

The City of Peace

Dark Moor

Where resounds the river
With bright foams of silver
And the wind's an aromatic stroke.
Where come people's living
In peace, and God's giving
His blessed grace to the peaceful folks.
In the Middle Ages,
In its last stages,
It's flourishing a new paradigm.
In this place, three cultures
From cots to sepultures,
Have come out to a convivial time.
In the city of peace
It's shining high the oldish star,
Near by the moon,
Over the cross.
The example and its echoes are
Astounding, soon,
The world across.
The moon, the cross,
And so, the star
Are all the forms of the same God who is so far.
The moon, the cross,
And so, the star
Together, are of peace and love the avatar.
In the city of peace.
It's shining high the oldish star,
Near by the moon,
Over the cross.
The example and its echoes are
Astounding, soon,
The world across.
City of peace,
Divine caprice,
You are the city of faiths' intercross,
O, you,
City of peace,
Of moon, star
And cross...