The Seer

Big Country

Long ago I beard a tale
I never wilt forget
The time was in the telling
On the bank the scene was set
The sky was rolling blindly on
The daylight had not gone
She washed her hair among the stones
And saw what was to come
All this will pass
There will be blood among the corn
And heroes in the hills
But there is more to come my boy
Before you've had your fill
Men will come and rope the sail
As though it were their own
And they will bathe their feet in oil
As I have bathed my own
All this will pass
All things must come
Just as I tell you here
Stones will stand together
As if searching for the stars
And all come crashing down again
Before they reach too far
She turned to face the setting sun
I turned to walk away
But then she called my name again
And beckoned me to stay
All this will pass
All things must come

Just as I tell you here
She told me of the famous sons
Who write their names in peace
Yet be cut down before the time
Has come for our release
Just as I tell you here
Even now
I wait for the coming day

Even now
She waits in the dawn
For the tales she tells
For the gifts that she will sell
For the sight she knows
For a vision that still grows
With the dream in her eyes no one's seen
I listened for so long that day
That I can hardly tell
If what she said was heaven sent
Or brought to bear in hell
That men of hope would stand alone
And still be cast a lie
Just as Romans cast them
On the day they were to die
All this will pass
There is more of what she told
Much better left alone
For who are we to question her
Who stands among the stones

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