

**Francis John - The Voice of a Dream**

Then, once again  
It moved across the night  
Like a sloth  
Two fingered hanging  
From time's branch  
Underneath that old tree  
Telling me of lost loves:  
I had to look away

Then, once again  
The face was mine  
I denied it  
Wished myself stone  
Unbroken heart  
It came across the night  
The voice of a dream

Then, once again  
It was the time  
I lived for warmth  
I came across the night  
I was awoken  
By the voice of a dream

(10<sup>th</sup> Nov 1985 - revised 2002)