

Anemonia, Tribal Dreams

Stepped into a beginning tale
Where it is Forever the Night
Maybe I will live enough to tell
A story from so far so close to the heart
Rainbow petals twirling in the night
A garden growing in the dark
Responding choirs from the stars
Magical voices heard about everywhere
Hiding so softly, just for a moment
Safely away, all alone to play
Stepped into an enchanting tale
Where the wind blows into its flute
Where trees play harp so magically
Into the woods of Forgotten-Lands
A small tribe stands around a fire
Accompanying the melody
Accompanied by an unknown voice
With strange instruments from another time and place
Hiding so softly, just for a moment
Safely away, all alone to play
Far away, around the fire
Tribal Dreams, humble fantasies