

Continental Isolation

Wendy Rule

On a hemisphere that's been turned around
It is hard to find our own sacred ground
Knowing our blood has been flowing from land never seen

From a Northern line to a Southern birth
I have memories of a different Earth
Whether it's Summer or Winter in June
We all draw our power from the same Moon

On the eve of Samhain
When the twilight called her mother cried
On the eve of Samhain
A door opened wide
On the eve of Samhain
When the twilight called her mother cried
And from the sea
Came an ancient memory
And from the sea
Came an ancient memory
And from the sea
Came an ancient memory
It was the mirror of her ancestry

Does our ebbing tide cover Northern rocks?
Is the ocean still at each Equinox?
Is it the Moon that is breathing this tide in our veins?

When your Samhain shines we have Beltaine bright
And our longest day is your longest night
Solstices swapping to stress to this nation
It's continental isolation

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