

The Lullaby Opera

Will the Wind ever carry me away?
Sometimes I think my life has gone astray.
Oh how I wish for the Wind to start a song,
To sing me a journey, of heart, to be strong.
The Wind is as a brother to my very soul.
It fills my heart; it fills the hole.

Will the beautiful Sun ever rise in my mind?
To lighten my thoughts, to brighten inside.
Oh how I wish for the Sun's rays start dance,
To bring back my freedom, to define my first chance.
This Sun is as father, or so it seems;
Wise and strong and its brilliant beauty gleams.

Will the soft spoken Rain ever wash away my fear?
To show hidden paths, and mingle hidden tears.
Oh how I wish for Rain's words to sing,
To sing true love; to soften life's sting.
The Rain is as sister, who teaches me to cry.
She sings and weeps, and leaves her lover Sky.

Will the love laden Earth ever ease her pull?
To let go of child, to lead the sweet Lull'.
Oh how I wish for the Earth to set free,
Of her pains and her worries, so her child may see.
This Earth is as mother, who nurtures and shares
She supports all her children and shows how she cares.

I guess if I look too deep inside
I'll hear the melody I hide
I think I fear to just let it flow
Perhaps I fear to let my Self go