

Once there was a silent canvas
Sleeping stories unimagined
Birth of what if's, hope and wonder
Winds will be named, words will shelter

Then, something wicked this way came
Showed a way to the great escape
Evoke the worlds, sparked the brain
An ape in awe before a door

To labyrinth
To keystone Earth
To fallen stars
To there and back

We're the writers
Of another way to be
We're the writers
Of whatever we cry home

A moment alone
With unbeknown
Reset the world
Imagine home
A primal need
To touch the stars
Only way there
To enter

Imagine music, dance, illusion
Tales of dust, of man in the moon
The sea lady, snow, glass, apples
It is stories that built cathedrals

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Showed a way to the great escape
Evoke the worlds, sparked the brain
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To lose yourself
To find who you are
Follow your tale, remember your name
Enter the woods
Tir Na Nog
And bring back the good

A pale beautiful theatre stage

A feast of beautiful tragedy, wonderful fantasy
The play is yours to write
Yours to live
Ready the night by a playwright

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