

# Children Of The Circle

Bob Catley

Standing tall, we worship the night  
We cry the tears, the questions unspoken  
The sacred form, a bronze reflected light  
In soil we search for this greed to be broken

Upon this day, a god forsaken right  
The passing dawn, the heart of the sunrise  
We build the dream, stay true to the fight  
We light the fire, keep the power till this world dies

When the spirit joins the afterglow  
And when the demons dance their fantasies below  
The guardian leads the path to kingdom come  
The true religion face the dagger run

We are the night, we are the day, we are the dream  
We are the secret of the miracle  
Love, we are the right, we are the way  
We are the children of the circle  
Truth, we are the life, we are the right  
We are the masters of all evil  
Earth, the air you breathe, we are the fire  
We are the children of the circle

The golden wings, the brothers of the earth  
The rivers tied, the silence is broken  
We seal the truth, the sister-hooded birth  
We light the heavens till the new dawn has woken

Let's give the freedom for an angel's flight  
So many centuries, the secrets hold the night  
And if the power breaks, the system falls  
Come forth you holy men and heed the call

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