

## Turn of the Century

Yes

Realising a form out of stone,  
Set hands moving.  
Roan shaped his heart,  
Through his working hands.  
Worked to mold his passion into clay,  
Like the sun.

In his room, his lady,  
She would dance and sing so completely.  
"So be still," he now cries,  
"I have time, oh let clay transform thee so."

In the deep cold of night,  
Winter calls, he cries "Don't deny me!"  
For his lady, deep her illness.  
Time has caught her,  
And will for all reasons take her.

In the still light of dawn, she dies.  
Helpless hands soul revealing.

Like leaves we touch, we learn.  
We once knew the story.  
As winter calls he will starve,  
All but to see the stone be life.

Now Roan, no more tears.  
Set to work his strength,  
So transformed him.  
Realizing a form out of stone,  
His work so absorbed him.

Could she hear him?  
Could she see him?  
All aglow was his room,  
Dazed in this light.  
He would touch her,  
He would hold her.

Laughing as they danced,  
Highest colors touching others.

Did her eyes at the turn of the century,  
Tell me plainly.  
How we'll meet, how we'll love,  
Oh, let life so transform me.

Like leaves we touch, we dance.  
We once knew the story.  
As autumn called and we both,  
Remembered all those many years ago.  
I'm sure we know.

Was the sign in the day with a touch,  
As I kiss your fingers.  
We walk hands in the sun,  
Memories when we're young,

Love lingers so.

Was it sun through the haze,  
That made all your looks,  
As warm as moonlight?  
As a pearl deep your eyes,  
Tears have flown away,  
All the same light.

Did her eyes at the turn of the century,  
Tell me plainly.  
When we meet, how we'll look,  
As we smile time will leave me clearly.

Like leaves we touch, we see,  
We will know the story.  
As autumn calls we'll both remember,  
All those many years ago.