

# Faith And The Muse, In Dreams Of Mine

Soft in essence purity, came to me in blissful dreams,  
And bade me follow sleepily to sights we few have never seen,  
I dropped down to join her view, I fit quite well her feline saunter,  
Rings and echos past we two, a sing-song call did beckon her,

And with her heart she looked at me,  
saw me as a fellow being,  
It seems she was about to speak,  
of other worlds and times.

Further on we made our way, towards a bright and shining chamber,  
Where others greeted gracefully and bowed to her with royal charm,  
And then the group began to dance, to a distant melody,  
And when I did awake at last, she lay sleeping next to me,

And with her heart she looked at me,  
Saw me as a fellow being,  
It seems she about to speak  
of other worlds and times.

And in her eyes I gaze forever, it's the deepest understanding,  
Of a long forgotten queen, in these dreams of mine.

And I have often pondered who she may really be,  
The soul of someone once close to me, in these dreams of mine,  
In these dreams of mine, in these dreams of mine.