

## What Has Been Done

The Wailin' Jennys

Half mile from the riverside  
Square wood building hard and white  
I'll take water, I'll take night  
I will swim through snow and ice

Laid your story down on me  
forced inside the good belief  
Now I only dream my words  
fly away like blackened birds

Oh I feel these lessons burn inside the person I've become  
Edges curl and darken as I do what has been done

Cheek on floorboard, hand in fire  
little sister dressed in white  
Last day she was seen alive  
walking to the riverside

We will never get to hide from it  
no matter how we run  
All things come to find us  
and we'll do what has been done

Have your holy, I'll have mine  
soil and birch and open sky  
All our stories some day go  
dust from air and earth from bone

Oh I hear the ancients calling  
that we'll know from where we've come  
there on that horizon we will see what has been done