

# Falconer, Pale Light Of Silver Moon

Dweller of the Sombre Lanes,  
Crow of the gutter and grime.  
Striving through the dark for gain,  
Up to the gallows you climb.  
Through your most stagnant life  
The rusty blade leads the way.  
Rags and a muddy cloak  
Is but your sole array.

Among the hawking beggars,  
Among the thieves.

Pale Light of Silver Moon  
Cast your light upon wicked plans.  
To anthems of virtuous' ruin  
The villain and the sinner, they dance.

Hailing from penury's womb,  
Sprung from the bower of sin.  
Where fate held nothing but gloom  
And future wore a taunting grin.  
Find the scavenger's demise  
By the trail of the poverty.  
Look for the vulture eyes  
On the fair of misery.