

The light is on me
all time is here
i'm going down to clachnan
to stem the rush of years
Big sky above me
Powerline overhead
I get lifted up enraptured
I keep falling at your feet
I'm looking over colourfields
Past the white sands
And our human years
And it's all waiting here
Breaking the seed
It's coming again Gathering the wind Returning to claim a harvest
I'm lifted where i stand
On the never-ending land
I'm coming to sense of home
wind through the barley
your early dream
A rising choir of birdsong
your fields of summer green
It's all passing over
I've no complains
We're just a row of unlit candles
Waiting the gate of saints
I'm living on the borderline
Between the moment
And the shining miles
The far stretching stones
All the lines of the sown
It's coming again Gathering the wind Returning to claim a harvest
I'm lifted where i stand
On the neverending land
I'm coming to sense of home
The light of ancient shine
On your ordinary lives
We joyed went to the lines of harvest
So open up the land
Open up the sand
Returning again in Clachan