

Running to the Light

Runrig

running round the sacred mountain
the rushing stream
feel the power
in everything
by the water. where the air is clear
surrender everything

old hearts grow younger again
they promise bring
the greenest. plants are tender
they're full of sap in spring
empty the places of the mind
running to the light
running to the light

those who stride too far too soon
will not hold pace
only the calm
will win the race
through the forest, the sea of mountain pine
surrender everything

only those who
greatness see in little things
worthy are the simple
they're happy in their ways
self will wither out of sight
running to the light
running to the light

arise soul
soar above the singing river
go lying down
into the ground
quickened by the stream
when all is said and done
the race moves on

running, running