

Mountain Goats, The

"New Zion"

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There were signs up in the sky
When we gathered by the garden wall
Everybody on his best behavior
Listening for the altar call

High priest of Salem in his robes
Ranting out the coming of the Day
Ravens at the gates
Frightening all the visitors away

I lay down by the water
Dreamed a dream of where I come from
Old things made new
Waiting for you

There were wooden wind-chimes rustling
In the trees above the anthills on the dunes
On the high winds we could hear them
Old familiar tunes

The little bit of faith we had once
Like the memory of a movie
They got burned up the great fire
Reassembling itself slowly but surely

I lay down by the water
Dreamed a dream of where I come from
Old things made new
Waiting for you

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