

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