

At Shade Lake, at Ashen Shore
Drifted a man alone
Through countless lands he'd been through
And soul he had no more

At the shore a shadow waited
Weathered, old and torn
The hooks on its silver line it baited
And fishes for lost souls

"Old man hey, lone shade ho"
Cried the soulless shell
"Head my plea, answer my call
And fish up my old soul"

The shade, it stared, then it rose
"A special bait I need
Amongst heart ache and painful loss
Your soul out to lead

Heed my words, young man, be warned
The water's no kind place
Others lost for light still war
Within its cold embrace"

Ponder did the young man long
A bait to find correct
For many things he had in thought
And hard was to select

"Hair, a red stream, eyes sea-blue

Smile in mystery wrapped
Are sure to guide my soul through
Are due to bring my heart back”

Alas, the young man had no clue
Millions to those did flock
For his own soul to rise true
This was but close to naught

And for new bait on the wicked hook
The lost soul out to guide
The man did linger in deep thought
Until he could decide

“Spin the sharing of worlds
Round the hook’s sharp blade
Smiles, dreams, tears and kind words
For my soul not to fade”

Deep down did the sinker go
‘Neath water and mud
But still the lost followed the flow
And drove the sought soul back

“Visage and charm are not enough”
The man told the shade
“Only with another heart
Can my own soul be saved”

And so the shade did drag from Lethe
A soul that’s those and more

And cast it in the blackened depth
To bring the lost one forth

True did rise then the lost soul
Out from water's embrace
But the bait was forever gone
Beneath its mirror face

No! The young man in pain cried
How can this ever be?
That, though my own soul I hold
I'm hollow as can be

The shade then smiled, in knowing chuckled
For it had forever known
A soul can never exist once touched
And with the wind was gone

At Shade Lake, at Ashen Shore
Fishes a man forlorn
What he seeks in water's lost
So he baits it with his soul