

## Of Bow And Drum

Adrian Belew

"Far away," said the matriarch,  
"I once heard from the tongue of a lark  
of golden days  
of bow and drum  
and of men who chased.  
Now they come in rags of greed,  
no regard for our dignity."

She began to dream  
and the wind did rage  
and the forest cried  
"Run away," she told him then,  
"Find a place to hide from them."

Far away from behind a tree  
came a sound to defy the peace  
and the son went down  
quietly in a pool of reeds

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