

Loreena McKennitt, Marrakesh Night Market

They're gathered in circles
the lamps light their faces
The crescent moon rocks in the sky
The poets of drumming
keep heartbeats suspended
The smoke swirls up and then it dies

Would you like my mask?
would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself
you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god

The stories are woven
and fortunes are told
The truth is measured by the weight of your gold
The magic lies scattered
on rugs on the ground
Faith is conjured in the night market's sound

Would you like my mask?
would you like my mirror?
cries the man in the shadowing hood
You can look at yourself
you can look at each other
or you can look at the face of your god

The lessons are written
on parchments of paper
They're carried by horse from the river Nile
says the shadowy voice
In the firelight, the cobra
is casting the flame a winsome smile

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