

Masters Of The Field

Robert Wyatt

Up above gathered on a field of clouds. Crowded a lot down in the lowlands. Waiting for their time. Waiting and calling. Calling out for rain. To leave the skies down in the lowlands. Masters of the fields.

Wings wide set in the teeth of the wind. The old beasts feathered wild beasts. Masters of the fields.

Eagle dancers, wings that shape the wind. Carving the clouds into spirit. Sufis of the air.

Dervish dancers summoning the sun. To tint the mist down on the lowlands. Masters of the field.

Wings wide set in the teeth of the wind. The old beasts feathered wild beasts. Masters of the fields.