

Moya Brennan, Two Horizons

Hard to believe when the heart is so broken
Storms in the valley hide words never spoken

I hear the sound
Two horizons sing
The harp that once through Tara

Silver moon stands when the morning is rising
Chasing the wind to the crystal horizon
Hard to believe when the signs are uncertain
Courage be born, that our world will stop hurting

I hear the sound
Two horizons sing
Two horizons burn
The harp that once through Tara