

Of an enchantment of mountains, the sea, and the sky

I once saw a sea,  
Of blue and of green  
Where the forest meets the ocean,  
And the mountains meet the sky,  
Tow'ring 'bove valleys and towns with the peaks,  
Of snowcaps and steeples that never do sleep.  
As the sun sinks,  
All the fireflies dance  
Like will o- the-wisps  
In their own dreamy trance,  
Flut'ring in meadows of forests so deep,  
And light up the valleys all covered in dreams.  
Waves rise and fall like the breath of the sea,  
And the last rays of sun fin'ly fade out of sight,  
Painting the seashore with silver moonlight.  
The haunting lament of a lone wooden flute,  
Whispers through the sky when silence is absolute.  
Down on a ledge of a cliff by the sea,  
Where a stout little lighthouse stands proud as can be,  
There stands a lone specter who plays out her song,  
Of melancholy longing for times long, long gone,  
For those who will listen and one day play along.

The wings of a seagull, the heralds of dawn,  
Come weared nearer and nearer as the night wears on  
True darkness falls in the time before light  
As poor wayward travelers follow their guides,  
These strange dancing flames that fill up their sight,  
To marshes and bogs in the dead of the night.  
A fathomless quiet envelops the land,  
As the haunted and haunting go back to their beds,  
Of water and stone and of forests of old  
Leaving this world made of flesh and of bone.