

## The Submarines

# "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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