

# Pilgrimage

Suzanne Vega

This line is burning  
Turning to ash as it hits the air  
Every step is a day in the week  
It's a Sunday or Monday  
A march over months of the year

This life is burning  
Turning to ash as it hits the air  
Every death is an end in the race  
It's a stopping and starting  
A march over millions of years

Travel. Arrival  
Years of an inch and a step  
Toward a source  
I'm coming to you  
I'll be there in time

This land is burning  
Turning to ash as it hits the air  
Every line is a place on a map  
It's a city or valley  
A mark on these miles of fields

Travel. Arrival  
Years of an inch and a step  
Toward a source  
I'm coming to you  
I'll be there in time

This line is burning  
Turning to ash as it hits the air  
Every step is a day in the week  
It's a Wednesday or Thursday  
A march over months of the year

Travel. Arrival  
Years of an inch and a step  
Toward a source  
I'm coming to you  
I'll be there in time

I'm coming to you  
I'll be there in time

Take this  
Mute mouth  
Broken tongue.  
Now this  
Dark life  
Is shot through with light