

Kathy Mar **"Cathedrals"**

Visit "[Cathedrals](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I went down to the Cathedral of War
As the generals' service was ending
And I asked a general "What is the point?"
"Cause it looked like a game of pretending
And he frowned and sputtered and stamping his foot
Said "Young Woman, it's no game at all"
And his words were all daggers and knives
And the look in his eyes was a terrible wall

I went down to the Cathedral of Time
To pray for a better tommorow
And I lit a candle to burn at both ends
Just to light up my chasm of sorrow
And the minutes and seconds were scattered about
But they kept slipping right through my hands
And the tide washed them into the past
Flowing out of a castle of hourglass sands

I went down to the Cathedral of Song
To polish the trumpets of treason
And I stood in the aisle and answered the call
Of a songbird who sang out of season
And I shouted of honor and beauty and truth
In the eyes of each woman and man
And I spoke of the gifts we are blind to in youth
Which we find at the heart of the Plan

I went down to the Cathedral of Death
But the Well of the Souls had run dry
And I knelt with the penitents praying and pale
And I stood with the ghost of a sigh
And the carousel horses and caravan gypsies
Were dancing away out the door
And the honey of hope fell in strings
From the tips of my fingers and dropped on the floor

I never go to Cathedrals at all
Or at least any more than I must
And I know when my moment of dancing is done
I'll dissolve into starlight and dust
And the lessons I've learned
Will be lost in the night

And my heart will lie empty and cold
But the love that I give will live on
Like the light of a dawn made of amber and gold
Words and music: Kathy Mar

Copyright 2002 Kathy Mar

Visit [Kathy Mar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.