

# 10,000 Maniacs "The Colonial Wing"

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Here is the store house of Her Majesty  
Well guarded by sentry but looks are free

Call this the ray-less and benighted age  
Witches by tallow candles shifted  
Shifted their shapes

Here is the pestle and mortar  
That ground the poison seed  
A lute, a suit for jousting  
And the poems of a balladeer

When all the Latin books  
Were copied off in golden script  
Well hoarded away in  
A monastery crypt

Superstition  
Superstition beyond belief

Over mountain, over dune and over sea  
Crude map and compass lead the caravan  
And lead the fleet

Here's the loot and plunder  
They bore home  
Ivory tusk inlaid with precious stone

Raw silk and spices by the barrel load  
A soft skin drum with mallets  
Of human bone

A world wide rampage  
Rampage of greed

So here the tour concludes  
The Colonial Wing  
The rooms of the most refined  
Museum property

An early pair of spectacles  
A claw footed divan

Ornate clocks with birds that strut  
On the half hours and quarter hours

Hear them chime

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