

Darkseed "Witchful Spirit's Care"

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I gave her eyes my own to take
and round she turned my sake
My hands in need
and gave herself indeed

I met a girl down in the meads
A fading rose was on her cheeks
Her honey eyes dreaming wild
Full beautiful, a fairy-child

And on the floor she's all alone
I sit upon this cold, grey stone
And I dream my time away
yet conversing as I may

And the stars through the spears
My heart waters full of tears
Run in blood down the wall
for another give you ease
Do you know who made you?
You are called by what you do
Into spheres, spheres we see
Joy reduces to misery

I feel my strenght to fade
Almost asleep, my only sake
She spoke the words, used the clue
"I love you true..."

And the fields, black and bare
The eternal winter's there
Fed with cold, fearless hands
in a rich and fruitful land

And the sun does never shine
Joy another loss of mine
In what distant deeps or skies
burned the fire of your eyes?
Never end...

