

Rest In Your Heart

Omnium Gatherum

A hymn to life
In the midst of dying
A touch of it all is worth the strife
Is it not mystifying

It is the shining light
It lives in the dark
It echoes everywhere
In everything it leaves a mark

And the wind howls in the moor
And the wind howls in the moor

It is the blessed darkness
It shares the fate with the light
Together they echo
So the day will follow the night
See for yourself and for the sake of the world

And the wind howls in the moor
And the wind howls in the moor