

Acorn shells scattered
On yellow grass
Beneath the shade of an old tree
Lay down your mystic basket
It is time to rest
The fourth day is not until tomorrow

Regenerate, Nous Dios
Observe the flower before you pick it

The countryside is quieter
Make your backpack lighter
Onward Christian Songwriter...

Rising from the East
Slowly fading West
Honey and harmony
Make a seat for our guest
Buzz across the universe
To the Mind's hive
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
You're lucky to be alive
Sing about the comfort here
Sing about the gaze
Lying in the yellow grass
Flying through the days

...And your
Song will
Be called
Deseret