

Call Of Home

Miracle Of Sound

Through river, root and stone
The distant call of home
So far yet always with us
Inside our hearts and bones

No breadth or sphere
Or white mountains sheer
Can quell the call of home

There is no hearth that is quite as bright
As a flame that flickers free
Though many roads lay outside my door
There is but one that calls to me

Long I locked away
A wanderer's heart
A flame that flickers free

Through river, root and stone
The distant call of home
So far yet always with us
Inside our hearts and bones

No creek or cave
No wild wind or wave
Can quell the call of home

And down where the rivers flow
In shimmers and shade
Here the future is made
Solemn bonds of trust will never fade

Deepest depths and dankest darkness
Withered limbs they drag my carcass
Stole my love and my desire
Curse their skin to bathe in fire burn

Burn
And bathe in fire!!

Through river, root and stone
The distant call of home
So far yet always with us
Inside our hearts and bones

So soft the call of home