

Iona, Lindisfarne

Slow rising mist enfolding the land
Seawater shifts on a bed of sand
A forest of kelp dances beneath its motion
The water moves with the tides of the ocean

Chorus:

And here we are
We have come this far
To say a prayer
On Lindisfarne

Here in the rock bathed in a gentle glow
The golden half-light of the setting sun
A shadow of wings flying fast and low
Out of my sight into the distance gone

(Chorus three times)