

# 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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