

# ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, T

With history, your bluest grace  
Falls apart, cascading down  
Speak to me of beautiful hate  
Of island chains swept with the tide  
Tragedy ripening on  
The coral leis of a conquering king

They're swept away  
Oh, but not lost

Beneath the waves of trembling stars  
The road winds towards  
The windward side  
My soul is saved by these city lights  
My face is framed by the blanket of night

They're swept away  
Oh, but not lost

Was I too proud to sat, or to wish for  
Words that I knew were forbidden?  
Because I don't want to know  
I didn't want to see what I saw  
When I looked in the distance

They're swept away  
Oh, but not lost