

Trees

"Murdoch"

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Going to Murdoch's mountain to lay down my thoughts
Passing through the valley of stones for my mind has
wandered here
Barren land of beauty the sun has burnt a scar upon
your face
Under harvest moons I discovered your ways
I shall follow the river of sand to the South
See the mountains rise where the sky gives way to
Murdoch's might
Always feeling brighter your own mysterious life
freezes
Slipping under the shroud that the mountain now holds
Murdoch tempted me here gave me pennies to lend
Sang so sweetly of sleep that I couldn't wait to get to
the end
Black beaked crow cry a warning of oncoming rain
Give your wings to the mountain your body to the
starving earth
Brighter still the flower of life may grow away from the
sun
Knowing that with darkness a new light has come
Murdoch beckons me now calls me brother not friend
Speaks so sadly of life that I can't wait to get to the end
Cold winds blow in the face of all hope that is born
Eastward comes but the fire of the North will not hold to
southern skies
Even earthly silence cannot control the spinning wheels
of time
This is Murdoch's mountain no green hill of life

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