

# 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 field  
Embraced by silence I wandered the moor  
an endless landscape by my side  
when in the mist I saw a light  
dancing through the hazy night  
I 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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