

Make It Right

Jon Anderson

Oh, let this be heaven
Oh, let this be light

They were painting a tapestry to the four lords of everlife
That were first thought of the songs of the wind
They were breathing of the force of history
Could ever be like
Never have the songs of old been heard or seen again

For the northern sky, clever
Born to be a son of mine, in another time
Making love close to the mountains, to the sea
All aboard of this mission
For the majesty, for all to see heaven
To be alive

All aboard the mission of the majesty within you

They were up on the hill
Making wings from the everdream
Singing songs of the wind
They were writing the words
In the pages of history
Never saw of again

For the river is calling for eternity to navigate
Where the mountains touch the sky
For to see this creation
For the majesty, for all to see heaven

Oh, let this be heaven
Oh, let this be life
Oh, let this be Eden
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right
Make it right

For the northern skies, clever
To be a son of mine, in another time
Where the mountains touch the sky
All aboard of this mission
For the tapestry, for all to see heaven
To be alive

Like be this life

Oh, let this be Eden
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right

(Oh, let this be Eden)
(Oh, let this be life)

Oh, let this be heaven
Oh, let this be life

Oh, let this be Eden
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it right
Gotta make it