

# One Salt Sea

Catherine Faber

$\text{♩} = 90$

The hol - low hill's a stew it seems, — cats have manned the walls —  
The past in all its stark - ness, the tra - ces lay it plain —  
The king - doms gird for slau - ghter, this won't be done in play —  
Two the o - cean ra - ces that of one blood re - main — A

5 Bo - gies cling to cei - ling beams, pi - xies roam the halls. —  
Chil - dren trapped in dark - ness, \*box - es full of pain. — A  
Lives are spilled like wa - ter, in war a - mong the fae. — All  
sin - gle skin en - ca - ses the slay - ers and the slain, But

9 Quar - ter bloods don't shi - ver, — change - lings min - gle free, — As  
sin - gle sil - ver sli - ver, to paint the scene for me, — plea,  
ea - ger - ness they qui - ver, — deaf to wis - dom's plea,  
blood will blood de - li - ver, though la - ter comes the fee,

13 ev - ery rush - ing riv - er runs to one salt sea.

18 Blood to blood is cal - ling; salt and wa - ter flow,

22 Clo - ser to the — sea as far - ther back in time we go.

26 Blood for blood is cal - ling; tears more tears de - cree, — As

30 ev - ery rush - ing riv - er runs to one salt sea.

\*red notes in line 2 are for 2nd verse