The Mariner's Children ''Sycamore''

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Bury me in the woods where the flowers bloom And the roots of the trees and leaves will be my tomb Let my flesh feed the sycamore tree In whose arms you can climb if you ever feel you're missing me

Over my body and bones roses they rise And the name on my stone is claimed by the growing vines

Let my flesh feed the weeping willow tree In whose shade you can lie if you ever feel you're missing me

Only one thing's certain
One day there'll fall a curtain
Our bodies they will worsen
But love will soothe the hurting
And you can't run or bargain
Beg or plead for pardon
Though remote it's always ardent
Which causes hearts to harden

I've no wish to die
I've no wish to leave your side
But if I go before you then heed these words of mine
Let my flesh feed the sycamore tree
In whose arms you can lie if you ever feel you're
missing me

Only one thing's certain
One day there'll fall a curtain
Our bodies they will worsen
But love will soothe the hurting
And you can't run or bargain
Beg or plead for pardon
Though remote it's always ardent
Which causes hearts to harden

When night shuts my eyes I'm gone, I'm gone A fire without a light

I'm gone, I'm gone

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