

# Keepers

## Miracle Of Sound

We've been sown, grown here on the soil  
With roots that burrow deep  
We've been long left, but edges of the coil now  
Closer ever creep

Elders, tellers, keepers of the bygone  
Treasures of the dirt  
Brush and string we and scribble and we sing  
And dig for the annals of the earth

And we try try try  
To keep a little beauty in the world  
All that died died died  
We keep it in our hands

In their dark clouds, blackening the sun  
They came down to the shores  
Motors hard, loud  
Beaten, overcome  
No peace here anymore

Bridges rigid, wicked are the pillars  
Push us till we fall  
Prophet's lies burn craving in their eyes still  
Casting a shadow over all

And we try try try  
To keep a little beauty in the world  
All that died died died  
We keep it in our hands

Oh we are the fading voice  
(We are the elders, tellers)  
Oh we keep it in our hands

Oh  
We tell it to the page  
Oh  
We never let it fade

And we try try try  
To keep a little beauty in the world  
All that died died died  
We keep it in our hands  
Oh we are the fading voice  
(We are the elders, tellers)  
Oh keep it in our hands