Nimrodel:The Procession-The White Rider

Camel

Latimer
When he rides, my fears subside,
For darkness turns once more to light.
Through the skies, his white horse flies,
To find a land beyond the night.Once he wore grey, he fell and slipped away
From everybody's sight.
The wizard of them all, came back from his fall
This time wearing white.He has a certain air, as if he's never there,
But somehow far away.
And though he seems afar, like a distant star.
His warm he can convey.

Songwriters
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