

Whispering Of Good-bye

The Enid

When my dusk is drawn in the twilight's gleam
A tear does fall in silent stream.
When I raise my eyes for to see the light
I go through the shadow's vastrous might.

And I won't see when the morning redeems the sad voice of
the tender night
A sad voice, and it seems like some whispering of good-bye.

When my destiny emerges from the other side
There is no place for me to hide.
When I close my eyes for to never dream again
Think of me every now and then:

And I won't see when the morning redeems the sad voice of
the tender night
A sad voice, and it seems like some whispering of good-bye.