

ABWH**"The Solid Time Of Change"**

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A seasoned witch could call you from the depths of
your disgrace,
And rearrange your liver to the solid mental grace,
And achieve it all with music that came quickly from
afar,
Then taste the fruit of man recorded losing all against
the hour.
And assessing points to nowhere, leading ev'ry single
one.
A dewdrop can exalt us like the music of the sun,
And take away the plain in which we move,
And choose the course you're running.

Down at the edge, round by the corner,
Not right away, not right away.
Close to the edge, down by a river,
Not right away, not right away.

Crossed the line around the changes of the summer,
Reaching out to call the color of the sky.
Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster
than we see.
Getting over all the time I had to worry,
Leaving all the changes far from far behind.
We relieve the tension only to find out the master's
name.

Down at the end, round by the corner.
Close to the edge, just by a river.
Seasons will pass you by.
I get up, I get down.
Now that it's all over and done,
Now that you find, now that you're whole.

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