

The 3rd And The Mortal, In Mist Shrouded

She lies awake in the silent night
with her mind wide open
She fears what shall appear
as she stares into the dark

Beyond these tall majestic trees
her feet know where to tread
She recognizes the moss-covered stones
knows each curve of the path

She tries to catch the dreams
but they fade away
She knows they will return
come evening