

## Constant In Opal

### The Church

Me and the puzzled travellers  
We searched the ground for wealth  
And scoured the dreaming valleys  
On days where shadows melt  
Digging for the blue and the green  
Constant in opal or ultramarine  
If you could only find yourself that way

And dust was my companion  
And thirst caked all our words  
Unearthing nearly nothing  
We swarmed like carrion birds  
Some for fortune, some for greed  
Some for want, some for need  
If you could only find yourself that way

In hearts suspicion flowers  
In hands numb with jealousy  
Sleepwalking lightning showers  
Transform effortlessly  
Thinking of all that I left behind  
Down in the shaft when my mind was blind  
But you couldn't even find yourself that way