In the deep dark woods

Words: Ian and Luke
Music: Luke

In the deep dark woods
There's a bat on a tree
Looking at me looking at me
He's not a bat he's an archetype
Is that a pipistrelle ?
No it's a myth

In the deep dark woods
There's a bee on a leaf
Trembling thief trembling thief
She's not a bee where's her honeycomb?
Is she a bumblebee?
No she's a song

In the deep dark sky
There's a bird on the wing
Yearning to sing circling
It's not a bird it's a metaphor
Is it a nightingale?
No it's a psalm

In the dark deep stream
There's a fish on the rise
Scales on her eyes scales on her eyes
She's not a fish she's a simile
She could be made of gold
She's like a coin

When you step into the woods
There's a way through the trees
To a place were the clock strikes evening
And your childhood fears
Yes your childhood fears
Creep out of your pocket and grin
Etchings on the bark
Scratchings on the floor
An animal cry

In a deep deep sleep
There's a dream in your head
You could be dead you could be dead
That's not a dream it's a memory
But it's not happened yet
Just wait and see

In the deep dark ground
There's a worm on the turn
What have I learned? What have I learned?
It's not a worm it's an ancient tale
Who is it turning for?
It must be me