Glass Hammer "This Fading Age"

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'Neath these leaves of gold You walk upon the winter Under branches silver Reach unto the sky

And though time may gather 'round us we are young never touch you while among us May your sorrow flee you here be all be one

Yet he walks a distant land his mind beyond our reaching far beneath the mountains cold we shall never tread He is lost to us weary beyond all knowing and needed now his wisdom for the trials ahead

'Mid the boughs of Lorien Sorrow walks today 'Neath the mallorns come to shed the weariness away

In this place enchanted lay you down to dream him Let the singing river wash away your tears

There's no fear among us
Yet the clouds may gather
We are lords of light
amid this fading age
Yet he walks a distant land
his mind beyond our reaching
far beneath the mountains cold
we shall never tread
He is lost to us
weary beyond all knowing

and needed now his wisdom for the trials ahead

'Mid the boughs of Lorien Sorrow walks today 'Neath the mallorns come to shed the weariness away

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