

# Edyta Górniak, Litany

Pale star of morning  
Unto your care  
My soul I offer  
Here my prayer  
Goddess of silver  
Please hear my plea  
Mistress of fortune  
Come to me  
Come to me  
Come to me

I who have nothing  
Kneel here before you here me cry  
All I desire  
Glittering gold, shining silver  
A life before I die  
I entreat you  
Let me be your willing slave  
Cradle unto the grave  
A slave with the whole world to rule  
Goddess of moonlight  
I who have no one here implores

An ivory tower  
Where all I touch turns to gold  
And I hold it close to me  
Be my lover and lighten  
My empty days  
Brighten my lonely nights  
And all my darkest full fill  
Heal my spirit restore my soul

No one loves  
Or needs me  
Hear my prayer don't leave me here  
How the world  
Has worn me  
Raise me high  
Or I'll die