She wondered in the wilderness, she washed away her tears, leaving loves darkest dreams behind, so many wasted years, never waiting for tomorrow, just living for today, the distant winds are calling...calling out her name... it takes her through the meadows where cherry blossoms bloom.. never looking too far behind accompanied by the moon, the moon it Whispers softly.. words I can't repeat, she stopped for just one second soft earth between her feet, could she trust another?... she asks the moon again...he opens up a doorway and speaks from there within...

Your hair is the colour of autumn leaves... browns and reds with Celtic weaves.... your eyes shine bright like a still lit moon...with your destiny written in the runes... for you are not of this time.. your ancestors a rare bloodline.. your ancestors warriors full of fire, passion love, an honoured choir... they chant and sing a lullaby... to remind mankind of days gone by... days when all of us were free to live our lives in harmony... to live our lives without a care... breathing in this sacred air...  this sacred air with scented flowers is what gives us our magic powers...with pure white skin and enchanting smile your something real there's no denial...I hope one day that you will see that all your dreams were meant to be, they're just sunbeams and sunbeams shine, it makes the world somewhat sublime and flowers grow beneath the trees and make a home for honey bees and honey bees make the world go round a pot of gold beneath the ground a pot of gold where worms they play so save our earth it's here to stay

Jason Brownlee, Project X

15th April 2020