

Saddest Landscape

"Daughter Of The Sun"

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Somewhere along
The olden fogs
Our paths will cross
For I have want to summon thee

Ship of fools
I'll take you at my leisure
It is my power yes it is my pleasure

Priestess of madness
Under a saffron sun
Cargo of souls that I will feast upon

I call upon
An ancient necromantic sun
My will binds you close to me

Oh, will you drink
These Lethean waters?
And join me on this Isle of
Endless borders

Who knows not Circe?
My light so moribund
Your dead souls dance with me
Like flowers in the sun

Who knows not Circe?
The seas crash down upon
Those who do not tremble at the
Daughter of the Sun

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