

Rush

Bel Canto

Through the night the dark blue men came far across the starry sea,
From Foreverland to Eternity.
Rushed, rushed, rushed to the hill.
There they would engrave the Oracle up on the hill that
'Oh, we are the resurrected and how we are, we are'.
We are... Rush, rush, rush to the hill. Bring the children.
Bring their mothers.
Bring the cattle.
Bring the water. Rush, hurry now, hurry now up the hill.
Now! Far-descending guests,
Let us wander, wander up on the blue mountain. Bring the babies.
Bring the homeless.
Bring your treasures.
Bring your lovers.

Songwriters

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