

Three Fish "Myth Of Abdou"

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While the elders are weeping
In the old courts of laughter
Spilling tears on velvet, tears spun from dew
Draped from the lace
Where the elders are weeping

Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself

When the raven's wings are beating
Where the harlequin sleeps
And the old play is pleading
Under dark, cold raining skies
Beneath the old courts of laughter

Come, come see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself

And the wise men speak
While the raven's wings beat
And a cold raining sky

And a harlequin sleeps
Where the old players plead
Under dark, cold raining skies

Come, come, see for yourself
Come, come, see for yourself
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