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 From the woods, from the woods They are coming from the woods From the woods, from the woods They are coming from the woods From the woods, from the woods They are coming from the woods From the woods, from the woods They are coming from the woods

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