

Dylan Ware, Julia's Song

Julia

Dancing in a dream of spring
Such a pretty naive thing
Sweet as the Umbriel's wing

Truly a

Hours in the days of rain
Hours in the days of Cain
I was in a daze

Julia

Skiping down an arbour lane
Ever so removed from pain
Wonders if she'll change her name

Only a

I was in a sunken land
Darkened to the depths of man
Fire reigning in my hand

Julia

Sleeping in the silent trees
Mud upon her little knees
Cooling in the evening breeze