Sing Unto Me (Wax 22 Remix) [feat. Wax 22]

Moulettes

Caught in the riddle, woven in the song
Ring out the bell sing high sing long
Call up the river, take my hand
Sing of the things we can't understand
Sing, sing unto me
A whisper of morning touches the trees
A night of black cloth gone telling the bees
I'm like a moth on the wing to the light you lend
Bring me a turnaround turn me to the end
Sing, sing unto meI stood by the mountain all of an evening
what a lovely epitaph!
As the sun rose over me, a tapestry of colour and sound
Rise above us and colour the cold hard groundOh mother mender stitch and sew,
nurture prosper thrive and grow
Yours is the labour that planted the seeds
yours is the fruit that came from the trees
Sing unto me!
The cloth is magic, the thread is gold
sing with me till we grow old
A basket of buttons a bundle of yarn
Sing yourself into my arms!
Sing, sing unto meI stood by the mountain all of an evening
what a lovely epitaph, oh!
As her wings encircled me,
a symphony of colour and sound
Rise above us and cover the cold hard groundSewn and hewn, carved and wrought
The things to be given not sold nor bought
The things to which we turn our hands
Leave an imprint on the rippling sand
Sewn and hewn, carved and wrought
The things to be given not sold nor bought
The things to which we turn our hands
Leave an imprint on the rippling sandsI stood by the mountain all of an evening
what a lovely epitaph oh!
As the sun set over me, a symphony of colour and sound
Rise above us and cover the cold hard ground.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/