

Beekeeper

Dessa

Here comes the beekeeper
With her pitcher full of smoke
She'll put us all to sleep
I hope it's dreamless and it's deep
Sweet Prometheus, come home
They took away our fire
And all that this scarcity promotes
Is desperate men and tyrants

What fine design
What hands
What minds
The envy of Eden
Our tools and our reason
It's clear in the animals eyes
We stand
Upright
Build fires
At night
Made on the sixth day
To rest on the seventh
And now we just try to survive

The surgeon and farmer meet
And each greets the other with a bow
They're kindred instruments, you know
The scalpel and the plow
In the shadow of the mountain
We work when work abounds
And we wear out all our prayers
When the work runs out

What fine design
What hands
What minds
The envy of Eden
Our tools and our reason
It's clear in the animals eyes
We stand
Upright
Build fires
At night
Made on the sixth day
To rest on the seventh
And now we just try to survive