

Wilderun, The Dying Californian

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer
For my limbs are growing old
And thy presence seemeth nearer
When thine arms around me fold

I am dying, brother, dying
Soon you'll miss me in your berth
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the oceans briny surf

Tell my father when you see him
That in death I prayed for him
Prayed that I might only meet him
In a world that's free of sin

Tell my mother, God assist her
Now that she is growing old
That her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold

Will you gain what I've lost?
On this broken journey of trust
Carry my soul back home

Paint me the land of our childhood
Tell me of love in their hearts
Show me the strength of our fathers
As you linger while I depart

And if death does not shine behind the white clouds
Harness my one final breath
Let it sweep cross the plains of their memories
And give wind to their sails as they venture into the dark

Can you grasp it my loyal brother?
Oh please help me. I can't find the way

Will the wind whisper of glory's road?
Or will the skies shiver as this tales tragedy unfolds?

As the seas fall away, I hear
A child's voice led astray

Father, the legends you passed down to me
They have not saved me the fate I've met
I've gathered your spark for their eyes to see
Can they light the candles we've left?

Sillhouette stained in their minds
Cursed figure leaves them blind

Let go of this pain
She will still remain
Hear them speak your name

Listen brother, catch each whisper
Tis my wife I speak of now
Tell oh tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow

Tell her she must kiss my children
Like the kiss I last impressed
Hold them as when last I held them
Held them closely to my chest

Drown my pride with the blood I've given
My selfish fear has despairful, tired eyes
If you catch them the flames forbidden
I can let the haunting storm subside

Through the beckoning, frozen horizon
A golden beam casts its life 'cross the earth

It was for them I crossed the ocean
What my hopes were I will not tell
But they gained an orphan's portion
Yet he doeth all things well

Tell them I have reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust
And I gained a port called Heaven
Where the gold will never rust