

Autumnblaze, The Nature of Music

Music is drifting
On invisible roads
Music is shelter
When your walls are grey again

(Chorus:)
Say, what do you feel when you listen to
a floating wave of moments
Say, what do you hear when you're alone
and the party is over

Music is naked
While you sing
Music is a cure
For a futile conversation

(Eldron, 4.10.2001)