

# The Garden Of Jane Delawney

Dark Sanctuary

The poet's voice lingers on  
His words hanging in the air  
The ground you walk upon  
Might as well not be there  
Might as well not be there

I'll take you through my dreams  
Out into the darkest morning  
Past the blood-filled streams  
Into the garden of Jane Delawney  
Into her garden now...

Though the rose is there  
Don't pluck it as you pass  
Or the fire will consume your hair  
And your eyes will turn to glass  
Your eyes will turn to glass

In the willow's shade  
Don't lie to hear it weep  
Or its tears of gold and jade  
Will drown you as you sleep  
Will drown you now...

Jane delawney had her dreams  
That she never did discover  
For the flow that feeds the streams  
Is the lifeblood of her lover  
Is the lifeblood of her lover

And the purifying beams  
Of the sun will shine here never  
While the spirit of her dreams  
In the garden lives forever  
Lives forever now...