

# The Poet and The Muse

## Poets of the Fall

There's an old tale wrought with the mystery of Tom  
The poet and his muse  
And the magic lake which gave a life  
To the words the poet used Now the muse she was his happiness  
And he rhymed about her grace  
And told her stories of treasures deep  
Beneath the blackened waves 'Till in the stillness of one dawn  
Still in its mystic crown  
The muse she went down to the lake  
And in the waves she drowned And now to see your love set free  
You will need the witch's cabin key  
Find the lady of the light gone mad with the night  
That's how you reshape destiny The poet came down to the lake  
To call out to his dear  
'When there was no answer  
'He was overcome with fear He searched in vain for his treasure lost  
And too soon the night would fall  
And only his own echo  
Would wail back at his call And when he swore to bring back his love  
By the stories he'd create  
Nightmares shifted in their sleep  
In the darkness of the lake And now to see your love set free  
You will need the witch's cabin key  
Find the lady of the light still ravin in the night  
That's how you reshape destiny In the dead of night she came to him with darkness in her eyes  
Wearing a mourning gown, sweet words as her disguise  
He took her in without a word for he saw his grave mistake  
And vowed them both to silence deep beneath the lake Now if its real or just a dream  
One mystery remains  
For it is said on moonless nights  
They may still haunt this place And now to see your love set free  
You will need the witch's cabin key  
Find the lady of the light gone mad with the night  
That's how you reshape destiny And now to see your love set free  
You will need the witch's cabin key  
Find the lady of the light still ravin in the night  
That's how you reshape destiny

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