

## IN THE LOST QUEEN'S EYES

In the Lost Queen's Eyes  
Well tired tears from heavy lids,  
Long has she waited  
Warmed only by her worn out sighs,  
For the King to return from the war,  
In glory at the fore  
Returning from the War

Gone the days his battle triumphs grand  
He would return with honour to his land  
The people would rejoice at his sight  
Tall he sat he sat in his saddle his armour bright  
Awakening his people's hearts alight

Oh Queen, his memories soft upon your cheek  
Like a fresh warm wind always strong and never weak

In the silent sunlight in the cold frost of the morning light  
She sits alone imagining the dawn  
The dawn of his return from the war  
Governing, he proves a selfish tyrant,  
There is despair, the people are oppressed  
Further and further drifts the sun