

backwoods of my dream  
I'm strolling deeper in  
something's nearing close  
still I'm feeling secure

cathedral of trees  
crowns the shade of deepest green  
in this dome  
is your home

edge of winter eve  
soul is fortified  
do you hear the distant howls  
it's time to leave  
in the raven's eye  
glimmering of life  
in the embrace of the wild  
a place for home

standing on spiral  
is bearer of the horns  
time is short in my eyes  
and gold will wane to dust

confounded by the words  
of grey man of the woods  
in layers of mind  
I'm feeling fine