

Thee Silver Mt. Zion

"There's A River In The Valley Made Of Melting Snow"

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Mystery and wonder did light up the valley
To be beat back by dark clouds
And a harsh reeking wind

And that battle staggered through three awful months
To stop for a minute
Just to start up again

Your hands like birds in the trees
If the trees themselves were all on fire
Your hips on mine make a choir
Singing "Baruch atta adonai"

And the river never made it to the lake
So the lake surrendered to the mountains
And the mountain's heart did fucking break
At the sight
Of your nervous hands

And oh, my love, so gently breathing
So my heart does softly swell
So her and me did greet the evening
With much red wine and giddy yells

In these times of wandering soldiers

Building towers on ruined field
I hold my love to my belly
And her feel breath fall across my hands

I have grown tired of the struggle
And I've grown tired of making plans
I think I'll quit to the valley
Regain my strength and start again

Where once we were some clumsy army
And now we are just lazy hens
I think I'll quit to the valley
'Til the light moves me again

So let's link arms, sisters and brothers

And let's promise not to retreat
Well, there is glory in our failure
So let's march to the rhythm of fatigue

To live our lives without leaders
To live in joy without fear
Let's walk together to the valley
And let the lights redeem our tears

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