

backwoods of my dream
I'm strolling deeper in
something's nearing close
still I'm feeling secure

cathedral of trees
crowns the shade of deepest green
in this dome
is your home

edge of winter eve
soul is fortified
do you hear the distant howls
it's time to leave
in the raven's eye
glimmering of life
in the embrace of the wild
a place for home

standing on spiral
is bearer of the horns
time is short in my eyes
and gold will wane to dust

confounded by the words
of grey man of the woods
in layers of mind
I'm feeling fine