

The Wise Man

By: Piet Veerman / Nail Che

Far To The East, Lord
I See Them In My Mind
They Carry In Their Hands
For What They Must Find
They're Coming Each Year, Lord
To That Old Place
With In Their Faces
What They Shall Face

I Will Always Remember
The End Of December
How I Went To The Chapel As A Child
Oh Oh How I Was Silently Watching The Stable
And For Me All The Figures Inside, Came Alive

They Moved In Silence
With Feelings So Sure
Their Garments All Shining
So Bright And Pure
Like Figures Of Marble
And All Set With Gold
Their Graceful Features
So Noble And Old

I Will Always Remember
The End Of December
How I Went To The Chapel As A Child
Oh Oh How I Was Silently Watching The Stable
And For Me All The Figures Inside, Came Alive

They Do Not Change, Lord
They're Each Year The Same
They Got No Future
But Only Their Name
I Know Their Memory
It Won't Fade Away
Never Ending Their Journey
Never Meaning To Stay

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