

Miguel Bose, South Of The Sahara

South of the Sahara, aching heart.
Is that where you'd guess all astronomy starts?
We could have more knowledge than we dream,
In Heaven and Earth nothing's less than it seems...
This could be the circle of the stones,
The turn of the card or the rolling of bones,
This could be the leyline on the land,
The past and the future that cross in our hands,
This could close the circle.

Double star that hides itself
White dwarf behind the Sun - oh, Sirius.
The things we can't explain
Remain
Mysterious.

South of the Sahara, Timbuctoo,
The back of beyond and the shock of the new,
This could be the strangest thing of all,
The body of science with its back to the wall
South of the Sahara
Distant men of logic try to trace
The shape of the Bortex, the pattern of space
The same as that of atoms, of the mind.
Wherever we look it's ourselves that we find,
The sand of the Sahara.

Double star that hides itself
White dwarf behind the Sun - oh, Sirius.
The things we can't explain
Remain
Mysterious

The people of the Dogon always knew
The extraterrestrials' heavenly view.
Stars that dog our passage, holy Suns,
Over the centuries, these have become
The legend of the Dogon.

How do you explain it?
How do you begin to explain it all?

We could be the leyline on the land,
Invisible shifts in the hourglass's sand.
We could have more knowledge than we dream,
In Heaven and Earth nothing's less than it seems.
We could be eternal