

Behold

Kathy Mar

As in the tribal ritual passed down from ancient days
Take all your newborn children out beyond the city blaze
And raise your children overhead to sable skies above
Present them to the universe, and say to them with love:

Chorus: Behold, my child, the only thing that's greater than you are
The sable field of distant space, afire with every star
Behold it in humility, but never lose your way
You'll walk upon that sable field of distant stars one day

There is no greater goal for them than swimming seas of space
I hope that, for the future's sake, they grow in truth and grace
Remembering the lessons learned on this poor misused earth
To be the stewards to the stars and the planet of their birth