

Dead Can Dance, Song Of The Stars

We are the stars which sing
We sing with our light;
We are the birds of fire,
We fly over the sky.
Our light is a voice;
We make a road for the spirit to pass over

Oute, ba mwen son ou,e,
Oute, ba mwen son ou,e,
Tanbouye, o ba mwen son ou,
Soley leve.
Oute, give me your sound,
Oute, give me your sound,
Drummer, give me your sound,
The sun rises.