

This Old Dark Machine

James Vincent McMorrow

Spring it came upon us,
Every insect filled the air
Dropped their wings upon my brother,
Cast their shadows on his hair

If we follow where they're leading,
We will surely come before
Some unseen and wondrous magic
Made of visions to explore

Near the town where we were living
Lay an old abandoned farm
Every year we'd plant an orchid
In the shelter of its arm
To protect us from the madness
Of the future still to come
It will be like this forever
It will keep us safe from harm

Then they caught us in the summer
Dressed in father's finest clothes
You the hat he wore to market
I the jacket filled with holes

I've been searching all these hours
For a hand as pale as bone
That would keep the strongest sunlight
And reflect the brightest stone

Near the town where we were living
Was a warm and fragrant smell
Of that orchid we had planted
Now a forest tall and well
What a statue to our greatness
What a story all will tell
They'll remember us forever
They'll remember where we fell

This old dark machine, it shakes and it shudders
Pulls to the left, then dies near the gutter
But still in the road, the traffic is silent
The people they stare, and then they turn violent
If they should touch, the hem of your dress
I would rise like a lion, strike out again
The faithful they wait, the faithful they wait
By the sign

Near the town where we were living
Came a loud and joyous sound
As the earth and all her beauty
Picked us up from off the ground
Carried far across the mountain
To a kingdom never bound
We will live like this forever
I will love you
I will love you

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