

The Dragon's Tears

On the dawn of coldest's longest,
By the east of tallest's shortest,
turn 'till thy hair flies in the wind,
walk 'till the moonwalker passes by,
and the bright star falls away.

'Neath the veil of widest's whitest,
Find the heart of smallest's brightest,
seek 'till thy hands begin to shake,
wait 'till the drop begins to fall,
and hold the goblet steady.