

Trees, The Garden Of Jane Delawney

The poet's voice lingers on
His words hang in the air
The ground you walk upon
Might as well not be there
Might as well not be there
I'll take you through my dreams
Out into the darkest morning
Past the blood filled streams
Into the garden of Jane Delawney
Into the garden now
Though the rose is fair
Don't pluck it as you pass
For a fire will consume your hair
And your eyes will turn to glass
Your eyes will turn to glass

In the willow's shade
Don't lie to hear it weep
For its tears of gold and jade
Will drown you as you sleep
Will drown you now
Jane Delawney had her dreams
That she never did discover
For the flow that feeds the stream
Is the life blood of her lover
Is the life blood of her lover
And the purifying beam
Of the sun will shine here never
While the spirit of her dream
In the garden lives forever
Lives forever now