

Spirits of the Trees

Pythia

Ethereal forest
Feel the ground moving under my bare feet
Unbroken in the silence

As the sun beats down
And the light seems to settle in my soul
Through the doors of my mind

Here in my dreams, safe in the hour of the storm
A wood sanctuary, away from the breaking of the dawn

Still the wheel turns 'round
I'm drawn ever to the light
As I move through the gaps of time

I'll take your hand
And we'll find a way through the dream
Until we touch the spirits of the trees

The sounds of the sky
Echo down to play amongst the leaves
An open chord twist of wonder

And my voice breaks loose
Soaring sighs are the substance of my soul
And the forest eternal

Please let me stay inside this world of golden {air?}
Don't cast me away, reality's too much to bear

Take me to the woods
Where I am safe from the fear of my own mind
{?}, see them as I
Lay them down, sigh and resolve my thoughts

White face, eyes wide - she's here, alive
Tormenting me with her poison
Overwhelming {response?} haunts me
Take me back to the {ghost of spring?}

Jolted awake into a world of broken dreams
Please take me back to the {?}