

A Silver Mt. Zion

"There's A River In The Valley Made Of Melting Snow"

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Mystery and wonder did light up the valley
To be beat back by dark clouds and a harsh reeking
wind
And that battle staggered through 3 awful months
there
To stop for a minute
Just to start up again
Your hands like birds in the trees
If the trees themselves were all on fire
Your hips on mine make a choir
Singing "baruch atta adona?"
And the river never made it to the lake
So the lake surrendered to the mountain
And the mountain's heart did fucking break
At the sight of your nervous hands...
And oh my love
So gently breathing
So my heart does softly swell
So her & me did greet the evening
With much red wine and giddy yells
In these times of wandering soldiers
Building towers on ruined land
I hold my love to my belly
And feel her breath fall across my hands...
I have grown tired of the struggle
And i've grown tired of making plans
It think i'll quit to the valley
Regain my strength
And start again
Where once we were some clumsy army
Now we are just lazy hens
I think i'll quit to the valley
Until the light moves me again...
So, let's link arms sisters and brothers
And let's promise not to retreat
There is glory in our failure
So let's march to the rhythm of fatigue
To live our lives without leaders
To live in joy without fear
Let's walk together to the valley
And let the light redeem our hearts...

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