

Watchtower

"Song From The End Of The World"

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Here is the smell
Of seafood pie
A broken tower
On the open sky
A chain of slands
Rolling West
In sight of the house
Where we are guests
A rambling old river
Twist through the fields
Ancient names
Imprinted on shields
Gifts arrive
For a baby girl
Born a queen
At the end of the world
Furious music
From an open door
The sound of feet
Beating on a stone flood
Always the wind
Always the form
Of an elder God
Hooved and horned
The head of the mountain
Lost in a cloud
A country woman
Soft and proud
Into the bay
The horses swirl
For we come to the sea
At the end of the world

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