

The Time Has Come

Gregorian

A misty morning
Calls me deep
Arise from neath the flame
I leave the battlefields of night
To take arms with the day

The time has come
For to rise again
For the ones I cannot name

The open fire
Father calls for me
The burning message hides
The wind would give me
A bar to trade
the pattern of the tides

The time has come
For to rise again
For the ones I cannot name

I rest my soul
On a distant hill

The time has come
For to rise again
For the ones I cannot name

I rest my soul
On a distant hill
My sleeping form
To disappear.