

Smith Kendra, Bohemian Zebulon

Welcome my friends to the valley of the morning sun
Set up your tents let all your banners fly
We'll meet you for tea festivities have just begun
Here's a drink to subtle thoughts as we pause to reflect
And to patterns and frequencies our machines fail to detect
Take heed my friends for high above the Earth
The watchers have weighed your heart
And know what you are worth