

The lady folded
Her silver hair
Behind her back
With the strings of a veil

And cut me a pack, of a famous sword
Sharp to east
Her magnitude
That made the table in an infinite tangle

And then the darkness came
All wrapped on velvet feet
And here through the window
I saw a quickening eye

Reflecting time in the blowing night
And pulled the shade
To a clear green game
And from the visions, riding heavy sea

And from the visions, riding heavy sea
That cast the ships
Into a sink as man
And burn the ringing, don't wanna carry inside

Then the morning roars
Lapping up the winds
From the tainted table
That was serving time

It's silver spoon that was breathing stars
Images flown
Like the birds of high
Wings in the sun, oh, what a blessed sight