

Howlin Rain

"Dancers At The End Of Time"

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As the fall winds rattle at our door
And call us to the lunatic sea
For the pleasure games we play so easily
That never really make a soul

The details will haunt us in strange ways
Like snow and smoke and skeletal leaves
Who will resurrect us? Jive, ass and teeth
Once we've all drunk all our fill of fire

A faint sadness hangs about the trees as if our life and
times were fruit
Ripened too quickly into rot and fallen on this stinking
spot
Tones of history ring here like a gong but the pitch is
bent and queer
Upon a beach of bones the iron orchid stands
And casts her cobalt gaze across the years

Mrs. Amelia Underwood, carry my heart in your hand
Jesus will shine on you brightly, into the hollow lands

Now the sky, a fiend of fire, the season's tears to
ancient wine
A ghostly blight from godless eyes, the howling flames
of our design
That I might live and mean it like the lion means to kill
In the lion all desire and prayer is one

Used to be time was upon us, carried our hearts on our
sleeves
Wearing the joy and the sorrow like beautiful fall
pained leaves
Mrs. Amelia Underwood, carry my heart in your hand
Jesus will shine on you brightly, into the hollow lands

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