

## 3rd & The Mortal "Oceana"

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Oceana carry with her  
all the lost dreams  
As a treasure  
hidden underneath her wings

Oceana in my Heart

I went away  
to The Outer Hills  
Where no trees can grow  
and no man live  
With my head held high  
I asked the Northwind  
Will you please  
take me with you  
And the wind lifted me up  
like a bird whose wings were spread  
Merely to put me down

I went to the Moon  
When she was shining as bright  
as I have ever seen her  
May I borrow some of The Light  
that you possess

But the moonbeam  
could not reach deep enough

Then I saw her face  
As the waves went away  
She told me  
She had been waiting

Cold winter nights  
I walk upon the frozen earth  
The Moon lights my way  
The Northwind embraces me  
Tells me to go on

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