

The Maharaja

Lisa Gerrard

When the Maharaja comes, he brings the sun.
He draws upon the moon and all the flowers bloom.
There he whispers onto the air and brings a grace pure
and fair,
Evoking with his inner word he makes a pathway for the
birds.
And natures voice will sing to him and lifts his heart
upon its wing,
To palaces of light and gold,
The breath of life will there unfold.

And God will bless his gentle hand for walking lightly on
the land,
And there are borne the sacred things,
That cant be touched or bound by strings,
A soil unbruised by human pain,
He brings the rain.
And there he's washed by heavens tears,
And gone are all his deepest fears,
And trust will come, within a new borne son