

Lord Kossity

"The Missing"

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(old English)

H?o naefre wacode d?gr?d
T? bisig mid d?geweorcum
Ac oft h?o wacode sunnanwanung
Thonne nihtciele cr?ap geond m?ras
And on thaere hwile
H?o dr?ag th? losinga
Ealra thinga the h?o forl?as
H?o sw? oft dr?ag hire s?wle sincende
H?o ne c?the hire heortan lust

(translation)

She never watched
the morning rising,
Too busy with the
days first chores
But oft she would watch
the sun's fading
As the cold of night crept
across the moors
And in that moment
She felt the loss
Of everything that
Had been missed
So used to feeling
the spirit sink
She had not felt
her own heart's wish

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