

Field Music

"Tomb Of The King"

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Beneath a mist-capped mountain,
An oaken forest did grow,
Around and ancient trackway,
That led to the old Barrow.

On a starlit night on the dark of the moon,
A torch lights the funeral pyre,
And the iciness in the tribe's hearts,
Are warmed by the heat of the fire.
Then the Druids move in with the dawn,
As the circle of people they sing,
And the ashes are gathering together,
And taken to the Tomb of the King.

Then down through history they changed,
And the Sacred Grove it came,
On the night of initiation,
An ordeal of terror and pain,
The warriors stood in the forest,
With the herbs rubbed into their brows,
Then they turned to face the darkness,
Of the old Barrow.

Then down through history they changed,
When a woman cold and bare,
Ran into the darkened forest,
And into the Ancestor's Lair,
Then men on horseback drew near,

And they looked into the mouth of the hill,
Then they left that bitch, that healer, that Witch,
Until all in the forest was still.

In a Parliament House in London town,
A part of our heritage dies,
The road builder's plan is blessed by a cheque,
As the blood of the signature dries,
Then the monsters move in with the dawn,
As the circle of people they sing,
And the old oaks are cut from the earth,
As they tear down the Tomb of the King.

As I sit in the silence of my car,
I notice that not much has changed,
More cars just use this road now,
And the traffic jam now has three lanes,
Still my dream takes me back to the time,
When in the circles we sing,
Under a moonlit sky,
To heal the Tomb of the King.

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