

Enid, Reverie Of Youth In Spheres Of Dream

For the night that proudly stretched its wings
In darkest periods of raging time

I sing my verse while my desire clings
On sinful arts reveling and sublime.

In spheres of dream I cross the years again,
Which're forced by strength of youth

Completely blind
The narrow-minded rebel struggled when
He was discharged into life's surge to find.

The path of beauteous pleasures, patience and
The ride through storms of wicked wilderness.

So steep the coast so shallow was the land,
So strong the wish so teared the time my dress.
And for my comfort I have got to see
That only dreams will help behind to flee.