

Darkwoods My Betrothed **"Dying To Meet You"**

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In the eyes of the moon I see you
The face that brought my soul joy
In the reflections of the sun I feel you
The cross that brought me hate and pain

To the other side of the river my soul yearns
I am dying to meet you again
To the ruins of what once was a church my soul yearns
I am dying to meet you face to face

I remember the swetness of the nights
Only me and you and the starlit sky
Now I have swallowed too many goblets
Of the bitter wine of anger you made me to drink
On that night rain fell not
On that night winds blew not
In the thick hot air
One dozen... two dozen
Torches appeared out of the chanting darkness
Simple minds certain of their ways being the best

I recall the last time I saw you
Screaming for me on that torchlit hill
And I sure will never forget you
Not before my sword cuts off your crow

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