

Trampled By Turtles

"Dream Child"

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In the night
Was the dark
In the dark
Was the dream
In the dream
Was the Child
And myself
There unseen

In the book was the word
In the word there was truth
In the truth there was age
In the age there was youth

And I said to the Child
Do your hands they still bleed
After all of this time
Do you think there's still need
But the Child only smiled

And said not a word
And the snow it came down
As if it hadn't heard

And all that night the snow came down
To heal the scars our lives had found
And the dreams that lay broken

And there upon a bridge of dreams
Across the night we walked unseen
With no words ever spoken

And then on through that night
We did walk for a while
And our steps turned to blocks
And the blocks turned to miles

Then we followed a path
For as far as we could
Till we found ourselves there
In an evergreen woods

There were thousands of candles
Upon every tree
It was beautiful
But there was one mystery
For with all of those candles
You must understand
That the only one lit
Was now in that Child's hand

And there upon that Christmas scene
The candle wax of melted dreams
And the years they had taken

And as the snow did gently fall
He one by one relit them all
Till each dream was awakened

And there to that light
That young Child showed to me
All the things that he dreamt
All the things that might be
How for everything given
That something was gained
Strike one match in the dark
And all the world's not the same

And then I asked that Child
Why this night has a star
And he said, "So we'd know
That we could see that far"
And these candles are wed
To that distant star's light
And it all came to be
Upon that long winter's night
That long winter's night
That long winter's night
That long winter's night

And when I awoke, well the Child he was gone
But somewhere in my mind
I believe he lives on
And somewhere in my life
Between here and the end
On a long winter's night
I will dream him again

Then she noticed on some Christmas cards
A reddish purple stain
Where someone had spilled some Christmas wine
And there it had remained

Until the heat from a radiator
Whistling in the air
Had caused it to evaporate
Into an angel's share

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