

The 20Belows

"Oceana"

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Oceana carry with her
All the lost dreams
As a treasure
Hidden underneath her wings

Oceana in my Heart

I went away
To The Outer Hills
Where no trees can grow
And no man live
With my head held high
I asked the Northwind
Will you please
Take me with you
And the wind lifted me up
Like a bird whose wings were spread
Merely to put me down

I went to the Moon
When she was shining as bright
As I have ever seen her
May I borrow some of The Light
That you possess

But the moonbeam
Could not reach deep enough

Then I saw her face
As the waves went away
She told me
She had been waiting

Cold winter nights
I walk upon the frozen earth
The Moon lights my way
The Northwind embraces me
Tells me to go on

