

Jon Anderson & The Vangelis

"Far Away In Baagad"

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T'was the dawn creation of the underworld
Caves were born with thunder rendered sheets
Of flame cascading light the morning light
The dawning of the underworld.

All regions of Earth and space did take their place
Features carved with colors raining all about
Then brightness of the morning sun
Oh, glory of the morning sun.

Tell me of the way of things and how such beauty
Can divide our hearts and hands while holding
Out so closely now.

King of kings will oversee the dawning of truth
The overworld, pain is borne as love surrenders
Higher ever higher ever true to you.

Surely tell me secrets of the morning mist
Rain will fall and wash us evermore beside the
Lake of learning-learning t'wards the winds of
Everflowing ease.

Speak oh speak of everlasting sleep a point
Inside where one will never ever hide away
Never ever hide away
Far away in Baagad.
Far away in Baagad.

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