

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.  
travel and be alone with God. So far to

Signed,  
The heat is hard