

The Motherlode

The Staves

Counting the winters
Numb to the cold
Searching the valley
For secrets untold
The mountains are children
To someone so old

A king without kingdom or throne
Digging the mud and the stone

All men have left here,
But you have remained
At the banks of the river
Forever the same
Though no water flows here
The memory stays

As long as it stays you are here
Heartbroken year after year

People running away
Running like strangers
Day after day
Leave him alone

Golden river running from her home

The sun was an altar
Before which he knelt
And raised up the dagger
That hung from his belt
He cursed his delusion
And the sadness he felt

Weeping at what he'd become
Just a fool in the gold of the sun

People running away
Running like strangers
Day after day
Leave him alone

Golden river running from her home
Golden river running from her home
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Golden river running from her home