

Lughnasa

Patrick Wolf

The sun hovers on the valleys tongue
To light a viaduct between mother and son
For you I the fern and forest clear
Nothing of worth unless you can remain here
The soil buckles, the beams begin to drum
My body too tired to by you rove on

What now to do with your land?
Yours to know when the heavenshard hits the sand
Be sure the purpose of your ritual
Without purpose you've no magic at all
Reach your hand where the sky and soil divide
Press your pulse when missing against mine

Now go find barley corn string and gut him good
But never halloo 'til you're out of the wood
Never halloo 'til you're out of the wood
Never halloo 'til you're out of the wood