

# The Old Barge

Manticora

Beautiful this broken town , even though it's fled by man  
White doves flying in the sun , above desert sands  
Where the city stood , now ruins stands

Sitting in Darkness with Tales To Tell  
Arguing , drinking all night as well  
The last fair or pilgrims with answers to gain  
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain

Drifting down the river  
From the railing we stare  
Journey on to the sea of grass  
The old barge will take us there

Led along by mysterious crew  
Bright shiny eyes and skins of blue  
The last fair of pilgrims with answers to gain  
To go to the valley and meet with "The One" in vain

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