Many Moons Ago...

Empyrium

A night of december so dark and cold,
I walked a path ages old
The moon amongst the clouds revealed
lightning valleys, forest and fieldEmbraced by silence I wandered the moor
an endless landscape by my side
when in the mist I saw a light
dancing through the hazy nightI stood and watched the play in awe
was deeply touched by what I saw
I told my friends what I did see
and what they told did tremble me!It's said the ghost of a young, fair maid
is cursed to dwell beneath the shade
of the olden oak she died below
O that was many moons ago!

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