

Callisto, Covenant Colors

For all needing not the liar
Hes been driven away
On route to plain sceneries
The Son has paved the way

For all needing not the liar
Hes been goaded away

On these eerie grounds, beloved grounds
Standing firm, reciting out loud
Through withering meadows trudging hard
Harmony found

Slowing down life in the name of
Growing out of the frames
Air and space to breathe in chaos
Leading back to the trail

Tomorrow will claim today, surrenders still
From depleting reserves

Our low lands of grain
Speak in need of time
For hearts to be preserved

Wounding the gracious heart
Recover from the salty dunes
Spirit in the quiet tunes
Decide to tack and wait for already said

For all needing not the liar
Hes been driven away
On route to fields of founding
The four limbs taking the nails