

## Blackbird Raum "Witches"

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"And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my  
youth,  
— you see me now a pitiful old man who has done  
nothing,  
For the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is  
no  
Center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead"  
-Black Elk  
In others' mouths the scraping of rocks, who walk a  
rope  
Run along the ground Into the basket  
Whither the sky is fatted with ice, come as the earth  
grows  
Richer of blood - The doe is in season  
We pull our teeth out laying down in easy places we  
Thicken the air with talk but cover our eyes up with our  
hands  
They're shooting the wolves from helicopters can you  
believe that

Out in the wide world the wildest ones are vanishing  
quickly  
Out in the wood a passing of hours, in the jailhouse of  
limb  
A passing of years Into the casket  
I will not crouch polluted with law,  
No traitor to witch no traitor to wolf  
Judas Iscariot  
Now the white wool has twisted 'round the land,  
The cowering altar and matricide borne.  
The stones they are screaming  
I could call them men but they are not  
Men, faces like blood rags, yet  
Dressed to the fines.  
Chariots surround us  
But it won't be the  
Witches that are  
Burning this time

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