

Orchids on the Orinocco

Lyrics: Ethan Place

Music: Robert Edgar

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No one knew what they called themselves
No one saw where they'd gone.
We only heard the words of a bird
They'd taught to speak their tongue.

Orchids on the Orinoco
Drifting with the flood
Scattered by time's arrows
Murmurs in the blood.

Shattered Masks spiked the dancing ground.
Sacred horns starved for breath
And still we heard the words of a bird
As meaningless as death.

Orchids on the Orinoco
Drifting with the flood
Scattered by time's arrows
Murmurs in the blood.

Cookfire ashes pale as bone
Foot-worn paths all overgrown
Palm-wrapped mummies tombed in stone
Jaguar glare and insect drone.

What whispers passed in their hammocks?
What did they name the night?
All that we heard were words from a bird
With plumes banana bright.

Orchids on the Orinoco
Drifting with the flood
Scattered by time's arrows
Murmurs in the blood.