

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "The Mountain"

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Red Bellows of flame have blackened my stones
Convulsing my frame and cracking my bones.
Hell's dragons of steel who roar in their chains
Crawl into my caves to suck out my veins.
I've split the sky ten million years
And I've been called a hunderd different names.
I know the stories of the wind,
I've argued with the thunder and the rain ...
Till eagles flew from Urizen
Revealing how my mother's
face was horribly changed
By the apes ...

Where once shepherds dined the diamond
worm screams.
The ash of my pine is choking my strams
"O-Yam-Tsu-Mi"* I invoke your name.

But "O-Yam-Tsu-Mi" lay broken and ill
By the plight and the pain of his mountains
and hills
By his waterfall weeps
Once again ...

* Ancient Japanese God of Mountains

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