

The Magic Rain

Valerie Dore

The wind brings chimes
from aging times
I hear the cries
Alone

Blue raindrops fall
deep in a well
caught in a spell
I call
I see shadows fight alone on the ground
I see maidens calling out with no sound
I see signs in the air telling me what
I've found

Now I know
The magic rain
comes and goes
The magic rain
hides and shows

Ancient perfumes
A sorcerer's eyes
are seeking dreams
In fires

There's a man of power calling for more
There's a magic chamber behind the door
There's a feeling that I've seen this somewhere before