

Many years ago
I happened on a place
The shadows hanging low
I could make out his face
In an ancient mist
They gazed into the flame
Around a dying one
They chanted out a name

They looked up to the sky
Reciting ancient rites
The trees began to sway
Bathed in fluorescent light
The embers in their eyes
Fixed on the living dead
Motionless he rests
His skin was glowing red

"And as sure as we stand
When we call
With our four hands
For the one from above
Who will heal us
With a touch"

I wish I was a mole in the ground
Yes, I wish I was a mole in the ground
If I's a mole in the ground I'd root that mountain down
And I wish I was a mole in the ground