

## 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