

## Lothlorien

Mostly Autumn

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