

III Omen

And Also The Trees

It's June and I see the woods,
The quiet pools,
The glades and blue hollows...
I saw the woods were wound with sorrow
So don't stop, clatter on,
But it says 'come on...come on'
As doors swing open it to lazy gardens,
'Come on...come on
This is love, don't go on.'
And I see the perfect wife,
I can almost smell her apple breath
And her milky dress...
She says 'come on...come on
This is love, don't go on.'

I swoon past the pearly rooms
In staggered roofs...
He waits for tomorrow,
I saw his lips were mouthing 'follow,
This is love, don't go on.'
But I scream-come on...come on
My iron horse, my train, my ghost companion
Come on...come on my iron horse clatter on.
And I feel its heart unwind
And pull me to its gleaming breast,
Its black flesh...
It says come on...come on,
Never stop clatter on.

The iron horse pumps its steam screaming
whistle.