

*Spiral Staircase (c) bdf*

*There's a spiral staircase,  
that leads through this place,  
from earth 'n beginnings it was made;  
By the hands of a builder, meek in strength,  
who shaped the wood of our prayers  
to be seen.*

*From floor to ceiling, head to floor, each strike of the  
hammer bends him low, Wi' sweat laden brow, serenity's  
pace, this poor man carpenter fastened a dream.*

*In heaven alone, they know from where he came.*

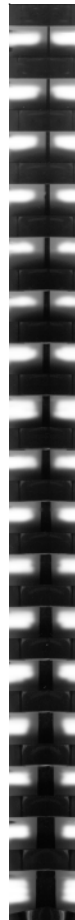
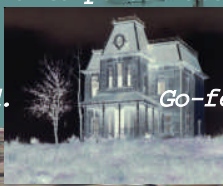
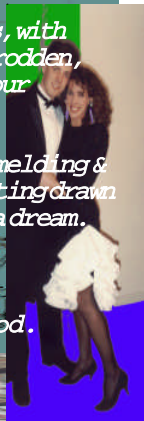
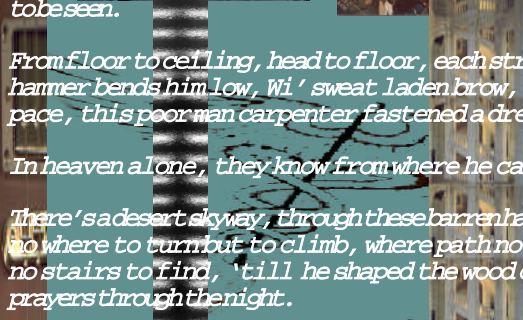
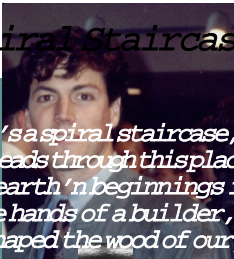
*There's a desert skyway, through these barren halls, with  
no where to turn but to climb, where path not trodden,  
no stairs to find, 'till he shaped the wood of our  
prayers through the night.*

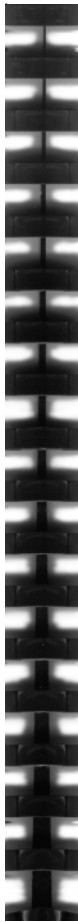
*From hill to valley, the path made clear, the melding &  
wolding, her surrender near, each echo, the beating drawn  
on his face, that poor man carpenter fastened a dream.*

*A Spiral Staircase*

*going round and round.*

*Go-fer wood.*





*Winding To Your Door: (c) LAF*

*I see a white mansion,  
on a hill, overlooking the  
valley below.  
I see a white mansion, where  
I stood with her before.*

