

Wuthering Heights, Sleep

Sleep
The velvet darkness
Where time stands still

Those sweet hours
Where the challenged finds
A moment's refuge

Embrace the warm shadows
Unconscious the truth

The torn soul leaves its house
And journeys on moon paths
To the edge of the world

And for a brief while
Again you feel the caress of the wind
On the plains of evermore

Bird of sleep come carry us
Upon the wings of freedom
Journey to the refuge on the other side
Play again like children
Without sorrow in our hearts
And when you fly us back
We'll shine with the morning star