

# Listening to Singing

## Iris DeMent

A woman's voice, like the wind, it rushes  
Nocturnal, moist and black  
And as it flies, whatever it brushes  
It changes and it won't change back  
It's a diamond-shine, comes to bathe and bless  
Things are draped in a silvery light  
It rustles its suggestive dress  
Woven of fantasy, silken and bright  
And the power that propels the enchanted voice  
Displays such a hidden might  
It's as if the grave were not ahead  
It's as if the grave were not ahead  
But mysterious stairs beginning their flight  
And the power that propels the enchanted voice  
Displays such a hidden might  
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It's as if the grave were not ahead  
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