

Sixty Stories

"Nomad"

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NOMAD

Holy, lord you lead me
Heavy vibration, traveler
Soul becoming
Circle round the sun
And I'm gone, moving,
Down that open road, Lionize
And eye the prize
And wear the crown of chrome
Holy, lord you lead me
Passage round the sun, traveler
Sky and valley
Born before I run
Now I'm rollin high
I'm holding congress with the grave
Freedom run and hail the sun
And find the better day
Every color grows,
Dressed in shroud, wear the crown,
Nomad knows the road
Dream aloud, sacred ground, glory found
Shine the crown of chrome
Holy, lord you lead me
To that salvation, traveler
Chain of being
See now where I'm going
And I'm gone, moving,
Down that open road
Venerate
And love my fate
And shine the crown of chrome

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