

## 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