

The Black Opal

Lisa Gerrard

In rivers frail where sunlight pales and swarms fall into trance

The acid rain gives fruit to pain I cannot bear to glance
Its poison arrows cause to grow the truth in all I see and
Vanished love is borne beneath the dying apple tree.

It comes to wound the liquid moon that melts within their hearts

So frail the cries from those that die harpooned upon our darts
We say we love yet cannot see the error of our ways
A pain ingrained eternally for crimes we do not pay.

As there lay dead the innocent we've dispossessed with lies
For closed for all eternity are ghosts of weeping eyes
Dust storms swarm and warn but still we do not listen
We drown within the sands of time lamenting those that glistened

With a last remaining memory of the pure black dolphins eye
Their murderers will bare their bane too late to rectify.