

# 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...