

## **Momus**

### **"Life Of The Fields"**

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Your eyes are flat, the city's hot  
Night falls over the barren system  
Leave the cracked city block  
Come back to the old religion  
Throw your seed behind the plough  
Throw your wine in the face of nothing

Feel the sea anemone  
Children play in the rockery garden  
We're all John Barleycorn  
We're all one in the old religion  
Meet me by the waving rye  
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons  
Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol  
Mustard seed and dandelion  
A time to live, a time to die  
Meet me in the waving leaves  
The question mark in the scarecrow summer  
Meet me out by the lemon trees  
Pull me down, and pump me dry

Lie back now and think of rain  
In the blossom of the willow  
Mastering the morning pain  
Gorgeous on your petal pillow  
Mustard seed and dandelion  
Treading wine for the old religion

The high priest and the artisan  
Piping at the gates of knowledge  
Saturnine as the hammer god  
Hammering, getting it on  
Meet me by the waving rye  
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

Gaelic runes and harvest moons  
Shinto dogs at the phallic symbol  
Mustard seed and dandelion  
A time to live, a time to die

Meet me in the waving summer  
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye  
Making out by the rhododendron  
Pull me down, and pump me dry

Lie back now and think of sorrow  
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye  
Mustard seed and dandelion  
A time to live, a time to die

Meet me in the waving leaves  
The question mark in the scarecrow's eye

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