

## In the Passage

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There's a ring around the moon tonight and a chill in the air  
And a fire in the stars that hang so near, so near  
There's a sound in the wind that blows through the wild mountain holds

Like the sighs of a thousand crying souls, crying souls  
There's a time when the traveler is fated to find  
That insight has turned his gaze behind, behind  
And the steps taken yesterday will beckon again  
And lead to his weary journey's end, his journey's end

And in the passage from the cradle to the grave we are born, madly dancing  
Rushing headlong through the crashing of the days  
We run on and on without a backwards glance  
We run on and on without a backwards glance

I cast my fate with the wife of Lot I turned my gaze around  
Knowing neither what I sought nor what was to be found  
Heeding weakness, feeding strength, oh life at length is frail  
I seek again the river's source through time's dark shadowed veil  
In the fast fading century, as we spin through the years  
I pray that our failing vision clears, our vision clears

And in the passage from the cradle to the grave we are born, madly dancing  
Rushing headlong through the crashing of the days  
We run on and on without a backwards glance  
We run on and on without a backwards glance

The places dash and the faces dart like fishes in a dream  
Hiding 'neath the murky banks of long forgotten streams  
The lines of life are never long when seen from end to end  
The future's never coming, and the past has never been  
There's a ring around the moon tonight, and a chill in the air  
And a fire in the stars that hang so near, so near