

## Windmills

### Blackmore's Night

Far from the worn path of reason  
Further away from the sane  
He battles his shadows and demons  
Fighting to light the way

And the dust and the dirt cloud his vision  
Onward he rides unafraid  
He fights the good fight for good reason  
A star that refuses to fade

Still he braves his path...  
Windmills only laugh

She was wounded and wild when he found her  
He saw her through child's eyes  
She fell for the spell he was under  
Each day a brand new surprise

And she watches with strange curiosity  
She wants so much to believe  
Hoping to break the chains of reality  
Dying to set herself free

Though he may appear tattered and broken  
His clothes are shabby and bare  
Still he glows like the flame of a candle  
With passion of one who still cares

There was always a rhyme to the reason  
Peering out from tired eyes  
The truth finally came in treason  
So wrong, but so justified...  
So wrong but so justified...  
Windmills close their eyes