The Fertile Rock

Luka Bloom

In the flowering desert
Lies the heart and soul of man
Find a deep well to draw from
And give back as you can
In the moonlight musicians
Hear their tunes in the Burren wind
And in the shadows
Where an old faith's sheltered
The painter's work beginsFootsteps, I could learn to listen
Footsteps, how I long to trace
Footsteps, I could learn to listen
To footsteps of an ancient race
The fertile rockTo the flowering desert
Roll the wheels of greed
Wells dry forever
The orchid starts to bleedFootsteps, I could learn to listen
Footsteps, how I long to trace
Footsteps, I could learn to listen
To footsteps of an ancient race
The fertile rock

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