Circle Dream

10,000 Maniacs

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle I had made were all the worlds unformed and unborn yet.
A volume, a sphere that was the earth, that was the moon, that did revolve around my room.

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle was a maze, a terrible spiral to be lost in.

Blind in my fear, I was escaping just by feel.
But at every turn my way was sealed.

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle was a face.
Her eyes looked upon me with fondness.
Her warmth coming near, calling me "sweetness," calling me "dea r."
But I whispered, "no, I can't rest here."

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.

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