

An army charges upon the land
To the sound of retreat
This is bigger than us
A stronger wind is blowing
Blowing from Paradise
Into the world to come
Progress is its name
Death nods his head

First the dead
Then the living
Call their names
Like a legion

Their steps are retreating
Out of the earth and the sea
Back to the beginning of time
An endless beach
Where a table has been set for one
With salt and water
Lay down the kid
And turn around and leave

First the dead
Then the living
Call their names
Like a legion