

Sanctuary Rig, Bring It On

You come on eagle's wings
To sing of half-remembered things
Beyond the cradle or the grave
You whispered gentle truth
And I deserve no further proof
Of the friendship we have made
And your voice is warm, inviting
As the stars collide upstairs
Should our disparate souls, alighting
Intervene in man's affairs?

On yellow hide I saw
A land beyond the Western shore
The Child of Harvest overcame
I come to contemplate
The cold capricious hand of Fate
That laid Him in the Earth again
And my soul is prone and trembling
Asking nothing in return
While Orpheus descending
Tells me of a love that burns

Sister, O Sister, you cut the cards
The Raven came and surely saw us
Sister, O Sister, I wept within your arms
As though you were our Mother before us

And you who came on eagle's wings
I'm truly filled with awe
The pain and rapture that you bring
I could not ask for more
With your beauty devastating
Spartan Helen falls behind
Your burning kiss ignites my soul
How could you be so kind?
And your jewel-encrusted stairway
Leads to courtyards of the Sun
Where a host of marble monuments
Extol the things you've done
But if cold and vacant statues
Know your station and your name
Then I would that I was made of stone
Not wrapped in burning flame...
...and barefoot through Avalon she ran!

Maybe I'll live alone
Enshrouded by your memory
Maybe I'll die upon the blood-soaked field
Your name upon my lips

Maybe a thousand angry Valkyries
Will bear me home
Maybe you're waiting on a distant shore
Your hands outstretched...

If this is love and desperation, bring it on
If this is bold imagination, bring it on
If this is bright emancipation, bring it on
If it's the price of inspiration, bring it on
Bring it on!