Poets of the Fall "The Poet And The Muse"

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There's an old tale wrought with the mystery of Tom The poet and his muse And the magic lake which gave a life To the words the poet used

Now the muse she was his happiness And he rhymed about her grace And told her stories of treasures deep Beneath the blackened waves

'Till in the stillness of one dawn
Still in its mystic crown
The muse she went down to the lake
And in the waves she drowned

And now to see your love set free You will need the witch's cabin key Find the lady of the light gone mad with the night That's how you reshape destiny

The poet came down to the lake
To call out to his dear
'When there was no answer
'He was overcome with fear

He searched in vain for his treasure lost And too soon the night would fall And only his own echo Would wail back at his call

And when he swore to bring back his love By the stories he'd create Nightmares shifted in their sleep In the darkness of the lake

And now to see your love set free You will need the witch's cabin key Find the lady of the light still ravin in the night That's how you reshape destiny

In the dead of night she came to him with darkness in her eyes

Wearing a mourning gown, sweet words as her disguise
He took her in without a word for he saw his grave mistake
And vowed them both to silence deep beneath the lake

Now if its real or just a dream One mystery remains For it is said on moonless nights They may still haunt this place

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