

Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun

Salem

Little by little the night turns around
Counting the leaves which tremble at dawn
Lotuses lean on each other in yearning
Over the hills a swallow is resting

Set the controls for the heart of the sun

Over the mountain watching the watcher
Breaking the darkness waking the grapevine
Knowledge of love is knowledge of shadow
Love is the shadow that ripens the wine

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Witness the man who wanes at the wall
Making the shape of his question to heaven
Whether the sun will fall in the evening
Will he remember the lesson of giving

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