

## **Legendary Shack Shakers, The "Agony Wagon"**

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What evil star burns bright my old flame  
And wilted my rose of Jericho  
Whose glare killed the prayer last parted from her lips  
And lit the path to churchyards untold?

The pitter and the patter of her dance once whirled  
away  
The eve like a dream of youthful bloom  
But now the iron clatter of my godforsaken woe  
Echoes ancient tones of shackled doom

Oh, I'll ride this agony wagon  
Forever to heaven or to hell  
I'll ride this agony wagon  
My bones are damned to roam these rusty rails  
Rusty rails

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What unholy haint rakes the devil's lyre  
And dumbs the din of joy bells in my soul  
Who in silent gloom arrives snapping thicket underfoot  
In moonless mist to light my carriage coals?

So into the shady dank of St. Jude's garden stairs  
East of the sun and west of the moon  
Where her secret crypt of nightshade is shut inside his  
mind  
Locked tighter than a toddler in a tomb

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