

## **Cormorant**

### **"Rain Follows The Plow"**

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"To Hell with Boston's urban sprawl,"  
said I to you, dear wife.  
"We'll hitch our wagon to the Western call,  
Give the children a better life.  
For what's now sand,  
with these hands,  
will become a garden."

The Sodom of the east behind us,  
rain will follow the plow.  
Heaven smiles upon us,  
for rain follows the plow.

I worked that land with all my worth,  
exposed the soil to the sky.  
The fields simply would not birth  
our crops of wheat and rye.  
Then I'd doubt that the drought  
would ever cede to showers.

Government deception  
that rain would follow the plow.  
May God shine grace upon us  
so rain may follow the plow.

Manifest Destiny: The railroad's tyranny.  
Cholera, a child's loss,  
husbandmen on the cross.

The American dream has died.

Now I kneel before your grave,  
monument to my mistakes.  
The soil that I toiled  
never gave, but now it takes.  
And I pray every day  
that with this gun I'll join you.

No manna from the heavens,  
no rain to follow the plow.  
This desert masks no Eden,  
no rain followed the plow.

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