

Ancient Craft

Pass times and hobbies for fools and other dreamers
A way to spend the time for jesters, serfs, and linen weavers
The magic that pours out has its own peculiar tilt
With visions of creation, like some crazy women's quilt

A brew strong and stout, drawn down, poured from the ether
Inspiring art, a full carafe, I think this one's a keeper
Some things left in this world that simply just belong
Heavenly bodies, silent flight, and this celestial song

Crystal balls and wish pools, colors mixed yet still apart
Dreamers, fools and alchemists of this rebellious art
Boiling pot so hot and the cauldron's flaming fire
Ingredients obtained and used, that is my heart's desire

Simple patterns they are, with more beautiful designs
A rabbit's foot, a turtle's neck, and things that we can't find
Wizards with a wonder to make it all seem real
And magic makes it happen, like a fate without a seal

Ancient crafts are things you've heard
The magic of a spoken word
Spells are cast and goods are selling
It just gets better with every telling

Fell asleep on a harp and woke up to a song
Texture left behind, dreams lived, vivid and strong
Far out and far beyond the nature of this secret work
The ingredients of life bought from a grocery clerk

Growing like a seed a farmer sows without the rain
Wondering if the path he chose might well have been in vain
Plenty of white elephants and other blue giraffes
Be thankful just to know someone who knows an ancient craft

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