

## 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