

## Cruel Storm

Espers

Oh, cruel storm  
Cruel sailor, cruel land  
They take what they'd sooner sell  
To some foreign land  
From my highest tower  
I see just how he stands and sways  
Whispered my lie  
There is a happy land  
For the weary maid  
Oh, splendid lady  
Steals time with your heels  
I watched your eyes fill with delight  
As your hounds take the wild fox down  
You're wicked, ugly  
Wines placed at your side  
The black thorns might be smarter  
But then they might be free  
Light darkness once more  
Light my sailor's home again  
With a vaguely crueler kind  
As light bleeds from the sky  
I watch our heart die  
Cold moonbeams lived my time  
Pass, true loves, by once more  
And it will be splendid