

The Church

"New Season"

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Shaded crystal water, bathed in by God's daughter.
Sighing whispers near, a new season passes here.
Sensory gifts to all who come
Soak up the stars and setting sun.
It's strange and wilder, ageless bechilder
Saved by fire, touched and finer.
Gray stands the tower in the distance.
Days pass like warm sun on the face.
A new season.
Shared is the cure to conquer loneliness.
It's strange and wilder, ageless bechilder
Saved by fire, touched and finer.
Peaceful, blissful union is the priestess.
Doubt flows the river into darkness.

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