Elaine

Newspapers

On fridays we usually went for a walk
Tasting dew dripping down from the fruits as we paused,
Sweet as honey the dew even sweeter were you
Back then I could have sworn you're the one

On the way we would cross our bridge made of half rotten wood
And you'd tighten you grip in your eyes something blue's,
Begging me to be true, and I promise to stand and be strong

Should I cry for you
My love died with you
One fine day I will follow elaine

As we set in the shadows and talked
I heard some kind of noise interfering and lowered my voice
Hooded men drew their sword for to use them of course
Took our property, left us in pain

Left me heavily wounded and killed my ellaine
Stabbed her into the heart that she kept for my reign
Vengeance will be mine
Til the end of all time
I'll be after the men that have killed my ellaine

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