

## **Peter Koppes**

### **"Esoterica"**

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With the wind the willow tree  
Reminds me how I long to be  
Every sound a mystery  
That calls us out upon our mystic trip  
On our mystic trip

And when it comes to luck, you're on side  
Our wandering soul is where it hides

All around, the ground below  
We float on cries until we're close  
On our mystic trip

And when it comes to change, the drear shies  
We travel through romancing skies

Beyond fields of caring now  
Where circumstance will show us how  
Further than a hope can see into the world  
Of wish set free  
On our mystic trip

(On our mystic trip)

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