

Fogelberg Dan "In The Passage"

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There's a ring around the moon
tonight
And a chill in the air
And a fire in the stars that
hang -- so near;
so near.
There's a sound in the wind that
blows
Through the wild mountain holds
Like the sighs of a thousand crying
souls;
Crying souls --
There's a time when the traveller
is fated to find
That insight has turned his gaze
behind -- behind
And the steps taken yesterday
Will beckon again
And lead to his weary journey's
end -- journey's end.
And in the passage
From the cradle to the grave
We are born, madly dancing
Rushing headlong through the
crashing of the days
We run on and on
Without a backwards glance
We run on and on
Without a backwards glance.
But I cast my fate with the
wife of Lot
I turned my gaze around
Knowing neither what was sought
nor what was to be found
Heeding weakness, feeding
strength
Life at length is frail
I seek again the river's source
through time's dark shadowed veil.
In the fast fading century we spin through the years
I pray that our failing vision
clears -- our vision clears.

And in the passage
From the cradle to the grave
We are born, madly dancing
Rushing headlong through the
crashing of the days
We run on and on
Without a backwards glance
We run on and on
Without a backwards glance.
The places dash and the faces
dart
Like fishes in a dream
Hiding 'neath the murky banks
of long forgotten streams
The lines of life are never long
when seen from end to end
The future's never coming
and the past has never been.
There's a ring around the moon
tonight
And a chill in the air
And a fire in the stars that
hang -- so near;
so near.

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