

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
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