

## New Medicine

### "Island"

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The wind blows keen across the ridge  
Black against a charcoal grey  
We climb up here by the winding path made so long  
ago  
In the valley below the last few lights  
Glow just like the embers of a fire  
We begin to remember, we begin to remember

We came by the sea and we took the land  
We spread out across the plains  
And on and on to the mountains  
Until there was nothing left to conquer  
The sound of chopping trees echoed through the  
woods  
We built the ships and the houses  
And the bridges and the fortifications  
Until there was nothing left to build with  
Now in the silver grey dome of the sky  
The birds fly home for winter  
And we all come down to the shore and stare across  
the waves  
We've got to get off the island

We carved monuments to the angry gods  
We hauled stone across the deserts of our own making  
From the standing stones to the villages  
To the shining palaces looking out over the water  
The soil is growing thin, the yield running low  
There's too many of us here, too many of us here  
And now ragged ribbons of rain sweep in  
As the birds fly home for winter  
And we all come down to the shore and stare across  
the waves  
We've got to get off the island

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