

## Rooster

### "Endowment"

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Through the dark night silent song fly in  
With an antique story enweaved  
Old man's voice only whispering with the Wind  
As string of lute shiver.

In olden days happened  
Those dark gods sent to man a gift  
Which nobody understand, which nobody want  
Gift really singular, sovereign.

Long since in dust turned  
Last who knew it and dreamt of it  
Northern winds to it's southern brothers  
Only sings and blows of him.

Through barren hallway of ruined castles  
In deep woods, in diadems of trees  
Sounds woeful song of oblivion  
About what was and might be

Withheld was gift, oblivion is  
Voice shivers as string of lute  
Elves sings about man who were scorn  
With Blessing of intellect to it's children  
Only gales, rock and deep woods know....

I am going out of the silver shadows, sitting down  
dazed under the tree,  
I see stark land, empty souls, silence fall around.  
Lad and gal hold on to their arms and go away through  
bloody dew, do you hear?

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