

## Ancient Question

Mount Eerie

Was it a dream  
Where I wandered off the trail  
Aimlessly drawn  
And came to a clearing  
On the hill of town  
Still hearing calls

And a circle of stone  
Surrounded a pool of black water and sky  
Where I reached in and pulled out a song  
Ceremoniously young

I think I dreamt it  
Standing on the street in the wind looking south  
Hunting for singing  
Indulging imagining words in the wind

But nothing means nothing  
Everything is fleeting  
Don't get used to it  
I say, look upon the ruins

Two distant branches on the hill  
There's no song, no sacredness now  
What I'd called the spirit world blows into dust  
Like me, and the song  
Born of alienation

Ancient questions  
Unanswered, alive in me again  
Indulging imagining words in the wind

But nothing means nothing  
Everything is fleeting  
Don't get used to it  
I say, look upon the ruins

Voice in the branches  
Pulling me still