Hesperus

Wolf People

Looking for a lighthouse keeper
Climb the hill and turn around
Fallen stones and railway sleepers
Are scattered like rice across the groundSevered hands of seven hunters
Poised as if to draw a bow
Arrow loosed to tear asunder
Whistles to the earthI'll collect the feathers
From the three black birds that scattered as the landed
On Saint Stephen's DayThe Hesperus has brought me here to try to find you
Drawn in by the blinded eye
Confounded by the fearful mess you left behind
Oh who could pass you by?Has some raging serpent coiling
Dragged you from your post?
Bidden by a tempest to disturb your toiling work?
I don't believe it's soThree good men were savaged
By the same two things that carried me to find them
On Saint Stephen's DayAs I look upon
The shattered crane
The battered rail, the severed chain
I know of no force so great
Save that which bore me here

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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