

Thalarion

"Singer In The Mist"

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At birth a witch lain on me monstrous spells
And I have trod strange highroads all my days
Turning my feet to grey, unholy ways
I grope for stems of broken asphodels.

High on the rims of bare, fiend-haunted fells
I follow cloven tracks that lie ablaze
And ghosts have led me thorough
The moonlight'a haze
To talk with demons in the granite hells

I am the singer in the mist
Lost and alone

Seas crash upon dragon-guarded shores
Bursting in crimson moons of burning spray
And iron castles open to me their doors
And serpent-women lure with harp and lay
The misty waves shake now to phantom oars
Seek not for me, I sail to meet the day.

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