

A box of doves
I placed beside your chest
Liar
A stork of silk
With rubies in it's nest
Fire
Of my love
Will burn thee to a wizened word
For ere to go unheard.

A mare of wood
Elder, elm and oak
Liar
Will keep you fair
If you jest me no joke
Fire
Of my love
Will burn thee to a wizened word
For ere to go unheard.

I'm old and bruised
But my fate is that of youth
Liar
Trickster you
Be a grisly dragon's tooth
Fire
Of my love
Will burn thee to a wizened word
For ere to go unheard.

You gashed the heart of my heart
Like a Portuguese
Witch,
I'd planned for you this land
But you devoured my hand.