The Mountain Pass by Michael Pacanza

As I make my way across the mountain path

ahead lies breathtaking beauty.

To be free to roam and call it my home

it’s the greatest, this is for me.

The air is crisp and the sky is blue,

all is so quiet, I’m not sure what to do.

Chorus:

God please lead me from this path,

for this is how I’ve worn this mask.

To be free to roam and enjoy the wealth

is but a dream because I have no stealth.

The path is simple, but I’ve lost my faith.

I trudge alone and can’t see your face.

It is strangely quiet and the light is fading.

The time has come, and left me waiting.

I am not alone, it’s voices I hear

spoke in a language I’ve come to fear.

Chorus:

I lay on the ground covered with leaves.

Frozen with fear because I do not believe.

The voices creep closer of that I am sure.

It’s me there after and I haven’t a cure.

For I in the enemy and I cannot escape.

Capture is certain and I can’t retaliate.

Chorus: