

Long Winter Dreams

Lana Lane

Winter is in the air, the winds of Avalon
They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn
Light from the old watchtower, a message in the sky
I slip into a dream sweeter than the wine

Of castles that hang in the air

Somewhere on the wind I hear
The echoes of long winter dreams
They're written in the sky at night
And linger for all who believe
Changes are drawing near
I know they'll soon be here

Rome calls him Jupiter
In Egypt old Ammon
King of the universe, the last phenomenon
Tales from the ancient world are patterns in the dream
Echoes and illusions are never what they seem

Like castles that hang in the air

Somewhere on the wind I hear
The echoes of long winter dreams
They're written in the sky at night
And linger for all who believe
Somewhere on the wind I hear
The echoes of long winter dreams
They're written in the sky at night
And linger for all who believe
Changes are drawing near
I know they'll soon be here

Winter is in the air, the winds of Avalon
They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn
Light from the symphony shines upon the score
Just here for one more day, gone forevermore

Like castles that hang in the air

Somewhere on the wind I hear
The echoes of long winter dreams
They're written in the sky at night
And linger for all who believe
Changes are drawing near
I know they'll soon be here