

PRISTINE

7-26-15 (2)
(# 60)

1. Waterfalls . . . cascading power and purity,
beauty found only in a dream.
But I'm wide awake, in such a breath-take-r,
soul-deep, clean, pristine.

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND]

2. Chase the rainbows through miles of wheat fields,
double-colored arches frame the scene.
Wondrous split-second moments lasting forever,
waves of gold in the mid-day sun, pristine.

REFRAIN: Why ? — whispers the silence
(HALF) What ? — Does it all mean ?
Are we all just a figment of imagination ?
Living out The Creator's dream ?
(Conscious play pieces acting out a scene ?)

3. Autumn trees leaving their red, gold and hues untold,
shed their lifeblood emptied of green.
Cycles spinning in ever-changing slow motion,
nature untouched — pristine.

REFRAIN: When ? — did it all begin ?
(HALF) How ? — could there have been a beginning ?
Where will consciousness of all this beauty go from here ?
Who ? — could have imagined such a thing ?
(Who could have designed something so amazing ?)

[INSTRUMENTAL: OF BOTH VERSE AND REFRAIN SECTIONS] *

4. Old fruit orchards no one's touched for a century . . .
all from one seed and soil unclean.
Breaking down, returning to the mystery of earth again
renewing, to a state of pristine.

[REPEAT ENTIRE REFRAIN]

5. Sunset of orange and red on fire in its glory,
soul silently wonders, *what does beauty mean ?*
There to inspire, and stir our spirit to levels higher,
and re-mind us of creation once pristine . . .
and re-heart us of creation once pristine.

[REPEAT ENTIRE REFRAIN]

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL, AND FADE IT OUT]

[END]

Written: July 24-26, 2015 [R, M, G]

* This is a burst into a heavily-orchestrated
musical piece