

# 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 me I 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 ground Oh 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 me I 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 ground 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 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 sands I 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.

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