

# The Motherlode

## The Staves

Counting the winters  
Numb to the cold  
Searching the valley  
For secrets untold  
The mountains are children  
To someone so old

A king without kingdom or throne  
Digging the mud and the stone

All men have left here,  
But you have remained  
At the banks of the river  
Forever the same  
Though no water flows here  
The memory stays

As long as it stays you are here  
Heartbroken year after year

People running away  
Running like strangers  
Day after day  
Leave him alone

Golden river running from her home

The sun was an altar  
Before which he knelt  
And raised up the dagger  
That hung from his belt  
He cursed his delusion  
And the sadness he felt

Weeping at what he'd become  
Just a fool in the gold of the sun

People running away  
Running like strangers  
Day after day  
Leave him alone

Golden river running from her home  
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