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
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