Isabel

Eddy

Isabel is waiting In a room of many shadows Her eyes like flashing diamonds Shining brightly from the sea Her hair in silken tresses Like a road around her shoulders Hiding, tantalizing treasures That the sun has never seen Isabel is watching Like a princess from the mountains For the first soft snows of winter And the icy winds they bring With a whisper of her sadness In the passing of the summer Her crown is wide red roses With a lace of forest green And she wraps her arms around me and she sighs And she seems to be in silence with her eyes And her hair upon my pillow comforts me Isabel is weeping And her eyes are full of wonder She knows that it's the time for her And she cannot understand She's a mistress of the moonlight To the stars she is a sister And the morning now awaits her To betray her once again And she whispers as she sadly slips away Then she smiles because there's nothing left to say And she takes with her the sadness and the sun

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