

# Maggie Reilly, These Dreams

Spare a little candle, save some light for me  
Figures up ahead moving in the trees  
White skin in a linen, perfume on my wrist  
Full moon that hangs over these dreams in the mist

Darkness on the edge, shadows where I stand  
I search for the time on a watch with no hands  
I want to see you clearly, come closer than this  
All I remember are dreams in the mist

These dreams go on when I close my eyes  
Every second of the night I live another life  
These dreams that sleep when it's cold outside  
Every moment I'm awake the further I'm away

Is it clockin' dagger, could it be spring or fall  
I walk without a cut through a stain glass wall  
Weaker in my eyesight, the candle in my grip  
And words that have no form are falling from my lips

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The sweetest song is silence that I've ever heard  
It's funny how your feet in dreams never touch the earth  
In a wood full of princes, freedom is a kiss  
But the prince hides his face from these dreams in the mist

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