

Culpepers Orchard, Blue Days Morning

Velvet evenings, Gentle calls from nowhere
Making me lonely, seeing you with my eyes closed
Can't you see me or even hear me
Dawn is breaking, On a blue days morning
Violets waving, whispering how to reach you
Mournful willows bring me their sadness
Softly fading words change their meaning
Into endless, aching hours, Filled with empty harmonies
Recalling you, Wanting You