

Sitting up on a mountain crest, Looking down to valley best; A million years of time goes by, The old man here as God did die.

So many times their tipped with snow,
In distant views through valleys low;
The mountains have their heart alone,
They go sky high but hardly known.

Mountain high valley low,
Creeping through the trails of that row;
Where time has meaningless age of years,
And God is peaking through smiling tears.

Nothing was hidden from the peoples sight.
The mountains stood there in all their might;
As the moos rose above in the still night,
On the middle of the crest they peaked just right.

Many times I travelled this path,
Through the mountains with their howling laugh;
The passage narrow to reveal the truth,
A million tears that just hit soft my roof.

From mountain high to valley low,.
The road so high, the road so low;
To walk the distance is really good.

So far to travel and be alone with God.

Signed,

The heat is hard