

# The Colonial Wing

## 10,000 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

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