

**Back To The Sound...**  
**By James Kennedy**

Before time there was the purest tone in the world.

A garden with the birds whistling and twittering,

Cool air

Kind of like a

Throng of natural beauty

Ovulating and slowly forming

The new spectrum

Heart beat

Energy

Slowly the code and the meaning

Of the power pulse

Under the oceans and above the skies

Nature's masters at work,

Deciding the plans