

# From The Woods!

James Vincent McMorrow

From the woods, from the woods  
They are coming from the woods  
Riding horses cloaked in gray  
Make their way, to my door  
Lay their boots upon my floor  
Wash their hands and start to pray  
But I am gone, I am not there  
I have followed mountain bears  
To a cave of deepest tome  
There I wait, by the mouth  
As the smoke it flushes out  
Then I'll slowly drag one home All these things are ever lost  
Stillness has brought my love to cost From the woods, from the woods  
Once a vision from the woods  
At a point between two tracks  
Bound by tape, and by wire  
Bruised and beaten in the fire  
So the metals faded black  
Newer ropes, stronger nets  
Have us plumbing further depths  
For the wolves we'll never be  
Should we go, would we die  
If the weight it was to slide  
Drag our secrets to the sea All these things are ever lost  
Stillness has brought my love to cost I taste the sulfur on my breath  
I see the blood pool on the step  
The moon so thick, the wounds so fresh  
And all is well From the woods, from the woods, they are coming  
From the woods  
(Ah)

Songwriters

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