

## Sound Of The Silk

### ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

Carry me back to the field bathed in sun  
The bright warm terraces where we used to run  
Where the songs of weddings liven the air  
Swear to me someone, you'll bury me there  
In a temple, an urn, 'neath a bright painted dome  
Not here in this valley alone

Carry my lover back cross the tide  
I want to be near her and placed by her side  
Where the rays of the day will whiten our bones  
Near two great rivers that convene into one  
To the sound of the silk as it runs through the loom  
Not here in this palace alone

Where the rains have worn down the great cities of stone  
But not here in this palace alone