

## Spiral

### Pale Forest

The hour of souls is the night by your side  
the whisper of angels, your breath  
I sleep behind the moon  
with your slender hand in mine

The ceiling is gone  
above me spins the spiral shaft  
spinning round and round  
above me spins the spiral shaft

The first day of spring is the light in your eyes  
the core of the fire, your voice  
I walk on the surface of the sun  
with your slender hand in mine

The ceiling is gone  
above me spins the spiral shaft  
spinning round and round  
above me spins the spiral shaft