The Turning

Robin Trower

Far from this life of smoke and fear
I dreamed a path no one else could claim
Not one face ever stained with tears
Or blood that spilled in someone else's name

Would not run, could not hide
From the perfect wave
Only those who know the tides
Are not swept away

Who would not chose the turquoise sky
Over the streets of steel and concrete gray?
Colors that once could free the mind
Become so drab, all joy begins to drain away

Every hope overwhelmed
Now the perfect storm
Washed away every stain
To show the world reborn

Time has come to lose the pasts
Ashes to the wind
When the first become the last
The turning shall begin

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