

Gaia Consort

"Sweet Emptiness"

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And in the grey light that shapes the dawn
We see the things that we believe in
Light is substance and shadow form
Such sweet darkness to shape the things that we
believe
In

Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone

And in the silence between the words
We hear the sounds that we believe in
Sound is sunstance and silence form
Such sweet silence, to shape the things that we beleive
In

Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone

And in the vastness of open space
We touch the things that we believe in
Earth is substance enclosed in sky
Such sweet emptiness to shape the things that we
believe
In

Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone
Oh Maiden, Mama, Crone

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