

The Loxian Gate

Enya

Through the gates of night
There is wisdom is waiting to be found...

That first place of night
Was an island in the colour of stars
Spring;
Green grew and the flowers blossomed

...a lost time, for in the distance...

Summer;
The sun and the sand
Autumn;
The shape of yellow leaves falling

...a lost time, far in the distance...

Winter;
The sky sang snow
Written into the night;
A world of stars

...a lost time, for in the distance...

Now, is the season of water;
The island, the cities, the darkness
Through time this became our world
But our quest is not yet over

Now, is the season of the moon;
Soft breezes whispering
Night and day
But our quest is not yet over