

Songs Of Old

Jesca Hoop

Turn the key in the iron lock
Of the old oak door
Lean into its passages
With all my weight and enter

Immediately my olfactory senses it's home
Paper thin and paraffin
With a glimmering of gold

Marble hands are pouring water
Silver wings delivering the chains?
Streams of colored light make hallow home

Mamas singing the songs of old
Mama's singing the songs of old
Singing the rock of ages
Though the gold is marred by red
Singing the rock of ages
Melt it down and make new things
Singing the rock of ages
Empires are made this way
Singing the rock of ages

Endless hopes and endless fears
Polish this stone
The deeper desire
The fine of the grain
This time I walk the stairway

And turn the key in a cellar door
I want to know why

All these stories never spoken
Danced or drawn or sung or written
How we built this temple song by song

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