

Exegetic Chains

The Mountain Goats

Look closely at the shadows
At the ground beneath the trees
The labors of Hercules

Wild grasses on the hills
Rippling in the wind
Cybele unchained

The songs you sing at Christmas time
The stories that you tell
Well I knew them well
Yes I knew them well

Say your prayers to whomever
You call out to in the night
Keep the chains tight
Make it through this year
If it kills you outright

The coins they toss at dancers
Whirling in the city square
Music on the air
The places where we met to share
Our secrets now and then
We will see them again

Change will come
Stay warm inside the ripple
Of the Panasonic hum
It grinds
And it roars
Headed somewhere better
If I have to crawl there on all fours

Say your prayers to whomever
You call out to in the night
Keep the chains tight
Make it through this year
If it kills us outright