

Halcyon Days

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

There, but for the grace of our Gods go you and I*
Down roads none dare to follow
Sands buried the graves of our former lives
Smile and wave and let them go
To rise above the mires of old days long died
Know they won't come again
Let the years roll in and drown our yesterdays
Time is a stream with no end in sight
As dark as it is cold
Flowing by as we pray for the source to run dry
That we may never grow old
We long to rest our tired bones by our fires
And drink to the days
Let the years roll in and drown our yesterdays
Born on our knees we all long
For a fawn to sooth and calm
And with our arrows bring her down
Here, let me rest in your loft for a while
Before I have to walk home
Through the streets bathed in the light
Of a thousand fires
Of a cold and angry world
In time we'll reconcile with old days long died
Know they won't come again
Let the years roll in, drown our yesterdays

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