

# Summoning, The Loud Music Of The Sky

What I am, I must not show  
And what I am thou could (not know)  
Something betwixt heaven and hell  
Something that neither stood nor fell  
(Something that through thy wit or will  
May work thee good, may work thee ill)

Far less happy, for we have  
And help nor hope beyond the grave  
(Man awakes to joy or sorrow  
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow)  
And this is all that I can show  
And this is all that you may know

A year there is a lifetime  
And a second but a day  
An older would will meet you  
Each morn' you come away

The thunder's noise is our delight  
And lightning makes us day by night  
And in the air we dance on high  
To the loud music of the sky

Neither substance quite, nor shadow  
Haunting lonely moor and meadow  
Dancing by the haunted spring  
Riding on the whirlwinds wing

A year there is a lifetime  
And a second but a day  
An older would will meet you  
Each morn' you come away

The thunder's noise is our delight  
And lightning makes us day by night  
And in the air we dance on high  
To the loud music of the sky