

## Callisto "Covenant Colours"

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For all needing not the liar  
He's been driven away  
On route to plain sceneries  
The son has paved the way

For all needing not the liar  
He's been goaded away

On these eerie grounds, beloved grounds  
Standing firm, reciting out loud  
Through withering meadows trudging hard  
Harmony found

Slowing down life in the name of  
Growing out of the frames  
Air and space to breathe in chaos  
Leading back to the trail

Tomorrow will claim  
Today still surrender  
From depleting reserves

Our low lands of grain  
Speak in need of time  
For hearts to be preserved

Wounding the gracious heart  
Recover from the salty dunes  
Spirit in the quiet tunes  
Decide to tack and wait for all already said

For all needing not the liar  
It's been driven away  
On route to fields of founding  
The four limbs taking the nails

On these eerie grounds, beloved grounds  
Standing firm, reciting out loud  
Through withering meadows trudging hard  
Harmony found

