bleeds from the sky  
I watch your heart die  
Cry moonbeams with my time  
Pass, true loves, by once more  
And it will be splendid

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