

Luka Bloom

"One Last Cold Kiss"

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Two island swans mated for life,
And his faithful heart would not consider any other
wife.
For three years peaceful joy midst the rushes of the
pond,
Proud and gentle was the loving of the last two island
swans.

Their love was like a circle, no beginning and no end,
With his lady by his side a treasure and best friend.
And the pond was all so peaceful with the rising of the
sun,
Young and free like the island breeze their life was just
begun.

'Til a dread day in November when the searing cold did
start,
Stalked the hunter with his bow, he put an arrow
through her heart.
Husband come to my side let your feathers warm my
pain,
For I feel I will not spend another day with you again.

And the cold winds blow,
He was brave but he's laid low.
By her body in the isle of mist,
I saw him give her one last cold kiss,
One last cold kiss.

Of swans the people talk of only one in this days tide,
They brought him twenty ladies he would take no other
bride.
They say he will not move from the place where she did
fall,
Once so proud he's beaten now, he will not speak at all.

And the cold winds blow,
He was brave but he's laid low.
By her body in the isle of mist,
I saw him give her one last cold kiss,
One last cold kiss.

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