Empyrium, Many Moons Ago

A night of december so dark and cold, I walked a path ages old The moon amongst the clouds revealed lightning valleys, forest and field Embraced by silence I wandered the moor an endless landscape by my side when in the mist I saw a light dancing through the hazy night I stood and watched the play in awe was deeply touched by what I saw I told my friends what I did see and what they told did tremble me! It's said the ghost of a young, fair maid is cursed to dwell beneath the shade of the olden oak she died below O that was many moons ago!