

Donovan, Voyage Into The Golden Screen

In the golden garden bird of peace
Stands the silver girl the Wild Jewels niece
Paints and pretty colors Childrens drawings on the wall
Look of doubt I cast you out be gone your ragged call

In the forest thick a trick of light
Makes an image magnet to my sight
Gown of purple velvet enchanted glazed eye
The sound of wings and sparkling rings behold a crimson sky

Tread to light so not to touch the grass
Breathe the air so slowly as you pass
Silent sudden dewdrop remains unseen until
Eyes to fall to hidden call the power of Love and Will

Symphonies of seaweed dance and swoon
Surreal celestial shore beneath the moon
See the dark and mighty peaks pierce the cumulus
Violet and mauve they power you can sus

Elvin fingers clutch a deep black cloak of fine damask
Aged rock incarnate lie reveal a jeweled cask