

Journey, Mystery Mountain

(Rolie, Tickner, D. Valory)

Mountain of mystery,
Rising high above the clouds.
Mountain of magic,
Standing tall and proud,
Your magical veins
Flowing silver and gold,
Your cumulus cloud glows misty red,
As Apollo sets beyond your head.
Releasing the pressure built over the years
The mountain is crying hot lava tears
Molten rock created under vibrations of
Sub-terranean thunder
Ejecting boulders like pieces of sand
The mountain is
Giving birth to the land.

Under your feet you feel a rumble
As thousands of rocks are starting to tumble
Above the trees where the buzzard flies
Swirling vapors begin to rise
Beneath those misty peaks you hide
A tremendous force boiling deep inside.