

Atlanta Rhythm Section

"A Prophet In The Forest"

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[Epistle One - The Fall Of Man]

Like gold fall the leaves in the wind
Long years numberless,
As the wings of the trees
The long years have passed
Into the west, beneath the blue vaults
Wherein the stars tremble in the song of the wind

[Epistle Two - Through Years Of Longing]

From the Forests
And the green mountains far to the east
To the hills of Franconia dreaming in peace
See the fields full with grain
Shining like gold in the sun
Oh land of once and forevermore
As the Danube rolls slowly
To the seas of the east
Tall keeps of Bohemia
Are guarding the Reich
Land of proud halls,
Where legends resound in the night
Oh land of my youth and old age

Through years of longing we march
From here to the end of the world
I lead my folk to the gate
Where the past and today become one
Through years of longing we march
As seasons pass us by
Relentless in our stride, we enter the mountainside

Standing stones guard the tombs of our fathers long
gone
Under the oaks, proud like titans defying the sun
Telling the tales of the days when our folk was still
young
And took this land as ours

I remember the time, I remember the place

I remember the woods, where I first saw her face
Now the winds from the east strike fear in our hearts
Lost are the days of our youth as we part
Oh Upper Palatinate, where have you gone?
Once proud were your ways
Now all barren hills are covered in shade
Your past but a dream, no stars light us home

Through years of longing we march
From here to the end of the world
I lead my folk to the gate
Where the past and today become one
Through years of longing we march. As seasons pass
us by
Relentless in our stride, we enter the mountainside

[Epistle Three - Woodwards]

[Instrumental]

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