

Uriah Heep, Park

Let me walk awhile alone among the sacred rocks and stones.
Let me look in vain belief upon the beauty of each leaf.
There is green in every blade. The treetops lean, providing shade.
They are spinning happy sounds, all nature's strength around.
And there's a horse that feels no pain,
its iron strength to take the strain.
Children rocking to and fro
and gayly drink its color glow.
Above, the sky, devoid of stars
thinks not to cast the thunder shroud.
And from this place, so full of joy,
a thing of gold that lies in blood.
"So why my heavy heart?" you say,
when tears would stain a sight so gay.
My brother's dreams, once hinted song,
until he died at the hand of needless wars.