Headstones

Phideaux

Past the forest of the fields of fire
Beyond the waters of shimmering tears
By a fire they stand
And they whisper my nameNow I seek upon the night
Small fragments of moonlightUp the hill the headstones lie
Up the hill the reapers watching eye
Up the hill the headstones lie
Headstones...In the circle of stones dressed in ivy
By the garden of the serene flowers
And the spirits of there
Whispering my name

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