## **Lost Realms**

## **Wuthering Heights**

Strange how the world shrinks while you grow up Some of it seems so long ago It cannot really have been me at all

As future turns to past Premonition turns to reminiscence Reality to mythology Doors open wide

Somehow some memories Are growing ever stronger Ever clearer As doors begin to shut

Tell me why must my childhood's oceas turn into lakes Horizons move ever nearer
The myth is easier to comprehend
As doors are being locked

Sweet was the sun