

Ask not the Sun
why she sets,
As daylight dies
and Shadows rest.
Lay down their bones
and leave empty eyes,
Never to see
the dawn again.

The night grows long
and the oceans wide.
Red waters rise
and swallow the land.
The cries do hush,
their throats smiling wide.
And in that silence,
they forever sleep.

The stars they fall
and their cold fire burns.
The skies of black,
a farce of morning's veil.
Weep does the Moon,
so wide her gaze,
Affixed in despair
o're the eveningtide.

Ask not the Sun
why she sets.
Heavy is her sorrow'd crown,
and deep is death.
A dirge to the damned
and a prayer for those remain'd,
As Darkness descends
to steal them whole.

Comes now mercy's end;
the Sun shall never rise again.

