

Why then? A song
 Is much the same
 Its merely called
 A different name!

They said 'Our rhymes
 Are edgier's flat
 They speak not but
 In tones like that.

We cannot hear
 Such pure, true notes
 Come forth with less
 From edgier's throats.

'Iaen'

A sun-like face,
 Whose very lines give forth a golden-glow;
 A clear blue eye
 That reads the world in terms of 'Yes' or 'No'.
 A long red mouth
 So passionate, yet with a tender bow;
 A fine large nose
 And shining hair as white as driven snow.
 A figure, like