

A New Season

The Church

Shaded crystal water, bathed in by God's daughter
Sighing, whispers near, a new season passes here

Sensory gifts to all who come
Soak up the stars and setting sun

It's strange and wilder
Ageless bechilder
Saved by fire
Touched and finer

Gray stands the tower in the distance
Days pass like warm sun on the face
A new season
Shared is the cure to conquer loneliness

Peaceful, blissful union is the priestess
Doubt flows the river into darkness