

Birth of Serpents

The Mountain Goats

Let the camera pull back till the fullness of the frame is clear and plain
Peer into the screen until you see it all like a vision in a crystal ball
Let it all fill with smoke
Is this somebody's idea of a joke?

Let the fixer work until the silver's washed away
And take the picture from the tray
Look hard at what you see and then remember you and me
And let the truth spring free
Like a jack-in the box
Like a hundred-thousand cuckoo clocks
From the Oregon corners to the Iowa corn

To the rooms with the heat lamps where the snakes get born

Crawl through the tunnel and follow, follow the light north west
See that young man who dwells inside his body like an uninvited guest
See the tunnel twist
Clutch your birth rite in your fist
Let the camera do its dirty work down there in the dark
Sink low, rise high, bring back some blurry pictures to remember all your darker moments by
Permanent bruises on our knees
Never forget what it felt like to live in rooms like these
From the California coastline to the Iowa corn
To the rooms with the heat lamps where the snakes get born