

The Weaver

Trevor Hall

Like fire on a mountain
And bliss upon a star
A symphony of thunder
I look to where you are
All over the country
The thief they like to roam
It's you I must remember
The one to lead me home
The Great Mother is calling,
"Don't waste your precious days,
Time is of the essence,
Heed these words I say"
The Master lives and breathes
In everything we are
I'm calling to his madmen
The madmen of the heart
The madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart

Well if you reason now
You shall surely sink
Drowning in the water
As your hands up to the king
The path it has been shown
By ones who've gone before
Turn your gaze within
And start knocking on the door
Weave your actions well
Into the fabric of your soul
If you wander now
You'll never find your way back home
The word it has been spoken
The Master isn't far
I'm calling to his madmen
The madmen of the heart
The madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart
Way...
Madmen of the heart
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