Believe

Children, sleeping.  
Snow is softly falling.  
Dreams are calling,  
Like bells in the distance.  
We were dreamers,  
Not so long ago.  
But one by one, we  
All had to grow up.

Trains move quickly  
To their journey's end.  
Destinations...  
Are where we begin again.  
Ships go sailing,  
Far across the sea.  
Trusting starlight,  
To get where they need to be.