

THE LAMENT OF SIORRA

*A duet for the living and the dead — first sung at the Rowdy Rockfish
by Valaerys il’Tharandiir, that a vengeful shade might be laid to rest*

Valaerys — the Living Voice

In Diobel where daggers gleam,
Two hearts were bound by one fair dream.
No oath they swore, no vows they made,
Yet love grew bright beneath the shade.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

Fair Siorra sought the Black Hand’s gate,
To stand where walked her heart’s own fate.
But one proud father barred the way;
One closed door stole two lives away.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

She thought, “I was cast aside.”
So grief became her only guide.
She fled with anger, cold and deep,
While those she loved were left to weep.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

Yet Viola searched through every year,
Through every whispered hope and fear.
No other hand, no kinder face,
Could ever take her lover’s place.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

She kept one token, silver bright,
A locket worn through every night.
Not for memory alone to keep,
But praying one day they would meet.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

And Maret watched as seasons passed,
Guarding love that could not last.
When death drew near, he spoke but one:
“If Siorra lives... this must be done.”

Valaerys

So hear me now, forgotten shade,
Lay down the vows that hatred
made.

This locket bears no cruel deceit,
But all the words you could not
meet.

Valaerys — the Living Voice

Come forth.
Not for vengeance. Not for blood.
Come hear the truth. Come take her
hand...
And go where she has waited all this
time.

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*A dream that was not meant for me,
A love that fate refused to see.
The Hand had walls, my name was dust,
And all I had was broken trust.*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*He chose his name above my heart,
And tore the two of us apart.
No home, no honor, none to be—
So I became what he made of me.*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*They wept? For me? I never knew.
I saw no tears, I heard no truth.
Only silence followed in my wake,
And vengeance was the only oath I’d take.*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*She searched? For me?
Through all those years that bled?
I turned my back— I thought her false—
and mourned a love I left for dead.*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*That locket... mine.
The last I gave, the last I saw.
I thought it lost, I thought it gone—
worn at her throat the whole way on.
Was it a prayer? For me?*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*Maret... faithful still.
You kept what none could understand.
Why did no one—
Why did no one come?*

Siorra

*Hatred kept me warm.
It is all I have known.
Words I needed.
Words I was denied.
What do you ask of me?*

Siorra — the Ghostly Voice

*If it is true...
If even one word is true...
Show me. Let me see.
Let me remember.
Let me... go.*



— Here the shade goes quiet, and the locket is closed for the last time. —