

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.