

The Old Barge

Manticora

Beautiful this broken town , even though it's fled by man
White doves flying in the sun , above desert sands
Where the city stood , now ruins stands

Sitting in Darkness with Tales To Tell
Arguing , drinking all night as well
The last fair or pilgrims with answers to gain
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain

Drifting down the river
From the railing we stare
Journey on to the sea of grass
The old barge will take us there

Led along by mysterious crew
Bright shiny eyes and skins of blue
The last fair of pilgrims with answers to gain
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain

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