

Peter Koppes, Esoterica

With the wind the willow tree
Reminds me how I long to be
Every sound a mystery
That calls us out upon our mystic trip
On our mystic trip

And when it comes to luck, you're on side
Our wandering soul is where it hides

All around, the ground below
We float on cries until we're close
On our mystic trip

And when it comes to change, the drear shies
We travel through romancing skies

Beyond fields of caring now
Where circumstance will show us how
Further than a hope can see into the world
Of wish set free
On our mystic trip

(On our mystic trip)