

A Canorous Quintet "The Orchid's Sleep"

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lost in the halls of dream
bound by the chains of a scream
here we stand alone
never allowed to know
what's behind the wall of sleep

imprisoned in a web of night
in search of an emerald sky
the astral body flies, I stand alone
through the dust of ages forlorn
chased by the wind and the storm

enslaved by the orchids sweet scent
a tear from the dead mans eye
wings of fallen angel burn
where's the gold at the rainbows end

it is there but oh so far away
flames of fire burns so deep
as we fall out of the orchid's sleep

an emerald sky before our eyes
disappearing in the morning sun
is it for real or is it the dream?

imprisoned in a web of night
in search of an emerald sky
the astral body flies, I stand alone
through the dust of ages... forlorn
chased by the wind and the storm
enslaved by the orchids sweet scent
a tear from the dead mans eye
where is the gold at the rainbows end?
it is there but oh so far away

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