

DREAMWEAVER - lyrics by Charles Anthony Silvestri

1. Prologue

Listen!
I sing the sacred vision
Of the All-Wise Wanderer,
The Weaver of Dreams.

On Christmas Eve he fell asleep,
So deep, so deep,
And woke upon Epiphany
With tales to tell.

He hurried to the holy Mass
And stood upon the threshold;
The warp and weft of wandering
He wove into his tale.

2. Dreamsong

And this was his dreamsong:

*My journey began
In a rugged land,
Hard and fast
And unforgiving.
I made my way.*

3. The Bridge

*Beasts there were,
And wilder things,
And shades of night
Were in that land;
I was afraid.*

*The monster's claws
Tore at my cloak;
With piercing eyes
They saw my soul.
I ran away.*

*For many leagues
I traveled west
Until at last—
My journey's end—
I saw the Bridge!*

*Stretching out
Across the sky,
The way was barred
To all but wise.
I went across.*

*This bridge was spanned across a sea of ice—
A silver band, a way to Paradise.
A fair wide land did open up at last;
I stopped to stand where Future reckons Past.*

*And in that place the Pilgrim Church did rise
Where, full of grace, our Holy Mother wise
Bade me embrace her heart of gold and red;
And o'er her face a loving smile was spread.*

*I met a man, whose coat was stained in blood,
All mired was he, up to his knees in mud;
He held a frightened child under his arm,
And bitterly he wept for causing harm.*

4. Intermezzo

5. Paradise

*She spoke in gentle tone and bade me go
Where every sin is known, where cold winds blow,
Unto the very throne of God to see
Where sorrow is unknown, forgiveness, free.*

6. Dominion

*And through darkness appeared the Christ, wreathed in light, flanked by saints and angels
beyond number, and crowned as King and Judge over all the earth. The Deceiver turned in fear,
and fled from before the Glory of the Lord and the Host of Heaven.*

*Among the souls
Who trembled there
Burdened down
With sin and fear,
I took my place.*

*To Christ the Judge
St. Michael spoke,
Defending us
Despite our shame.
I hung my head.*

*So one by one
We stood alone
Before our Maker
And our Judge.
He called my name.*

*His burning heart
Loved away my shame,
And forged my soul
Anew by Grace--
I was redeemed!*

7. Epilogue

*Cloaked all in lead another fell,
Laden with burdens heavy;
She lost her soul in fear of hell
In hope that she might be free.*

*Others there were by pain ensnared
By their grief and tribulation
Hoping that they may yet be spared
And praying for salvation*

*He forged their souls
Anew by Grace--
And all were redeemed.*