

Bells of Creation

...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

I was standing on the shore, facing an open sea
I was listening to the sound of the waves breaking
And I thought of all the words that they were whispering
And it kept changing I was standing in the midst of a great company
Listening to the voices in ecstasy
And I watched as all creation was sang into being
And it kept changing
And it was changing And all at once I caught a pulse and felt a rhythm
And I thought of the song of the ages
Then the balance slipped and opened up the season
And I felt like raging I was staring at the clouds, the rain began to fall softly
Filling up the rivers in Texas
And I thought of you and maybe you once thought of me
We were changing
And we kept changing And all at once I saw a hole into the future
And I thought of the bells of creation
I heard the voice of God coming in the music
And I felt like Satan
and I felt like Satan We were standing on the shore, facing an open sea
Listening the sound of the waves breaking
And I turned to you and said "we should never leave"
We were changing

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