

Karen Matheson, Gates Of Dawn

The wheels of life keep turning,
Spinning without control;
The wheels of the heart keep yearning,
For the sound of the singing soul.
And nights are full with weeping,
For sins of the past we've sown,
But tomorrow is ours for the keeping,
Tomorrow the future's shown.

Lift your eyes and see the glory,
Where the circle of life is drawn,
See the never-ending story,
Come with me to the Gates of Dawn.

And whose is the hand who raises
The sun from the heaving sea?
The power that ever amazes,
We look, but never will see.
Who scattered the seeds so life would be?
Who colored the fields of corn?
Who formed the mould that made me --
Before the world was born?

*Lift your eyes and see the glory,
Where the circle of life is drawn;
See the never-ending story,
Come with me to the Gates of Dawn.* (Repeat)