

On a painted Sky
where the Clouds are hung
for the poet's eye
you may find him
if you may find him
There

on a distant shore
by the wings of dreams
through an open door
you may know him
if you may

Be
as a page that aches for a word
which speaks on a theme
that is timeless
and the one god will make for your day
Sing

as a song in search of a voice
that is silent
and the sun god will make for your way

And we dance
to a whispered voice
overheard by the soul
undertook by the heart
and you may know it
if you may know it

While the sand
would become the stone
which begat the spark
turned to living bone
Holy, Holy

Sanctus, Sanctus

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