

Rise  
Circle  
Greet the Sun  
Serpent coils unwind  
Pressure blood from stone  
Now do valleys open wide  
Now like rust do we reach out  
Now do clouds burst forth under weight  
Rise  
Rest your shield  
Lay down you plow  
Wake Inhale Listen Rise  
Have you ever seen the scarlet day  
Or felt the calloused hand of age  
You till the ground and bring to home  
Muscle flesh and blood to bone  
Taste this oaken grain  
Grab its horns and not the reins