

Mostly Autumn **"The Night Sky"**

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Weightlessly you leave the ground
Hanging gently in the breeze;
You lift your head to face the stars and catch the wind
above the trees;
Over the mountains, over the hills,
The changing horizons, you drift through the walleys
Reaching for distance, floating alone,
Like an eagle at midnight, under the stars.

Through frozen eyes you see the hills
Go rolling by, your spirit fills with wonder
And the freedom to roam the winter sky;
You drift into the fragrance of the forest
Swaying gently down below.

The warm glow of a willage sleeping silently;
You rise to meet the bleakness of the mountains
That roll into the distance,
A ghost upon the north wind bound for nowhere,
To meet the rising sun.

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