

Amie Comeaux, When Spirits Walk

Sunset in New Mexico
Will steal your breath away
Mountains wear a cloak of gold
As twilight claims the day

Enchantment fills the sacred land
Where ancient mysteries began
And fire dances in the sky
When spirits walk upon the wind

Ancestors call
You'll hear their whispers like a sigh
They'll touch your soul
As evening sings its lullaby
You'll feel the desert come alive
Its wonders never end
When fire dances in the sky
And spirits walk upon the wind

Coyotes cry and eagles scream

As night things leave their nest
Nature paints with brilliant hues
As she puts the sun to rest

Moon and stars wait patiently
To weave their magic spell again
When fire dances in the sky
And spirits walk upon the wind

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