

Prints in the Stone

Mostly Autumn

In the morning, the pure of light
Fell on our eyes
Through the sharp streams of evergreen
The sun on the grass

To the sharp sound of jackdaws
The sun warms the rock
In the breeze of November
The sense of it all

With the ropes laid in old sacks
Breakfast is done
And you search deep within yourself
Questioning 'why?'

But the wonder still lingers
To this day my friend
Long enough to taste

The older man
Leads the way
The younger men
Follow behind
A rush of fear
Wells inside
Sensational Feelings
I start to climb
start to climb

And the fear melts in the softness
Of his voice in song
To the gold in his handshake
The end of the song
Prints in the stone
Prints in the stone