

# Lyriel, The Singing Nightingale

The crying owl, the crying owl  
Cries a prophecy of storm for all of us  
The nightingale, the nightingale  
Is going on to sing her song her evening star

Nightingale, don't you know, taciturn  
You must learn to be and to...

...Show in the eyes of the dangerous night  
It brings storm, it brings death  
Believe my words and despair  
Learn to fear, learn to shake  
When the dangerous me awakes  
The black clouds are soon near

So you should fear, so you should fear  
Says the anxious owl which seems so sorrowed  
My lovely owl, my lovely owl  
Says the nightingale so modestly she is

I am known, for the storm, it has time,  
time to care  
Nightingale...

...Show in the eyes of the dangerous night  
It brings storm, it brings death  
Believe my words and despair  
Learn to fear, learn to shake  
When the dangerous me awakes  
The black clouds are soon near

So let me sing, my lovely owl  
When the danger is here I'm taciturn  
And I will hide between a bough,  
till the heaven will alight I'm taciturn