

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
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