

# 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