

The Gates Of Slumber

"Reservoir"

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My father told me, he told me, "Son,
There was one year in my life, I felt so close to God."
He said, "I lost my way on and off again
Since that time oh but you can be sure.
When my well runs dry I return
To the reservoir."

This life is a river, cruel and then kind
Yes it can cradle or kill you, protect you or leave you to
die
I said, the river runs cold and merciless
Headlong past every shore
But in the end it returns by and by to the reservoir

Oh my body's battered
Oh my soul is anything but pure
So I go drawing from the reservoir

Heaven is a perfect blue reflection of the reservoir
It's a perfect blue reflection
More perfect than perfection

We're born into this life our bodies glistening from the
reservoir
Our bodies shiny with the water
Each of us heaven's sons and daughters
I said:
Between that moment and the journey's end
We lose the knowledge that we had back then

Innocence like sunlight
Sunlight falling on the field in which we gather
The field that gathers up our hearts
And leads them homeward past the stories of the
sycamores
Sense of wonder, over yonder lies the reservoir

My father told me, he told me "Son,
There was one year in my life
I felt so close to God."
He said he felt so close to God

Now he's returning to the reservoir
He's always returning to the reservoir
I guess we're all just returning to the reservoir.

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