

In Golden Fields

1

*I lay on my back,
in a wide golden field,
the blue sky above me so
bright.*

*I watch up above,
as white clouds drift by,
and birds on their wing fly so
light.*

2

*There is a light breeze,
it whispers to me,
I hear voices, the farmers, their
own.*

*They tell of their toil,
of working this land,
of clearing the land to be
sown.*

3

*With blood, sweat, and tears,
they started to work,
a forest this place used to
be.*

*They cut down the trees,
plowed the dark land,
made fields as far as you
see.*

4

*I lay in this field,
this ocean of grain,
a drop in this ocean of
gold.*

*My eyes are now closed,
the sun beats down warm,
it's all for me here to
behold.*

5

*This landscape I see,
around me it lays,
a sight to behold, a vision so
grand.*

*I smell the gold grain,
I hear the wind whisper,
I run the dark earth, through my
hand.*

6

*My long lost home,
is now far away,
it only exists in my mind any
more.*

*Someday when I am gone,
please take me back,
take me back, to that far distant
shore.*

7

*Then let me lay down,
where the golden sun sets on that
wide, yellow, grand field so
vast.*

*Let me lay there,
in that wide golden field,
where my soul beckons rest at
last.*