Winter Solstice

Pat Braden

Tonight, she takes her time
Slowly, she lays down
Open her legs, as we spread our wings
Across the timeless spaceShe will remind the Queen of the world
'Till her newborn child grows
Giving her understanding
Of her reason, reason to beShe dances with herself"Unconscious of her beauty
No one told her
Never heard about purity
No one touched her"And I sing this song
For all the dead promises
All the fallen souls
And those who laughed at themAnd I sing this song
To all the bleeding hearts
My ode to the night
Awaiting the sun

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