

Yes, Beyond & Before

Sparkling trees of silver foam
Cast shadows in winter home,
Swaying branches breaking sound,
Lonely forest trembling ground.
Masquerading leaves of blue run circles round the morning dew,
Patterns understood by you, reaching out beyond and before.
Time, like gold dust, brings mind down to hidden levels underground,

Say a few words to the wind, that's all that's left of winter's friend.

Reaching the snow in the days of the cold, casting a spell out of ice.
Now that you're gone,
The summer's too long and it seems like the end of my life
Beyond and before.
Time, like gold dust, brings mind down.