

Iona, Edge Of The World

Mist that hangs like silk
Soaking in the rain
Trees that rise like ghosts
Bearing people's names
And a sea that takes me
Where I do not know
But I gladly go

Shrouded in the sweetest grass
I've ever known
This my earthly bed
My beloved home
But the voice that calls me
To the far away
I can only trust every word you say

And here I am
Out on the edge of the world
With You, With You

Shall I leave the print of my knees
Upon the sand
This my final prayer
In my native land
Shall I turn my face
Towards the shining sea
Taste the salt of tears
For those I have to leave