

Gates of Dawn

Secret Garden

The wheels of life keep turning
Spinning without control
The wheels of the heart keep yearning
For the sound of the singing soul

And nights are full with weeping
For sins of the past we've sown
But tomorrow is ours for the keeping
Tomorrow the future is shown

Lift your eyes and see the glory
Where the circle of life is drawn
See the never-ending story
Come with me to the gates of dawn

And whose is the hand who raises
The sun from the heaving sea?
The power that ever amazes
We look but never will see

Who scattered the seeds so life could be?
Who coloured the fields of corn?
Who formed the mould that made me
Before the world was born?

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