

# Mojave Song

Miracle Of Sound

Broken bone and liar's lead  
Caught off guard and left for dead  
Luck keeps turning as the light begins to dull  
And by healing hands I'm saved  
Pulled from my shallow grave  
I can feel reprisal aching through my skull

Set my sights on shining spires  
Set out on the highways tired  
On the desert sands and ruined roads I roam  
And this old lonesome road  
Shall bring me what I'm owed  
These new empires on old stones shall be my home

Under the Mojave sky  
I find a flag to fly

To tip the odds and rig the game  
Deal another hand and play  
Every card a shift of circumstance  
Let every bettor stake their claim  
Deal another hand and play  
Stack the deck, I'm letting nothing fall to chance

Atop the glistening tower  
Watching the struggles for power  
The house sees every deal  
Within this town  
Behind the gangs and the walls  
Keeping a close eye on all  
Old secrets buried in the underground

To tip the odds and rig the game  
Deal another hand and play  
Every card a shift of circumstance  
Let every bettor stake their claim  
Deal another hand and play  
Stack the deck, I'm letting nothing fall to chance

Lumbering across the west  
Ruined treasures repossessed

Resurrect the old soul of America  
Laws and labour, structures tight  
Memories of faded might  
Resurrect the old soul of America  
And oh  
The bear is roving across the west

Shadows loom  
All go soon to war

From the chaos comes form and order  
From the many comes the one  
Out of the east prowl upon the borders  
Come to crush and overrun

Brutal the bull, gouge out the weak  
Tongue of tyrant at the core  
Force of ancients, strike down the meek  
Raise the flags, the banners of war  
The banners of war

So tip the odds and rig the game  
Deal another hand and play  
Every card a shift of circumstance  
Let every bettor stake their claim  
Deal another hand and play  
Stack the deck, I'm letting nothing fall to chance

Scattered strays who've lost their meaning  
Brotherhoods who hide and horde  
Followers of help and healing  
The addicted lost and scorned

The secluded rumbling thunder  
And the spite of prison bars  
And the vengeful eyes of wells run dry  
That watch me from afar

Someday the change will come and wash the doubt away  
The heart of the desert will beat harder on this day