Pilgrims

United Future Organization

Sometimes you feel so far away,
Distanced from all the action of the play,
Unable to grasp significance,
Marking the plot with diffident dismay,
Stranded at centre stage,
Scrabbling through your diary for a lost page:
Unsure of the dream.
Kicking a stone across the beach,
Aching for love and comfort out of reach,
The way ahead seems to be so bleak,
There's no-one with any friendship left to speak
Or show any relation
Between your present and future situations:
Lost to the dream.
Away, away, away: look to the future day
For hope, some form of peace
Within the growing storm.
I climb through the evening,
Alive and believing:
In time we shall all know our goals
And so, finally, home.
For now, all is secret-
Though how could I speak it,
Allow me the dream in my eye.
I've been waiting for such a long time
Just to see it at last,
All of the hands tightly clasped,
All of us pilgrims.Walking in silence down the coast,
Merely to journey - here hope is the most;
Merely to know there is an end,
All of us - lovers, brothers, sisters, friends
Hand in hand.
Shining footprints on the wet sand
Lead to the dream.
The time has come, the tide has almost run
And drained the deep: I rise from lifelong sleep.
It seems such a long time
I've dreamed but now, awake, I
Can see we are pilgrims and so

Must walk this road,
Unknown in our purpose,
Alone, but not worthless,
And home ever calling us on.
Oh, we've been waiting here for so long,
All of our hands joined in hope,
Holding the weight on the rope,
All of us pilgrims.

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