Do you hear her?

Do you hear her?

Singing through the night skies

Singing, calling, haunting...

Do you hear her?

Please tell me that you do!

For if not she is no more than visions of my minds eye

Nay, my mind cannot conjure a soul so pure

For her song is the voice of the gods

So tell me friend, do you hear her call?

Or have the troubles of this midgardian plane finally conquered my sanity?

For I believe her, I believe her smile to be as real as the sweet nectar of nature which you consume

For I feel her, I feel her touch as my unworthy eyes hide themselves from the fear of the dusky night

And yet… I am forbidden from enjoying her all-consuming beauty, for the mighty Ra summons me to face his unforgiving presence

And as my wandering heart obeys what it cannot avoid, it is forced to wonder if such an angel truly walked beside me

So tell me friend that you hear her calling

For that may allow me to see her

For blind I may not be

But the beauty of Gaia is hidden without her light

I see many men falling for women of the devils make

But my soul rests beside her,

 for her eyes are of heavens pearls

And the devil is shun from my being

So tell me my dear friend, do you her?

for my worries seem bleak when I think of her own

is she truly calling for me? is smiling or is she frowning?

and if by cruel fate, any evil has caused her frown

how can I enter her mystical plane and guard her from these terrors?

tell me friend have you seen her?

Tell me what has become of her?

Has she forgotten about her loyal soldier struggling?

For none may take her sacred place in my loving heart

I know my friend I have felt much misery

For I can name those who will cry the end of me

Although it may be for no more than a day

Those few are all I have to call my own

And at yet now I am forced to stand as they

Walk further and further away from me…

And yet her song, her smile, her enchanting nature…

seems far too captivating for such trivial worries to engage me

however I am forced to acknowledge the facts of our life

that her song, as mystical as it may seem,

as protected from sinful addictions as it may appear

the devils magic is far stronger

but if my friend you do hear her

than I believe my trust is safely placed upon her

for my love shall never wander

and such love shall never betray

and yet I am forced to wonder

if she was in fact no more than

visions of a lonely soul

for you my love, seem far too great to be real

and it seems only fitting

that I am unable to bear witness to your perfection

but never question the purity of my love

for it is everlasting

and if you are to ever return to me

prove to me that your songs are heard by all who stand around me

then you shall see that I have always remained your loyal servant

living to see you smile…

but my friend I am guessing

you do not hear her sing

and I am to be a fool ever waiting

for the women I never knew

hoping the gods take pity on my punished soul

and reward me with their greatest gift…

although you do not hear her

I truly hope you soon do

For she is the one I would wait for

So I truly wish you can hear her singing…

I truly wish I can hear you singing…