

Quetzalcoatl Comes Through

The Mountain Goats

he came spitting fire
on a day like no other
tried to hold you near to me
i heard him passing over
he made a banquet for the stray dogs of the air
he put our love in clear perspective

blue, red and green plumage
trailing behind him now
swaddling the sky in its aftermath
the last day coming down
he made a banquet for the stray dogs of the air
he put our love in clear perspective
rising, rising, rising, rising