

Bigod 20

"The Bog"

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Revealed, underlined in a sudden gust of wind
The profile of a man raises under the moon
Uncovered and tiny, overlooking the fen
Water meadowland and small shot for the ducks
He walks in the mud, moves aside the reeds
No clapping of wings, no motions around.
Just the singing wind in an ominous silence.

Chorus:

I'll take you down there (under the moon)

No presence of fowl, the fen is a desert
Said a man of poise with a drawling voice
The grounds are alive and the wind has dropped
The fen is awakened and follows the steps

Chorus

See how my tentacles got you under control
You're already caught in the palm of my hand
You're easy to swallow, I'm sucking your back
I'm taking your ankles -- You're back into the bog
I'm taking your legs...
I'm taking your knees

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