

# SEASONS

1 Flocks of cranes flew o ver  
2 ten thou sand times north bound  
3 here were tree less plains ga lore  
2 a thir sty and a rid land  
3 on green rice pads now they soar  
2 and trout farms dot the sands  
2 bless wa ter from a bove  
4 my ste ry of love

1 Mine these sno wy peaks and  
2 you'll find fish bones and shells  
3 these snow-capped mounts now hide coasts  
2 where palms and co rals dwelt  
3 you may think the Earth sits still  
2 but it can change at will  
2 be hold and save your breath  
4 my ste ry of death

1 Hell bent sla yers once soiled  
2 their lairs with shame and gloom  
3 now that blood, those tears have bloomed  
2 and doom re versed to joy  
3 death's foul stench turned to per fume  
2 to grass, to springs un spoiled  
2 where doves coo and bells chime  
4 my ste ry of time

1 Here, the day is near now  
2 the ho ly day has come