

Runrig, Harvest Moon

Sons and daughters of the dust
Strangers of time and place
For a while your limbs entwine
Holy marriage of the flesh
But I know your ways
Your ways are not mortal thought
Till the day breaks and shadows run
Run away

So shine on harvest moon
Cast you might on the ripening corn
And I look at your life
Hold you in my arms
With all the power in the days of youth
In the fullness of love

Fields run deep in golden swards
Hot summer winds blow through the corn
Cast off your sorrows now you stand
In the presence of the Lord
And your radiance shines
Like the moon of all innocent grace
To know that we dared breathe belief
To love again

So shine on harvest moon
Cast you might on the ripening corn
And I look at your life
Hold you in my arms
With all the power in the days of youth
In the fullness of love