

Dancers At The End Of Time

Howlin Rain

Let the fall winds
Rattle at our door
And call us to the lunatic sea
For the pleasure games we play so easily
That never really make a soul
Details will haunt us in strange ways
Like snow and smoke and skeletal leaves
Who will resurrect us? Jive, ass, and teeth
One we've all drunk our fill of fire
A strange sadness hangs around the trees
As if our life and times were fruit
Ripen too quickly into rot
And falling on this stinking spot
Tones of history ring here like a gong
But the pitch is bent and queer
Upon a beach of bones the iron orchid stands
And casts her cobalt gaze across the years
Mrs. Amelia Underwood
Carry my heart in your hands
Jesus will shine on you brightly
Into the hollow lands
Now the sky, a find of fire
The season's tears to ancient wine
A ghostly blight from godless eyes
The howling flames of our desires
Your hair tumbles like a racehorse down
The country hails your sky now ma'am
And I'm not gonna need it like the lion needs to kill
Cause in the lion all desire and prayer is one
Used to be time was upon us
Carried our hearts on our sleeves
Wearing the joy and the sorrow
Like beautiful fall-painted leaves
Mrs. Amelia Underwood
Carry my heart in you hands
Jesus will shine on you brightly
Into the hollow lands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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