

For all needing not the liar
He's been driven away
On route to plain sceneries
The son has paved the way

For all needing not the liar
He's been goaded away

On these eerie grounds, beloved grounds
Standing firm, reciting out loud
Through withering meadows trudging hard
Harmony found

Slowing down life in the name of
Growing out of the frames
Air and space to breathe in chaos
Leading back to the trail

Tomorrow will claim
Today still surrender
From depleting reserves

Our low lands of grain
Speak in need of time
For hearts to be preserved

Wounding the gracious heart
Recover from the salty dunes
Spirit in the quiet tunes
Decide to tack and wait for all already said

For all needing not the liar
It's been driven away
On route to fields of founding
The four limbs taking the nails

On these eerie grounds, beloved grounds
Standing firm, reciting out loud
Through withering meadows trudging hard
Harmony found