

Woodland

"Larksong"

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From the tattered remnants of long before,
And the scattered ruins of myth and lore,
From the foggy morning above the moor,
Pages on the wind.

Shattered reflections of our splashing tears,
In the mirrored pools of yesteryear,
Upon the water a vision appears,
Like a ghost on the wind.

I hear the voices all whispering,
And mingling in the dark.
The dew of morning bright and glistening.
In the sweet song of the Lark.

The mosaic patterns of the emerald shade,
The woven webs and dreamy braids,
The vivid vision of the virgin wood,
As pure as the fire in the blood.

When the singer sleeps
And the phantom wind,
Blows across this land again,
Oh sing that forgotten verse,
Pages on the wind.

I hear the voices all whispering,
And mingling in the dark,
The dew of morning bright and glistening,
In the sweet song of the lark,
Pages on the wind.

In the wood so silent,
On a night so dark,
There you left your shining mark
And in the morning came a lark.
Pages on the wind...

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