

All that is shall be in the world
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How can it be not what it is
When being is in itself
That which is, is destined to be
Because it is what it is
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All that is shall be in the world
What is shall be
What is it that you know, you know?
There isn't any place to go
The music is a mountain made
All through the years the song is played
The song is played
Wind raging, you remain at the mast
Still slaving to be free at last
The movement knows, no love betrayed
The final tears as the song is played
As the song is played
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What is shall be