

Moody Blues, The

"The Word"

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This garden universe vibrates complete,
From some we get a sound so sweet,
Vibrations reach on up to become light,
Then through gamma and out of sight.

Between the eyes and ears there lie,
The sounds of color and the light of a sigh,
And to hear the sun, what a thing to believe,
But it's all around if we could but perceive.

To know ultraviolet, infrared and x-rays,
Beauty to find in so many ways.

Two notes of the chord, that's our full scope,
And to reach the chord is our life's hope,
But to name the chord is important to some,
So they give it a word and the word is Om.

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