

The Church, Constant In Opal

Me and the puzzled travelers
We searched the ground for wealth
And scoured the dreaming valleys
On days where shadows melt
Digging for the blue and the green
Constant in opal or ultramarine
If you could only find yourself that way
And dust was my companion
And thirst caked all our words
Unearthing nearly nothing
We swarmed like carrion birds
Some for fortune, some for greed
Some for want, some for need
If you could only find yourself that way
In hearts suspicion flowers
In hands numb with jealousy
Sleepwalking lightning showers
Transform effortlessly
Thinking of all that I left behind
Down in the shaft when my mind was blind
But you couldn't even find yourself that way