

Bethiel's Song

The veil of night is fallen now
And day is turned to dust
And here I sit, I shall not flee
And linger if I must

For burning sun is gone away
And winter winds now blow
But my poor heart can turn me not
From where I sadly go

If darkness be my future
And pain my legacy
Then I shall weave a testament
To Elmar's misery

For many souls are wandering
And the doom of these I know
But my poor heart can turn them not
From where they sadly go

My tapestry has turned to dust
The threads of joy, undone
My eyes are moist with tears of pain
And down my cheeks they run

Yet in the sky I see a light
'Tis faint and far away
But I shall wait in endless night
Until the break of day