



**[The past comes in red]**

*Johnny Virgil  
to Loreena McKennitt*

The past comes in red  
And its tendrils, mellifluous hands,  
Wander all over the stone walls.  
When past speaks  
Present rejoices  
And future listens.  
Red is the color of a rose,  
The color of blood,  
The color of unforgettable  
Things.

O night full of wise trees;  
O rivers full of magical beings;  
O music that floats  
Towards the castles in my soul.

I open the doors  
And meet countless strangers.  
They lie gifts by my feet,  
Gifts of invaluable truth,  
Miracles indeed.