

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "Last City of Refuge"

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With history, your bluest grace
Falls apart, cascading down
Speak to me of beautiful hate
Of island chains swept with the tide
Tragedy ripening on
The coral leis of a conquering king

They're swept away
Oh, but not lost

Beneath the waves of trembling stars
The road winds towards
The windward side
My soul is saved by these city lights
My face is framed by the blanket of night

They're swept away
Oh, but not lost

Was I too proud to sat, or to wish for
Words that I knew were forbidden?
Because I don't want to know
I didn't want to see what I saw
When I looked in the distance

They're swept away
Oh, but not lost

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