

Sylvan, Presentiments

And they whisper soft,
It's a breath of air and a sigh for future times
See the distant glint,
Almost powerful, with a wave of cryptic signs
Now vibrating winds sprout so constantly,
Can you hear this sound of joy?
Even oceans sing, and their melodies prophesy
the change of all they knew before.

The sky will shine the storm will spin
Seas rage as once they welcomed him
The lands might stake, but time stands still
Forgotten realms that you fulfil

Glimpse of moments
Not yet concrete but clear
Did you feel the breathe
Drops will become a stream
Just one instant
Far away but still near
Did she speak to you:
This is your dream