The Falling Age

Julia Holter

A rock there is where, as they say, the ocean dew distills
And from its beetling brow, there pours a copious stream for pitchers to be dipped therein
'T was here I had a friend washing robes of purple in the trickling stream
And she was laying them out to dry on the face of a warm and sunny rock
From her I heard the tidings
See, here the wretched sufferer comes
His youthful flesh and golden hair have lost their beauty
Oh, what pain
What double grief has fallen on these halls and swooped on them from heaven

Songwriters
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