

# Warrior's Dusk

## Slough Feg

As we rolled from the hill to a bridge by a quarry  
Legends were born from this story  
Painted men, once again, turning blue like the buried  
Accounts of this story are varied  
And the winds blew us right over the trees  
And the ancestors returned on their knees Rusty nails on the trails, burning boards in a fury  
Smoldering insects did scurry  
Smashing stones, digging bones  
Where the unknown are buried  
Accounts of this story are varied  
And the boards started to smolder again  
Burning bones over the insects and men  
But then warriors don't age well as it seems  
When they shower you with mortgages and dreams  
Was it something that you found?  
That made you turn around?  
Knocked you off your throne, left me here alone  
Tangled in the trees, and gave you their disease!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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