

The Legend Of Mucklow

And Also The Trees

Waist high in the wild oats
Goose-grass burrs on his old coat
A knife tears through his throat.

Sunlight sparkles in the old stones by the wall
Surprise in his eyes as he begins to fall
Across his hand an ant crawls
It's been a long time coming.

Himmancame
Himmancame
Bringemin now bringemin
Himmancame
throughthewheat himmancame

Seems a long time
That the dawn's been coming
Spreading down through the sky
Reflected in his eyes
And could it be
That I can smell the blood on this breeze
It's been a long time coming.

Himmancame
Himmancame
Bringemin now bringemin
Himmancame
throughthewheat now
cutyou

It's been a long time coming.