

The Renaissance

"TURN OF THE CENTURY"

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Realising a form out of stone
Set hands moving
Roan shaped his heart
Thru his working hands
Work to mould his passion into clay
Like the sun

In his room, his lady
She would dance and sing so completely
So be still, he now cries
I have time, oh let clay transform thee so, love

In the deep cold of night
Winter calls, he cries, don't deny me
For his lady, deep her illness
Time has caught her
And will for all reasons take her

In the still light of dawn, she dies
Helpless hands soul revealing

Like leaves we touch, we learn
We once knew the story
As winter calls he will starve
All but to see the stone be life

Now Roan no more tears
Set to work his strength
So transformed him
Realising a form out of stone, his work
So absorbed him
Could she hear him
Could she see him
All aglow was his room bathed in this light
He would touch her
He would hold her
Laughing as they danced
Highest colours touching others

Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly

How we meet, how we'll love
Or let life, so transform me

Like leaves we touched, we danced
We once knew the story
As autumn called and we both
Remembered all those many years ago
I'm sure we know

Was the sign with a touch
As I kiss your fingers
We walk hands in the sun
Memories when we're young
Love lingers so

Was it sun thru the haze
That made all your looks
Warm as moonlight
As a pearl, deep your eyes
Tears have flown away
All the same light

Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly
When we meet how we'll look
As we smile time will leave me clearly

Like leaves we touch, we search
We will know the story
As autumn calls we will both remember
All those many years ago

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