

# Elane, The Night I Left

Too soon it came I had to leave my land  
my mystic woods, the hills and the fields  
I had to leave my beloved one  
couldn't ride to the forest again  
My dream I'll come to you  
someday in these years  
with the wind I will come  
when you gave up to cry  
My dear here I swear  
I'll appear in the night  
no one will see me come  
in the weakest moonlight  
Last night I saw the silver moon  
sleeping in a amber coloured sky  
I craved but knew I had to leave  
when I glanced I swore by my tears  
When I rode noone saw me crying  
for a dream I always should live  
in thoughts I am  
and with every single step  
a thought soon becomes a tear  
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someday in these years  
with the wind I will come  
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