

Somewhere Down The Mystic

Lizz Wright

My soul went walking
Up a mountain trail
My good friend was talking
Before his spirit sailed

He said he thought he knew me
From somewhere far away
A voice of simple beauty
Called up from distant days

He turned like a flower to the sun
A thousand wars left to be won

Somewhere down the mystic
Another kind angel calls
Another kind of glory
Another kind of far

I saw the world as a grand design
I saw the moon that saw the Earth
Something there it seemed was dying
Something there was giving birth

I turned like a flower to the sun
Everything is hopeless till it's won

Somewhere down the mystic
Another kind of angel calls
Another kind of glory
Another kind of far

Blue light blogs fly through my yard
As I stop the iron stool
My friend flies through my broken heart
For one last time around the code

I turned like a flower to the sun
Everything is hopeless till it's won

Somewhere down the mystic
Another kind of angel calls
Another kind of glory
Another kind of far
Another kind of far