

# Naiad

Tarja Turunen

She hears the distant soft caress  
there in the gloom  
Colours surround with tenderness  
guiding her thought.

In the forgotten sweet abyss  
another sound.  
Twilight floating memories  
always without.

Gloaming there  
above the surface  
an ilusion reaching down for me.  
What lies beneath  
beyond the ocean's door  
tranquil is the kiss  
of the azure rising deep  
sleeping ever more.

Naiad's mystery  
what lies beneath.  
Guarding their immortality  
Saints in the sand.  
Stranger than beautiful eerie  
an ancient land  
circle of sixteen turned to stone  
and still they keep  
shimmering crystal promises  
one space between.  
Breathing the newborn waves  
Kneeting for the sea she became.