Crimson King "Moonchild"

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Call her moonchild

Dancing in the shallows of a river

Lovely moonchild

Dreaming in the shadow

of the willow.

Talking to the trees of the

cobweb strange

Sleeping on the steps of a fountain

Waving silver wands to the

night-birds song

Waiting for the sun on the mountain.

She's a moonchild

Gathering the flowers in a garden.

Lovely moonchild

Drifting on the echoes of the hours.

Sailing on the wind

in a milk white gown

Dropping circle stones on a sun dial

Playing hide and seek

with the ghosts of dawn

Waiting for a smile from a sun child

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