

From the east
A cold wind blows
Across the evening lawn
Summer is surely on its way
Midnight will ask you once again
With words unwary
Does it still your breath away?

In the shadows of the silver tree line image
Of the high
Skyward brilliance left above
To hone each sparkle in the sky
We're dancing softly to the songs
That may just save us from our doom
Summer gardens are the scene
As we fall into them and loom

Through the deepest cavern hearts
Of crying bravery
Opens the sight's eternal beautiful
Majestic shadows in the night
They have us crazy
Painting themselves against the lights

Seeing an end to an endless strife
I'm crawling out full heart

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