

# The Magic Rain

Valerie Dore

The wind brings chimes  
from aging times  
I hear the cries  
Alone

Blue raindrops fall  
deep in a well  
caught in a spell  
I call  
I see shadows fight alone on the ground  
I see maidens calling out with no sound  
I see signs in the air telling me what  
I've found

Now I know  
The magic rain  
comes and goes  
The magic rain  
hides and shows

Ancient perfumes  
A sorcerer's eyes  
are seeking dreams  
In fires

There's a man of power calling for more  
There's a magic chamber behind the door  
There's a feeling that I've seen this somewhere before