

The Spinner's Tale

Blackmore's Night

Somewhere the leaves on the trees look like lace
Falling in shadows across your face
Sunshine and darkness in perfect harmony
Shadows now live where light used to be

A spinning where where our memories were spun
Weaving our way through the fabric of time
Winding the wheel back to where we had begun
Spinning away to when you once were mine

Here in my chamber waiting for the dawn
I turn away the curtains are drawn
Somewhere in time when the night began to fall
Just for a moment we had it all

A spinning where where our memories were spun
Weaving our way through the fabric of time
Winding the wheel back to where we had begun
Spinning away to when you once were mine

We choose our path never knowing right or wrong
Ribbons get tangled within the storm
Just like the widow was weaving her web
The spinner's wheel holds tight to the thread