

## In Mist Shrouded

The 3rd and the Mortal

She lies awake in the silent night  
With her mind wide open  
She fears what shall appear  
As she stares into the dark

Beyond these tall majestic trees  
Her feet know where to tread  
She recognizes the moss-covered stones  
Knows each curve of the path

She tries to catch the dreams  
But they fade away  
She knows they will return  
They will return  
Come evening  
Come evening