

Came the night a mist dissolved the trees
And in the broken light colours fly, fading by.
Pale and cold as figures fill the glade
Grey is the web they spin, on and on, and on and on.
Through the flame still summer lingers on
Though her pictures soon shatter.

All, always the same.
But there appears in the shades of dawning,
Though your eyes are dim,
All of the pieces in the sky.

There was once a harvest in this land.
Reap from the turquoise sky, harlequin, harlequin,
Dancing round, three children fill the glade,
Theirs was the laughter in the winding stream, and in between.
Close your talk, the picture fades again
From the flames in the firelight.

All, always the same,
But there appears in the shades of dawning,
Though your eyes are dim,
All of the pieces in the sky.

All, all is not lost,
And light appears in the shades of dawning
When your eyes can see
Order the pieces, put them back, put them back.