

St. Kilda

Inspirational Carpets

We all rose when the pouring broke
I opened my eyes when the stranger spoke
Slowly stroke through windswept course
Tempted by the vice on the shore
Oh now the time has come
I'm not sure what we have done

Misty moor, mountain path
We sing the songs they'll never come back
Golden dream, winter leaves
We'll never forget a single thing

All aboard and gather round
Fogs disappear, make no sound
The Lord tells us no one must stay
Father threw his friend in the bay
Big wrong doing's done
Pray the apostle's speech around

Stolen dream as the land goes down
We [] sit and sing as we gather round