Kite

Wigwam

Pine you so lonesome sighs
As murmured questions rise in line
And weave their voices and entwine
As breezes their disguise

Willow cast your silent souls
I see them ride on every beam
Spirit from the forest team
And reassume their roles

No wind, no light
No sun in sight
Love hold me tight
I'll fly my kite

No wind, no light...

Spiders roam you jeweless nets
Empty void of morning's haul
Where diamonds hung now missin' all
With the thief, that sun who sets

Willow cast your silent souls
I see them ride on every beam
And spirit from the forest team
Reassume your roles

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