

## At The Gates "Primal Breath"

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Music: Alf/AT THE GATES

Lyrics: Sloux-tribe poem

Look the herons in the greenbilled water  
their wet-ash wings wear medallions of patience

We drift on...

[go?]

We have stories as old as the great seas  
breaking through the chest

Flying out the mouth

Noisy tongues that once were silenced

All the oceans we contain, coming to light [, coming to  
light]

All the dark birds rush from the river

Leaving only the stillness of their language

There are no clocks to measure time,

but the beating of our singing hearts [, sing hard]

[go?

We have stories as old as the great seas  
breaking through the chest

Flying out the mouth

Noisy tongues that once were silenced]

You will know it is winter

by the way you dreams tremble like stones  
when the wind comes through

The wind, full of hearts that beat quick and strong

[Noisy tongues that once were silenced

All the oceans we contain, coming to light

Primal breath]

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