

The Blue Mists of Night

Empyrium

...and many a moon shall rise...
...and lead me into the cold embrace of the night
Here we drown in our grief, drown in an absence of light.
Here is no shelter; no escape from our heart,
Entwined in this tragic embrace I fear and bemoan to depart. When the shadows fall,
and the sun sets in us all... Just silent hopes remain & the aching grief that grows
into a bottomless vale I fall - O, I give myself away...
Away! Far away! To this dim and misty place
My heart reflects the night... Languid moonshine I bath my skin in thee
O may thy beauty be revealed in me.
Silent winds, whisper to me
thy songs of solitude and joy...

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