

Mike Scott, The Waves

When I walk barefoot on the soil in the morning
I can feel the heartbeat of the holy earth
Under my feet

And when I climb high among the hills, schooled in wonder
I can feel the hurtling and the moving of the soul of the world
As it speaks to me

And when I fall into illusion's arms, even unto darkness
Still I feel the power of the unquenchable light
As it holds me

And when I die, I'm going back over, I'm going back over
In the boxcar of my soul to the high far summerlands
Where I began
Where I began