

Heather Dale, Mountain

The mountain rose from bonds of earth and showed that all could rise.
Some men learned, while others saw with only hungry eyes.
And as the prize they conquered, like a bride without her gown.
One by one, they mined its bones and dragged the mountain down.

They built a grand cathedral in the image of the mount.
The grace was lost on hungry men who feared to be without.
And as the bombs fell from the air and shattered in the town,
One by one, they broke its bones and dragged the mountain down.

So I see the mountain in this wall of weathered stone.
I read the names of hungry men who lie in fields unsown.
Rise up had been the lesson, but we put them in the ground.
One by one, we laid their bones and dragged the mountain down.

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