

Tai Shan

Rush

High on the sacred mountain
Up the seven thousand stairs
In the golden light of autumn
There was magic in the air
Clouds surrounded the summit
The wind blew strong and cold
Among the silent temples
And the writings carved in gold
Somewhere in my instincts
The primitive took hold
I stood at the top of the mountain
And China sang to me
In the peaceful haze of harvest time
A song of eternity
If you raise your hands to heaven
You will live a hundred years
I stood there like a mystic
Lost in the atmosphere
The clouds were suddenly parted
For a moment I could see
The patterns of the landscape
Reaching to the eastern sea
I looked upon a presence
Spanning forty centuries
I stood at the top of the mountain
And China sang to me
In the peaceful haze of harvest time
A song of eternity
I thought of time and distance
The hardships of history
I heard the hope and the hunger
When China sang to me
When China sang to me

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