

Golden hue, no could but for smoky whisper in the sky
Endless streams of yellow sun warm
Starry flowers, the grass is jeweled

As the wind blows through my heart
Through the trees of heavens stats
And the elder days still echo
In this timeless land

Beyond myself and full of weary, slumber my head is down
Other worldly sense and beauty
Lull my sheltered dreams this night
As ageless magic, elven music, pour upon my sleepy brow
So far away yet so close to homely
Feelings fill me up somehow