

# Heart, Dream Of The Archer

wayfaring warrior soul- still wild  
the archer stands  
arrow measured to the goal- sing of  
strong and living man  
in his mind there is a vision wand'ring  
through the forest town  
telling of riches only given if through the woods  
the way is found

crying 'ah! beautiful dancers.. wake up  
from your sleep!  
ahh! gentle romancers.. drink of love so sweet!'

treasure glowing in their eyes- forest deepens  
dark their dream  
'keep to the pathways,' he advised, 'the woods are  
more than they might seem'  
'heed you now the apparition bending never ending  
sounds  
calling you into her mystery- are your eyes  
nor sparkling now?'

sighing 'ahh, take you no warning- make no  
foolish fight  
ahh, think not of morning- lie here  
through the night'

'beauty take us!' they call 'in my arms!'  
they hear her say  
silken web falls- mist illusion rips away  
'helpless! helpless!' now they scream  
helpless on the path he stands  
and awakens from his dream singing string  
beneath his hand

gentle archer ages old- release the aim  
free the goal  
roll your arrow to my soul- release the aim  
free the goal