

Tears Like Diamonds

The Sword

Wake to the dawning of Osiris
See the world as it was new
There is a mist upon the meadow
And the stirring souls are few
She hears the starlings cry at daybreak
At the tolling of the bells
She shivers in the chill of the morning air
Drawing water from her well
With tears like diamonds
Upon her haggard face
Hear the owls cry at midnight
And the tower's tolling bells
There is a fog upon the forest
Where she's been she'll never tell
With tears like diamonds
Upon her haggard face
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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