The Herald

Asphyx

As a single star glides swiftly down the night
A soft wetting note issues from the time-worn flute
Frowning slightly the herald listens wistful across the night
And from way back behind the day comes the echoed answer
The day advances oh so softly his shadow lengthens and his voice is mute
But clear his flute and sadly walks forward followed by the day
Herald of morning walks across the earth eternally
Oh

Aah
And somewhere in the black distance
Another herald puts down his flute
And the dewy dawn creeps on
And the night withdraws

The day advances oh so softly his shadow lengthens and his voice is mute
But clear his flute and sadly walks forward followed by the day
Herald of morning walks across the earth eternally
Oh, oh
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-laa
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-laa
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-laa
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-laa

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