

Fold Zandura, Lunar Wave

yesterday I remember

scenes from a childhood tender

second world, rising sunk

beyond from a hundred rune Decembers

from the noise of the crowded streets

down to the soles of the wandering feet

I drank the blue skies filled with telephone lines

in a thousand colors since

from the woods upon Mermaid Hill

my brave brother, I remember you still

enchanted woods there we stood

I felt you could, watching rivers spill

then the summers rolled faster

until to the world came a baby sister

eyes of wonder, how I loved her

she could count the stars with her tiny fingers

to the trains and the planes that have brought me here

to the tides and seasons

fortunes, reasons

to innocence lost and continents crossed

to the courage of a mother and father

who stayed together and shaped my life forever

you're with me always

and will be always

we charted the sky with both hands

that's where we began

we charted the sky with both hands

and the sky never ends

my soul rode the lunar wave
speak low and the distance trembles
your motion love will hold me close
like souls, like words, pure and clear

your motion