

Big Harp

"Shadowlands"

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Ah, soon she will wake
When love is the air she breathes
Hurry into her please
Alight again
And take what we reap
A harvest abounding
The trumpets are sounding
A beautiful name
From shadowlands we run
A flicker and they're done
Away

And the wine that she keeps saving the best for me
We're only blessed you see
If we believed
In something unseen
Felt by remembering
A wait, and a hoping in
The time to receive

From shadowlands we run
A flicker and they're done
Away

The mountains will rock
And crumble into the seas
And all of the saints will be
Marching home
The cities will stop
Oh, and they'll sell their kings
Oh, and they'll kill their queens
On no

From shadowlands we run
A flicker and they're done
Away

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