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A storm rolls over the field ahead… A thunder rolls over me

Across the bridge, it is so different… Across the bridge to the sea

In the bottom land, furrowed deep within… The dragon stakes its claim

Iron horse peering out to begin… Out upon the field of stone and clay

 Wide eyes cryin’, Why can I tell no lies… No rhyme or reason on the line

 Choice on the loose, must it be so confused… Divided between the seasons and the tides

At death I have reasoned, to the beginning… Onward soldier, to the land where Pharos rest

To where I became – Yet for just another day – For another moment… I might see

 Your face… Smiling back at me Your face… In everything

 Your face… It’s all I see… Your Face

The gift of darkness and death grows less convincing… Searched out amid its wrapping of emptiness

And thus the real world may be given in life… Trembling with readiness

Love alone takes the throne… Perched upon this restless soul

Hand to hand the lines are drawn… Reaching out to touch within

 Sunrise, rainfall, In battle for the sky

 Am I to feel so, touched by the river

 A hijacked hero in battle’s cry

 Taken in, taken in by a quiver

Let the shifting sands of time, take shape to form the land

Let the captain of the ocean, sail his ship

May the seekers find no sorrow, May the seekers find their bliss

I’ve found my roads to be converging… for to look upon……………

Your face… Smiling back at me Your face… In everything

Your face… It’s all I see… Your Face