

MYSTERY HEALER

The summer yields to the autumn winds blowing
While the cool burns the leaves golden red
We harvest fields we planted once knowing
Grains of truth would soon come to a head.

Mystery Healer, I feel your hand above my brow
Into your love I bow.

Aging dreams, seeming hard to remember
Alluring sleep, ever taking its toll
Love redeems like the snows of December
Pure and deep as the infinite soul.

Mystery Healer, I feel your hand above my brow
Into your love I bow.

To meadowlands of our soul's flowering
We return from the roots we have sprung
To understand love we know is empowering
Though we learn from the truth where Love hung.

Mystery Healer, I feel your hand above my brow
Into your love I bow.

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