Gregorian, Be

On a painted Sky where the Clouds are hung for the poet's eye you may find him if you may find him There on a distant shore by the wings of dreams through an open door you may know him if you may Be as a page that aches for a word which speaks on a theme that is timeless and the one god will make for your day Sing as a song in search of a voice that is silent and the sun god will make for your way And we dance to a whispered voice overheard by the soul undertook by the heart and you may know it if you may know it While the sand would become the stone which begat the spark turned to living bone Holy, Holy Sanctus, Sanctus Be as a page that aches for a word which speaks on a theme that is timeless and the one god will make for your day as a song in search of a voice that is silent and the sun god will make for your way