

## A Day

Styx

Woke up in rainy autumn  
Morning mist beginning to wane  
And the birds of the winged trees  
Calling my name

Care less the clouds above me  
The wind is gently lifting my hair  
Where the rivers of the wind fall light rain  
Now stand bare

Listen to the flowing streams  
Golden in the shelter of my dreams  
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love

Walk alone through the garden  
The leaves are wet with morning's tear  
And the whispering of someone  
Is drawing me near

Content to rest awhile  
Pondering the motion of time  
Over unforgotten memories  
Dipped in wine

Listen to the flowing streams  
Golden in the shelter of my dreams  
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love

The god of dusk is falling around me  
The night air now restless and dank  
Yet the fields are specked with flowers  
Few and rank

Moon reflecting off the water  
Rippling an image to me  
Of the way that it is  
And the way that it's going to be

Listen to the flowing streams  
Golden in the shelter of my dreams  
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love