

# 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!