Blackmore's Night, Ocean gypsy

Tried to take it all away,
Learn her freedom... just inside a day,
And find her soul to find there fears are laid...
Tried to make her love their own,
They took her love... they left her there,
They gave her nothing back that she would want to own...
Gold and silver rings and stones,
Dances slowly off the moon,
No one else could know, she stands alone...
Sleeping dreams will reach for her,
She can not say the words they need,
She knows she's alone and she is free...
Ocean Gypsy of the moon,
The sun has made a thousand nights for you to hold...
Ocean Gypsy where are you?
The shadows followed by the stars have turned to gold...
Turned to gold...
Then she met a hollow soul,
Filled him with her light and was consoled,
She was the moon and he the sun was gold...
Eyes were blinded with his light...
The sun he gave reflected back the night
The moon was waning, almost out of sight...
Softly Ocean Gypsy calls...
Silence holds the stars a while,
They smile sadly for her where she falls...
Just the time before the dawn,
The sea is hushed the ocean calls her,
Day has taken her and now she's gone...
No one noticed when she died,
Ocean Gypsy shackled to the tide,
The ebbing waves, the turning spreading white...
Something gone within her eyes,
Her fingers, lifeless, stroked the sand,
Her battered soul was lost,
She was abandoned...
Silken threads like wings still shine,
Wind swept pleasures still make patterns in her lovely hair... so dark and fine...
Stands on high beneath the seas, cries no more, her tears have dried...
Ocean weep for her, the ocean sighs...