

The Silent Years

Silent,
And the world is screaming.
Peaceful,
When the world is raging.
Ever wakeful,
Always dreaming.

Silent years go by.

Solo,
With the Three beside him.
Hidden,
Where no-one can find him.
Nothing changing,
Ever faithful.

Silent years go by.

Bright light,
Close and all surrounding,
Stretched out,
In a path before him.
Promise
Of a day that's dawning.

Silent years go by.

W. M. R. Simpson