

The Pentangle, Light Flight

Let's get away, you say, find a better place,
Miles and miles away from the city's race,
Look around for someone lying in the sunshine
Marking time, hear the sighs, close your eyes...

Stepping from cloud to cloud passing years of light
Visit the frosty stars in the backward flight
Star becomes a vision, never mind the meaning,
Hidden there, moving fast, it won't last...

Time passes all too soon, how it rushes by,
Now a thousand moons are about to die
No time to reflect on what the time was spent on,
Nothing left, far away, dreamers fade

Strange visions pass me by, winging sweetly close inside
Over the water, ah...

Swirling, the waters rise up above my head.
Gone are the curling mists how they all have fled.
Look, the door is open, step into the space
Provided there