

Wicklow Mountains

Morphia

In mystic mist
These moorlands mourn
Leaving colours
Still unborn

The mountain road
By clouds concealed
Forever winding
Through fogbound fields

I, just I
And I alone
Am lost in heather
And stacks of stone

Graft and drizzle
Gloom and grey
Wicklow calls
I drift away

On the hills of the Irish lands
You will not see the sun
The ancient celtic legends
Will entangle anyone
And in the end when you descend
You'll be another man
You'll need a pint of Guinness
To regain yourself again

Sun for clouds
Blue for grey
Wicklow has let me
Go again

Life and laughter
Down below
In a town called
Glendalough