

Goresleeps

"Avalon Dreams"

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I heard (about) time, when the our world
Was still young; with the faerie word
Dew of silver spilled on green leas
And gold on the hills.
Nobody heard on the earth
'Bout dragons, evil and death,
Gaints, rolls, and only the elves
Were living in those days.
It had not more beauteous sight
Then the fays danced in moonlit night.
Grace-cups filled with mead and good ale
On the merry regale.
And white boats glided o'er the seas
To the isle of white apple-trees
When the fair wind sang in the sail
Boats winged their way.
A few mortals happened to see amaging land
And soon fairytales sank info oblivion.
But one day the voice from legend
Will proclaim, and then the elves will return.
But winter came in the charming clime

In the kingdom of fadeless prime
And the fallen white petals off slowly
Have paving the sea.
New god came from foreign land
God with crown of thornson his head
And for the elves his the Holy Word
Was like a hardened sword.
Fear stole the hearts of the elves
Ceased laugh in the emerald dales
It had not more merry regale
Nobody brewed good ale.
No one knows whether faeries fled
Away into the farthest land
Bod ever since nobody sees
The little dwellers of hills.

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