

Mike Scott, Song From The End Of The World

Here is the smell of seafood pie
a broken tower on the open sky
a chain of islands rolling west
in sight of the house where we are guests

A rambling old river twists through the fields
ancient names imprinted on shields
Gifts arrive for a baby girl
born a queen at the end of the world

Furious music from an open door
The sound of feet beating on a stone floor
Always the wind, always the form
of an Elder God, hooved and horned

The head of the mountain lost in a cloud
a country woman, soft and proud
Into the bay the horses swirl
for we come to the sea at the end of the world