Endowment (Refused Message)

Root

[Refused message]Through the dark night silent song fly in
With an antique story enweaved
Old man's voice only whispering with the Wind
As string of lute shiver.In olden days happened
Those dark gods sent to man a gift
Which nobody understand, which nobody want
Gift really singular, sovereign.Long since in dust turned
Last who knew it and dreamt of it
Northern winds to its southern brothers
Only sings and blows of him.Through barren hallway of ruined castles
In deep woods, in diadems of trees
Sounds woeful song of oblivion
About what was and might beWithheld was gift, oblivion is
Voice shivers as string of lute
Elves sings about man who were scorn
With Blessing of intellect to its children
Only gales, rock and deep woods know....I am going out of the silver shadows, sitting down dazed under the tree,
I see stark land, empty souls, silence fall around.
Lad and gal hold on to their arms and go away through bloody dew, do you hear?

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