

Under Twilight's Veil

by Whiskey Bone

At summer's end and autumn's face
The rain no longer softens
Like the rending lightning splitting the sky
The precipice of thunder's cry
What a strange and lonely sort of place
Has our valley become
Carry our hearts with a little care now, Lord,
That we be sure of hand and sure of word
For here in this twilight hope grows dim
Toiling under restless sleep with heavy limb
Take care your will grows not weak
Despite demons shrewd and meek
Winter's frost will melt again
As sure as we are evil's bane