

Rush

Bel Canto

Through the night the dark blue men came far across the starry
sea,
From foreverland to eternity.
Rushed, rushed, rushed to the hill.
There they would engrave the oracle up on the hill that
«oh, we are the resurrected and how we are, we are».
We are... rush, rush, rush to the hill.

Bring the children.
Bring their mothers.
Bring the cattle.
Bring the water.

Rush, hurry now, hurry now up the hill.
Now! far-descending guests,
Let us wander, wander up on the blue mountain.

Bring the babies.
Bring the homeless.
Bring your treasures.
Bring your lovers.

Rush and see it written there that «how we are, we are».
We are... rush, rush, rush to the hill.
Rush, rush, rush to the hill.
Do you understand me?
Do you understand me now?
Rush!