

Fields Trilogy: B. Fields

Hammers of Misfortune

Sing us a song, a song called how did it all go wrong
Sing even though we haven't spoken for oh so long
Sing for tongues are encumbered by their own eyes
And weary of leering, twisting and winding from side to side

Pray give us fields with bountiful yields for the coming frost
Teach us to toil, the lore of the soil that we have lost
Spare us alas for our seasons have sown only great expectations
and rust
Only in labor and sun-beaten backs can we place our trust

Show us the field and weapons to wield for the coming war
Let us redress celestial sentence we've waited for
Trenches or furrows, soldier or harvester, sword or ploughshare
A field and a summer, one or another, we're buried there

Spin us a yarn of common place charm oh so far away
Rustic emotion, artless devotion, naiveté
Give us a game, the rules and the fools who refuse to play
Smash our defenses with endless editions of yesterday