

Blackmore's Night, The Clock Ticks On

As the wind chimes play along the breeze
Singing songs to stir the soul,
Rainbow colours entwined in fairytales
On the maypole...
Sing the song of lands from far away,
Other times and another place,
The wind can carry us all away from here
Charmed in her embrace...
Leaves turn to red, the nights are getting colder,
Seasons will change, the clock ticks on...
Leaves fill the trees as the days are getting warmer,
Days turn to years, the clocks ticks on...
A cloak and dagger, no fear of freedom
When hearts beat in another time,
Ever changing, the clock ticks on,
If only in your mind...
The wind has died and the chimes are still again
The trees stand tall as they cover me in shade
In the mirror a maiden stares at me
As the secret fades...
And though the clock ticks on to the future
It's in the past my heart will stay
In a time so far away from me
I'll return someday...