

The Miracle of Being

Capercaillie

welcome Mother Nature
welcome to your home
welcome to the place you used to own
decorations fading
the writings on the wall
illusions of an era free for all

your eyes will need a shelter
a shelter from the pain
soaring smoke and burning drops of rain
and all around society
is living on a prayer
religion holding fort from despair

the heat wave of a thousand fears
rainbows from a million tears
echoes of a symphony playing on your mind
and even when the morning's clear
it's hard to find the reasons for
the miracle of you and me
the miracle of being

reflection on the water
your face is still as night
staring like a curse in the frozen light (such a miracle)
the prince of hidden treasure
he's kissed the green above
and realised a ripple of your love (such a miracle)

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