Fisherman's Song

Minstrels Of Mayhem

In a pine forest cooler than the rest of the island
Lives a young fisherman with eyes like the sea
He built his own boat and made his own cabin
but he's broken the hearts of the likes like me
Now you must understand he made me a promise
there were secrets we shared we planted a tree
We lived in a cabin, I fished along side of him
I fell under the spell of his sorcery
When he cast me adrift at the end of the summer
It was not for another but his own privacy
I fell apart like a rose, but the scent of my longing
Remains and it weeps like an old willow tree

At night when it's still, with a yellow moon rising
When his candle is snuffed and he's deep in a dream
I move like a cat, and crawl into his window
And lie down beside him in a golden moonbeam
The smell of his skin is just like the summer
When our love was as fresh as the grass in the fields
And ever so softly I kiss his eyelids
Before slipping away, my secret concealed
Though I'm in it alone, I'm still in it, In love
And love can be lonely like a sweet melody
But just maybe he feels like a whisper inside him
Like an angel beside him, keeping him company

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