

To Lost and Ancient Gardens

Xanthochroid

My love is petals and dew
The Erthe, the wilderness too
For a fonder man, there is none
Who admires her like the Sun
Shining down so she may glow...

But a maid stood alone
In the trees, overgrown
And she pondered the plight
Of the rose

She drank the dew from the rose
I drank the dew from the rose
I envy the one that she chose
His stare and longing did grow

Then she offered me a sip
But I dare not touch my lip
Where the serpent's tongue hath coiled

For a man she desires
And indeed one she would have
If I should but meet
Her gaze

A man like you I've never known
Her words a womanly moan
So lonely he must remain alone
Her dress so perfectly sewn

If you'd come away with me
We shall never lonely be

What a travesty it would be
Have you never felt the touch
If our eyes should fondly meet
Of a maid politely struck
By a man so handsome as you?

Come away, silly man
No, no
'Tis a green and pleasant land
This cannot be
That awaits us through the trees
She has led me through the trees

The Erthe, she whimpers neath my feet
Her tears, they beg me not to leave

Although sadder tales have been told
None so truthful
Or so old
As the man
And his maid
Gladly joined