

## **Dead Meadow**

### **"Such Hawks Such Hounds"**

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As dawn's first rays cross the green field  
They shine in open eyes lying still  
From the boughs of the oak tree, three ravens wait  
Over his cold bones lying as they are

The wind will moan forevermore  
They'll perch on his backbone  
Beneath the morning sun  
Peck out his eyes one by one

His hounds they lie at his feet  
So well they will their master keep  
His hawks they circle the air all through the day  
No raven would dare come near all through the day

She sits quiet and still by his side  
Gently closes her lover's eyes  
She buried him before his prime  
Was dead herself before even song time

God grant each man his rightful share  
Such hawks, such hounds, such ladies fair

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