

## Lisa Gerrard

### "The Gardener"

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Once there was a gardener, whose horse became a dream  
It then became a nightmare, and nothing was redeemed  
His heart was over shadowed, it yielded to the pain  
Of lost and broken memories, of love he'd spent in vain.

There within the labyrinth, he bathed in vapors green  
He poured his very essence, into pools that can't be seen  
He fell into the precipice, by choice he entered through  
Dark waters yet unspoken of, a loss he could not bear to  
Be true.

His fate lay among the flowers, of the desert morning  
Stars  
Uncharted lands and faithful hands beckon from afar  
In time his eyes will open, and he will begin to see  
The beauty of his innocence, free from memory.

His horse that was a nightmare, will be a promise seen  
No longer there a prisoner, he'll realize his dream  
And souls will join and be reborn in the eden of his Heart  
He'll bring forth a light of unity, from which he will  
Not part.

Loving eyes will no longer pour acid on his soul  
For forged within integrity his horse becomes a foal  
And There begins his reckoning a freedom from the past  
The pain in vain will dissipate and peace will come to  
Pass.

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