

Rick Wakeman

"Pedra Da Gavea"

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I look out to sea and gaze upon the setting of the sun
Still knowing that all around me there is much work to
be done

While worshipping stars above me
While the warships are fighting round me in the sky.

Observing the time attack the movement of the human
race

Observing evolvement of an ethnic sound destroying
space

Seeking the time to help me move the meeting
celestial greetings from the air.

Gazing in wonder at the human fire of carnival
Knowing that some are right about the wrong in
principle

Opening hearts to warm you coldly
As I look onward boldly to the air

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