White Light

Gene Clark

Oh, the village of the hill
sitting silently at will
like some prophecy forgotten by an age
with no guns before its gate
the mysterious estate
lies waiting for its history's dawning page
with the raging of the sea before its height
and the strength of those whom see beyond their sight
oh, the smithies anvil rings
and the symphony it sings
no voice nor poet's pen can put to tune
and electric lines of force
ring around the humble lives
of the souls that hear the master saying soon
with the clouds that gather near disturb the night
striking flashes of a difference, fleeing fright
no slight of tongue nor hand
can so boldly there withstand
when the spirit of it's truth shall speak the time
and no ignorance of life
can be held within the sight
of the buttresses of ageless binds of time
the communion of the forces take delight
with the fear that no tongues may read nor write
white light
oh the village of the hill
sitting silently still
with the strength of ages past they're still at hand
reckons not to look behind
but to look within and find
and to hear of those enlightened by the lamb
with the powers of the wind both fierce and light
and the waters of the storm went through the night

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