

Alasdair Roberts

"Riddle Me This"

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Show me the power that man can not harness
To turn towards malace or work into woe
Be it the stars or the moon or the planets
Or the tide of the ocean in ever encircle and flow
Or everything under the ever encirclin' sun

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this
Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this
Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this
Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this

Who were the ones who first gathered the amber
To render the ember and dawn of the day
The stallion and canter, the river and meander
So we'd remember them long after they fade away

And how could they know as they measure the seasons
How could they know as they forrowed the soil
All that this sunner and all the unreason
And all of the wrong to be done in the name of their toil

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this
Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me this
A brier, a brawn, and the forest of sinus
Will rise from the power they plowed in the ground
And so in this way their dominion continues
All under the ever encirclin' sun goin' down
All under the ever encirclin' sun goin' down

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