

Dark Dark Dark

The Mekons

The twisted trees sing
Dark, dark, dark
Broken branches hidden
Far down below

The trees stare back
And we burn in smoke
Reflecting in the water like ghosts
Drifting this way and that

Far down below
Dark, dark, dark

The chrysalis falls spun silk unwinding
A soft pillow of earth
Standing over each blade of grass
Telling it to grow
I'll spread my wings
For the man who had to know

A marriage of angels and sinners
Science and religion
Looking for proof
And some faith in you
Far down below
Dark, dark, dark

High-flying donkeys
Have gone astray
Satan's longing
Is here to stay

The twisted trees sing
Dark, dark, dark

Standing over each blade of grass
Telling it to grow
Far down below
Dark, dark, dark
We'll spread our wings
For the man who had to know
Far down below
Dark, dark, dark