Tarkus

Jordan Rudess

I. The Stones Of YearsHas the dawn ever seen your eyes?
Have the days made you so unwise?
Realize, you are.Had you talked to the winds of time,
Then you'd know how the waters rhyme,
Taste of wine,How can you know where you've been?
In time you'll see the sign
And realize your sin.Will you know how the seed is sown?
All your time has been overgrown,
Never known.Have you walked on the stones of years?
When you speak, is it you that hears?
Are your ears bone?You can't hear anything at all.II. MassThe preacher said a prayer.
Save ev'ry single hair on his head.
He's dead.The minister of hate had just arrived to late to be spared.
Who cared?
The weaver in the web that he made!The pilgrim wandered in,
Commiting ev'ry sin that he could
So good...The cardinal of grief was set in his belief he'd saved
From the grave
The weaver in the web that he made!The high priest took a blade
To bless the ones that prayed,
And all obeyed.The messenger of fear is slowly growing, nearer to the time,
A sign.
The weaver in the web that he made!A bishops rings a bell,
A cloak of darkness fell across the ground
Without a sound!The silent choir sing and in their silence,
Bring jaded sound, harmonic ground.
The weaver in the web that he made!III. The BattlefieldClear the battlefield and let me see
All the profit from our victory.
You talk of freedom, starving children fall.
Are you deaf when you hear the season's call?Were you there to watch the earth be scorched?
Did you stand beside the spectral torch?
Know the leaves of sorrow turned their face,
Scattered on the ashes of disgrace.Ev'ry blade is sharp; the arrows fly
Where the victims of your armies lie,
Where the blades of brass and arrows reign
Then there will be no sorrow,
Be no pain.

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