

# My Sanctuary

## Artento Divini

The chosen ones are walking through the new desert  
All the way uptown to Riverside  
The faces of the fathers  
They look a lot like mine  
But I watch them from across the great divide  
Today they have all been forgiven  
Washed clean before another year begins  
Me I'm playing in the park with my children  
And I pray that they forgive my sins  
This is my sanctuary  
On this High Holy Day  
I lay down the burdens I carry  
In my sanctuary  
The forgotten ones  
Were screaming from the rooftops  
A thousand souls had all been washed away  
Everyone was told  
The levees wouldn't hold

Now the mourners are marching everyday  
And the music keeps rights on playing  
'Cause of all the places water wouldn't fall  
It wasn't the churches or the chapels  
It was down at the Preservation Hall  
"This is my sanctuary"  
You could almost hear the ghost of some old trumpet player say  
"Lay down the burdens you carry  
In my sanctuary"  
The chosen ones are all still searching  
Waiting for the savior to appear  
While you and me  
We congregate in mystery  
And I listen to you whisper in my ear  
This is my sanctuary  
Brothers and sisters let us pray  
I lay down the burdens I carry  
In my sanctuary

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