The Colonial Wing

10000 Maniacs

Here is the store house of Her Majesty
Well guarded by sentry but looks are free
Call this the ray-less and benighted age
Witches by tallow candles shifted
Shifted their shapes
Here is the pestle and mortar
That ground the poison seed
A lute, a suit for jousting
And the poems of a balladeer
When all the Latin books
Were copied off in golden script
Well hoarded away in
A monastery crypt
Superstition
Superstition beyond belief
Over mountain, over dune and over sea
Crude map and compass lead the caravan
And lead the fleet

Here's the loot and plunder
They bore home
Ivory tusk inlaid with precious stone
Raw silk and spices by the barrel load
A soft skin drum with mallets
Of human bone
A world wide rampage
Rampage of greed
So here the tour concludes
The Colonial Wing
The rooms of the most refined
Museum property
An early pair of spectacles
A claw footed divan
Ornate clocks with birds that strut
On the half hours and quarter hours
Hear them chime

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/