

Seven Stones

Genesis

I heard the old man tell his tale:

Tinker, alone within a storm,
And losing hope he clears the leaves beneath a tree,
Seven stones
Lay on the ground.
Within the seventh house a friend was found.
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n
owhere.

Sailors, in peril on the sea,
Amongst the waves a rock looms nearer, and not yet seen.
They see a gull
Flying by.
The Captain turns the boat and he asks not why.
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n
owhere.
Nowhere.

Despair that tires the world brings the old man laughter.
The laughter of the world only grieves him,
believe him,
The old man's guide is chance.

I heard the old man tell his tale:

Farmer, who knows not when to sow,
Consults the old man clutching money in his hand.
And with a shrug,
The old man smiled,
Took the money, left the farmer wild.
And the changes of no consequence will pick up the reins from n
owhere.
Nowhere.

Despair that tires the world brings the old man laughter.
The laughter of the world only grieves him,
believe him,
The old man's guide is chance.