

lores and cores

as I walk through the valley
in the land of my home
I walk through the meadows so green
who can tell me the lores
who can show me the scores
there is a sky which I never have seen

so I tramp through the brushwood
I'm aware of this risk
my soul wants to step out of the haze
I'm lured by desire
and by a will-o'-the-wisp
but I know every heart finds it's place

ref:

through the valley so green
a sky which I never have seen
soul wants to step out of the haze
every heart will find it's true place

then I come to a house
made of wattle and doug
hawkweed and hazel on the roof
I am surrounded by silence
but one question bursts out
a voice hails me: something to improve

in the stillness of this moment
I arrive at my core
a lovely gaze comes back to my eyes
again I walk through the valleys
but no quest anymore
my soul is released from sweet lies