

The Lost City of Refuge

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

With history, your bluest grace
Falls apart, cascading down
Speak to me of beautiful hate
Of island chains swept with the tide
Tragedy ripening on
The coral leis of a conquering king They're swept away
Oh, but not lost Beneath the waves of trembling stars
The road winds towards
The windward side
My soul is saved by these city lights
My face is framed by the blanket of night They're swept away
Oh, but not lost Was I too proud to sat, or to wish for
Words that I knew were forbidden?
Because I don't want to know
I didn't want to see what I saw
When I looked in the distance They're swept away
Oh, but not lost

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