The dust and the mist

Why was I born

In this period of time

Where the essence of honor lays to waste

And the concept of righteousness

Earned without grace

Being brought to you on a plate

I should have fought dragons

Crumbled turrets by gaze

Leaving foes in the dust and the mist

And traveled by horseback

To a faraway place

To give, a maiden, a kiss

But I was planned for a reason

With unique gifts to give

At a more future site

And the desires waylaid

Of where I thought I should be

Fade off, in a cloud, of what’s right