

mountain king

Musik: Michael Hofmann Text: Nicholas Woodland

the Mountain King unfolded knees
leaned forward in his wrath
the silver river heartland
being estimated lost of deerstalkers cap and bow
- no signs were to be seen -

thunder clouds and lightning spear
to the present deemed
and shouting to his mentor to observe the gates he
locked he crossed the narrow oaken bridge
- to organize the flock -

mountain sungate locked and safe
and still the priestess smiles
she walks the halls of Avalon - counts the moving tiles
the brown man sits in shadows cold
- watching as she moves -

immortal in experience and gunshot in her moods
unaware still of the change
that morning sun will bring
she baits the temple panther from without
- the sacred ring -

Spoken:

Aurora parts

when the brazen head sails softly through the dawn
valley peace accepts the message

silently as is the merry dancers
had united cloud – mist – shell – stone – sea – space
and the unknown
and the vortex line loses time and fades
– the joy of movement
– the joy of movement
– the joy of movement

the people crying out for love he shouts into the wind
the sky replies retorts and cracks
the light remaining dimmed

humanity is but the crust of life as we are told
yet still exists beneath it all a fire red and bold

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