

20 Bigod "The%Bog"

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Revealed, underlined in a sudden gust of wind
the profile of a man raises under the moon
uncovered and tiny, overlooking the fen
water meadowland and small shots for the duck
he walks in the mud, moves aside the reeds
no clapping of wings, no motions around,
just a singing wind in an ominous silence...

I'll take you down there, I'll take you

no presence of fowl, the fen is a desert
said a man of poise with a drawling voice
the grounds are alive and the wind has dropped
the fen is awakened and follows the steps

I'll take you down there, I'll take you

See how my tentacles got you under control
you're already caught in the palm of my hand
you're easy to swallow, I'm sucking you back
See how my tentacles got you under control

I'm taking your ankles - you're back into the bog
I'm taking your legs - you're back into the bog
I'm taking your knees - you're back into the bog
I'm taking your hands - you're back into the bog

I'll take you down there, I'll take you

Back into the bog

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