

Ash Wishbone, Leaf And Stream

Find myself beside a stream of empty thought,
Like a leaf that's fallen to the ground,
And carried by the flow of water to my dreams
Woken only by your sound.
(Repeat)

Alone I've walked this path for many years,
Listened to the wind that calls my name.
The weeping trees of yesterday look so sad,
Await your breath of spring again.

Far beyond the hills,
Where earth and sky will meet again,
Are shadows like an opening hand.
Control the secrets
That I've yet to find, and wonder at
The light in which they stand.
(Repeat)