

## The Legend Of Mucklow

### And Also The Trees

Waist high in the wild oats  
Goose-grass burrs on his old coat  
A knife tears through his throat.

Sunlight sparkles in the old stones by the wall  
Surprise in his eyes as he begins to fall  
Across his hand an ant crawls  
It's been a long time coming.

Himmancame  
Himmancame  
Bringemin now bringemin  
Himmancame  
throughthewheat himmancame

Seems a long time  
That the dawn's been coming  
Spreading down through the sky  
Reflected in his eyes  
And could it be  
That I can smell the blood on this breeze  
It's been a long time coming.

Himmancame  
Himmancame  
Bringemin now bringemin  
Himmancame  
throughthewheat now  
cutyou

It's been a long time coming.