

# All the Candles In the World

Jane Siberry

And how many of us will there be?  
More than we are now  
And where will we come from?  
The rivers, the oceans, the ends of the darkest inlets  
The lightest-coloured seas Would not, would not be enough  
Would not be enough to match the fever in my soul  
And the fervour in my heart  
And the darkness that I feel As I'm goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' down And how many of us  
And how many of us will there be? All the candles in the world  
Would not be enough to match the burning in my soul  
And the fever in my heart  
Count the places of devotion  
Count the altars of despair As we're goin' goin' goin' goin' goin' down And how many of us will there be?  
And how many of us? All the candles in the world would not be enough  
To match the burning in our souls  
And the fever in our hearts  
And the fervour in our eyes As we're hopin' and we're prayin'  
And we're settin' out into the streets  
The back streets of the world And a prayer goin' up and a prayer goin' down  
And the darkened eaves the pigeons  
And the candlelight processions  
On the streets down below As we're searchin' and we're seekin'  
And we're goin' goin', forgive us Lord  
We're goin' goin' down, goin' down on our knees  
Amen, yeah

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