

## Mud Grave

Mount Eerie

In the mud where rotting animals bloom  
Urban honking  
Echoes of someone hidden from sight saying  
"This was our home."

In the mud in the bed of the river at night  
Echoes, echoes  
In trains and traffic  
"This was our home."

Someone insistently stayed in this spot  
Lying and bragging  
The desperate promoters  
Cold and alone

In the mud, at the end of the unknown world  
All discovered  
All forgotten  
Cold and alone

And the white stag is looming  
Above its mud grave  
Shining, cursing  
Built on bones