

## Rick Wakeman

### "Music Reincarnate. Part V - The Reaper"

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Senses dead, the time has come.  
To stop and dwell on ruined time.  
Wasted wars and selfish pride.  
Leaving tastes of music wine.  
Searching useless wasted mind.  
Reaching for the reapers hand.  
Lead him from his suicide.  
Please, is there a Promised Land.

Let me guide your journey long.  
Leave then while they mourn.  
We will journey back in time.  
And you will be reborn.  
From you I shall take your music.  
Place it back on earth.  
You shall witness long its voyage.  
A music soul rebirth.

Did you see the graves today.  
With weeds all overgrown.  
Wilting plants, like man to dust.  
Nowhere life is sown.

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