Rush

High on the sacred mountain Up the seven thousand stairs In the golden light of autumn There was magic in the air

The clouds surrounded the summit The wind blew strong and cold Among the silent temples And the writing carved in gold

Somewhere in my instincts The primitive took hold

I stood at the top of the mountain And China sang to me In the peaceful haze of harvest time A song of eternity

If you raise your hands to heaven You will live a hundred years I stood there like a mystic Lost in the atmosphere

The clouds were suddenly parted For a moment I could see The patterns of the landscape Reaching to the eastern sea

I looked upon a presence Spanning forty centuries

I stood at the top of the mountain
And China sang to me
In the peaceful haze of harvest time
A song of eternity

I thought of time and distance The hardships of history I heard the hope and the hunger When China sang to me... When China sang to me