

# The Loxian Gate

Enya

Through the gates of night  
There is wisdom is waiting to be found...

That first place of night  
Was an island in the colour of stars  
Spring;  
Green grew and the flowers blossomed

...a lost time, for in the distance...

Summer;  
The sun and the sand  
Autumn;  
The shape of yellow leaves falling

...a lost time, far in the distance...

Winter;  
The sky sang snow  
Written into the night;  
A world of stars

...a lost time, for in the distance...

Now, is the season of water;  
The island, the cities, the darkness  
Through time this became our world  
But our quest is not yet over

Now, is the season of the moon;  
Soft breezes whispering  
Night and day  
But our quest is not yet over