

## Dawn of Revelation

The Mountain Goats

We who gather by this fire  
To remember who we were  
To recall the days of yore  
To recall the days before

Hear the crackling, stoke the flames  
Conjure long-forgotten names  
Look long enough and see  
Where the referent wriggles free

I will turn these stones to bread  
And all who hunger will be fed  
Plates will shift and the earth will groan  
And no one here is going to die alone

Live in hope, walk in fear  
Let them come, let them gather here  
Meaning well, boding ill  
Let their hundreds crest the hill

As you were, so they are  
Orphans from a dying star  
Let them cluster, each to each  
Like smooth rocks on a distant beach

Look upon them there and know  
We will all go when we go  
Look into these eyes and see  
How we all will be made free

Beyond the grasp of the grave  
Free as driftwood on the waves  
Through their fingers like a fish  
Free from the clutches of the flesh

I will bring this word to them  
Last to first and stern to stem  
The king's gonna sit upon the throne  
And no one here is gonna die alone

Yeah