

# Loreena McKennitt, The Mystic's Dream

A clouded dream on an earthly night  
Hangs upon the crescent moon  
A voiceless song in an ageless light  
Sings at the coming dawn  
Birds in flight are calling there  
Where the heart moves the stones  
It's there that my heart is longing for  
All for the love of you

A painting hangs on an ivy wall  
Nestled in the emerald moss  
The eyes declare a truce of trust  
And then it draws me far away  
Deep in the desert twilight  
Sand melts in pools of the sky  
When darkness lays her crimson cloak  
Your lamps will call, call me home

And so it's there my homage's due  
Clutched by the still of the night  
And now I feel you move  
And every breath is full  
So it's there my homage's due  
Clutched by the still of the night  
Even the distance feels so near  
All for the love of you.