

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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