

# The Gates of the Green

## Delight

In my mind's eyes I see the path  
To the gates of child's land  
Fluffy moss under my feet  
My hair talking with the wind  
Drops of rain which have just fallen down  
Like the pearls on conweb's coverI ask who we are  
The candle lights  
Waiting for unquiet wind  
A crooked mirror of space  
A handful of ash which wants to  
Become the diamondAlthough the Time is mocking at us o openly  
He is laughing at us  
Setting its face against us  
We are not able  
To rule over the current of his streamIn my mind's eyes I see the trees  
Which are trying to touch the sky  
With their whispering arms  
Old tales are being told by the bird  
Just opening the arms is enough  
To be soared up by the windAlthough the Time is mocking at us o openly  
He is laughing at us  
Setting its face against us  
We are not able  
To rule over the current of his streamThe Nature answers  
We are what we believe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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