

Bob Catley, Children Of The Circle

Standing tall, we worship the night
We cry the tears, the questions unspoken
The sacred form, a bronze reflected light
In soil we search for this greed to be broken

Upon this day, a god forsaken right
The passing dawn, the heart of the sunrise
We build the dream, stay true to the fight
We light the fire, keep the power till this world dies

When the spirit joins the afterglow
And when the demons dance their fantasies below
The guardian leads the path to kingdom come
The true religion face the dagger run

We are the night, we are the day, we are the dream
We are the secret of the miracle
Love, we are the right, we are the way
We are the children of the circle
Truth, we are the life, we are the right
We are the masters of all evil
Earth, the air you breathe, we are the fire
We are the children of the circle

The golden wings, the brothers of the earth
The rivers tied, the silence is broken
We seal the truth, the sister-hooded birth
We light the heavens till the new dawn has woken

Let's give the freedom for an angel's flight
So many centuries, the secrets hold the night
And if the power breaks, the system falls
Come forth you holy men and heed the call

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