

HOLDINGS OF THE HEART

2 - 26 - 12

1. Watch the wild grass grow
and hear the blossoms unfolding.
As another ring grows round the tree,
the grain of the plain 'a golding.
Feelings flush the soul,
the spirit breaks the molding.
Ebb & tide, universe inside,
I never knew my heart was holding.
2. Love I finally found
made my tender heart awaken,
to her feminine ways, and blissful days
till still, in spring, was taken.
Deeper struck the axe – in
a heart far beyond breakin'.
Could the void be filled, the aching stilled ?
Dark, and lost, forsaken.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[MODULATE UP, #1]

3. Like the rising sun
true love would find me waiting.
The magic filled my soul again,
the passion all-inflating.
Perennial as the grass
without anticipating;
the fire, the flame, inspire, untame,
intensely inculcating.

[TURNAROUND, TWICE]

[MODULATE UP, #2]

4. Far back in my mind
I know this life's direction;
that the winter's snows will come to close
the door for death's infection.
But in death, like life,
is built-in sheer perfection:
Winter's not the end, just the road's last bend,
before the resurrection.

[INSTRUMENTAL, TO FADEOUT]

[END]

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