

Woodland

"Morgana Moon"

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When the crescent lifts her shadowy veil,
And the wood grows bright with silver light,
The queen of night with a crown of stars,
Dances through the clouds in flight.

And in her face a memory,
Of long ago in a distant sea,
When she called upon the ocean waves
And spoke of times forgotten days.

She calls me to the river,
And holds me by the water,
And gazing in her mirror,
A glimpse of forever.

And so her love called on the sea,
And the clouds danced over the thirsty land,
And falling upon the distant peaks,
Down to the valley how the waters ran.

And the sea became many rivers,
Journeying alone,
And even forgetting from whence they came,
They always ran towards home again.

She calls me to the river,
And holds me by the water,
And gazing in her mirror,
A glimpse of forever.
And by the light of the moon so bright
In the valley where the waters meet,
Two rivers becoming one,
And journeying home to the sea.

And by the light of the moon so bright
In the valley where the waters meet
Many rivers becoming one,
And journeying home to the sea....

