

Keepers

Miracle Of Sound

We've been sown, grown here on the soil
With roots that burrow deep
We've been long left, but edges of the coil now
Closer ever creep

Elders, tellers, keepers of the bygone
Treasures of the dirt
Brush and string we and scribble and we sing
And dig for the annals of the earth

And we try try try
To keep a little beauty in the world
All that died died died
We keep it in our hands

In their dark clouds, blackening the sun
They came down to the shores
Motors hard, loud
Beaten, overcome
No peace here anymore

Bridges rigid, wicked are the pillars
Push us till we fall
Prophet's lies burn craving in their eyes still
Casting a shadow over all

And we try try try
To keep a little beauty in the world
All that died died died
We keep it in our hands

Oh we are the fading voice
(We are the elders, tellers)
Oh we keep it in our hands

Oh
We tell it to the page
Oh
We never let it fade

And we try try try
To keep a little beauty in the world
All that died died died
We keep it in our hands
Oh we are the fading voice
(We are the elders, tellers)
Oh keep it in our hands