

## To Souls Distant and Dreaming

Xanthochroid

There are few of us who know  
What wonders we were shown  
In the visions of our youth  
For children, as we were  
Think only half formed thoughts  
And now, as men, we recollect  
A dull and shattered dream

But some of us awake  
With phantasms so strange;  
Enchanted hills and golden plains  
And cities made of stone  
Where ancient heroes rode  
Caparisoned with gold  
We come alive and then we know  
We've looked back through the gates  
The gates the Forest Keeper made