

## "The Garden"

V 1:

It's midnight in a garden  
that's filled with fireflies.  
A new day's at the threshold;  
an old one slowly dies.  
Humidity is hanging.  
There's floating candlelight.  
I watch these flying lanterns  
do battle with my night.

V 2:

The lazy trees are dancing  
so calmly with the wind.  
I'm home in soft seclusion.  
My mind is stretched and thin.  
And here among these spirits-  
the remnants of my past-  
I hear a night bird singing  
a song that cannot last.

CH

I found this gentle garden and hid within its dream.  
I farmed its fertile landscape and bathed in moonlit streams.  
I never meant to linger; I've stayed here far too long.  
This garden's now my fortress; Its walls have grown too strong.

V 3:

I gave up hope of flying.  
I gladly clipped my wings  
to live amidst the beauty-  
to worship unseen things.  
Alone, I found this garden  
of simple solitude  
far from the tree of knowledge,  
the serpent, and the fruit.

BR (optional)

The clock has stopped its chiming,  
and time is standing still.  
The beast that lives on mem'ries  
is ready for the kill.  
The garden's slowly dying.  
It's starved of sunlit days.  
It's now a cemetery-  
a place of slow decay.

(repeat chorus)

V 4

Still, midnight's in the garden;  
it seems to never leave.  
I'm rooted and unchanging-  
forever in between.  
I need your time and patience  
to help me leave this place-  
to move on to tomorrow,  
feel sunshine on my face.