

35

R
S

Scorpions in the primal mud.

Man a-lone is mys-ti-fied, he

Comp. D-13

(6) (+) A \flat Lyd.

40

R
S

He asked to hike into the canyon - his gift of love, never liking it before,

waits for what can nev-er come with-out the fath-er and the son.

F-9(M7) A-9 A \flat M9 Vamp A \flat Lyd.

45

50

R
S

where I had always gone alone.

There is yet a deep between us.

To what end, I do not know.

What is this pain?

Is it goodbye?

Bar-ren rock and walls of stone, with-

Comp. E-9

55

R - - -

S out the fath-er and the son. A fath-er, who is bound by love, stands by.

Connections to be made. Cathedral ridges along a great wall.

P F-9(M7) A-9 B \flat Lyd. Vamp B \flat Lyd.

60

R Time the sculptor, with hands of wind. Could thinking give me hands? Always alone, full of thought. - There are men never alone, who dream of this. -

S - - - - - The son is free to come and go, a

Comp. E-11

P

65

R - - - - -

S fath-er waits where once-great riv-er flows. Amid the buzzing of insects, before Thy arrival,

P FM9 A-9 D \flat Lyd. Vamp D \flat Lyd.

70 75

R I, the question, had been the answer. Day fades, tongues cackle at the pit, mosquitoes thrive, outside the net of smoke worshipped by the fire. The utterance of pagan water. Stories, told in shadows that ancient ritual

S

P Dø11 D♭ Lyd. Dø11 A Lyd.

80 85

R provides against the dark. There he was, my son, as he hopped from rock to rock, just like a pro, to the place with turtles, far as he could go, to stay the day.

S

P C7+ (♭/♯9) F-9 (M7) G7 (♭9, 13) Play A♭ Lyd.

90 95

R

S

P Solo (improv) D- 11 F- (M7) A- 9 A♭M7 E- 11 F- (M7) Simile

100 105

R

S

P

A-9 B \flat Lyd. E-11 FM7 A-9 D \flat Lyd.

In

110

R

S

P

Comp.

D \flat Lyd. D \emptyset 11 D \flat Lyd. D \emptyset 11

Pi - ru, a stream runs through. A canyon where winds blow through.

115

R

S

P

A Lyd. C7 $^+$ (\flat/\sharp 9)

A man waits, hear - ing voic - es. When it grows late,