

Cloak of Feathers

The Sword

She wore a cloak of feathers and rode a mare of purest
white,
A silver chalice in her hands, a look of sadness in her
eyes.
A thing of beauty to behold, but a sorrow to possess,
She'll take all that you offer until there's nothing
left.
Nothing left.

Face hidden in shadow beneath a hood of quills.
The fittings of her raiment conceal all her ills.

Beneath her cloak of feathers lies a body soft and fine,
Eyes of hazel green, flowing hair as dark as wine.
A thing of beauty to remember, but a sorrow to forget,
She took all that I gave her 'til there was nothing left.
Nothing left.

Of owl and of raven, of peacock and dove,
Of swan and of sparrow, woven with her love.

Face hidden in shadow beneath a hood of quills.
The fittings of her raiment conceal all her ills.