

Open any door, you see  
it is of no moment where it leads  
all traveling is away from home  
all roads turn to dreams once more

Sleep is the bridge to dreams  
where prayer satisfies every need  
and the aware mind sinks like the stone  
that binds the Plantagenet sword

When you waken call to me  
I have a secret store of seeds  
the avenged sword becomes a plow  
the garden waits outside our door