

Folkearth, Elves

Have you ever seen the beauty of an elvenrose in spring
Picked by a mortal lover, as the first gift to his fairy paramour?
I could never love another as I loved thee once before
In this secret garden Freyja's arms bound me ever to thy breast
Look into thy glass and tell me what will cruel tomorrow bring
Mine was the beauty of yesteryears that made pearls out of my tears