

Land Of Silence

Sear Bliss

If these trees of old could speak,
... oh the stories they could tell,
A time when might sat high upon it's mountains
Those days of pride blew away with the wind

But now silence rules this land
And everything seems to be mute
Only the streams are weeping mournfully
But if you listen their cries you can hear they're whispering a
nd say:
"We will conquer what once was ours"

Centuries pass and the trees of the forest have grown thicker a
nd stronger,
The snow sparkles in the winter sun, a raven perches high upon
a snowy branch
To view the landscape.
As I walk along this winter path I think to myself will it ever
be as it was
When mighty people of long ago roamed these lands.
When I cupped my hands to drink at a pool of water near a strea
m,
I realized the answer was yes, for the wind blew the trees so t
he sun shone
Against the water and I saw my reflection,
... I saw the portrait of a heathen.
And I hear as the stream whispers...