

Postcard From Copper Falls

(2001-2018)

To listen or download this “Demo” in progress, left click on photo below
(scroll past photo of our intrepid guitarist serenading Lake Superior for the lyrics)



Indian summer's a flame blue-clear when it calls from Copper Falls
Singein' gold leaves on October trees
Splashed over greenstone piles and fallen homes
Into catacombs where miners drilled and blasted
Around bright red veins of light so far from our sight

I see a ghost town burnin' its pale fire upon the hill
I hear a lost soul turnin' over in his grave beneath this fill
We climb the poor rock mountain hand in hand out of the fog
With Mary's dog tracking our daybreak shadows
Taller than the evergreens bent by this breeze
Euphoria can scorch the heart of a buried cavern till it burns from tears that glow
On a tin-typed stream autumn colours flow

Keweenaw current tugs strong and deep when it strays from Great Sand Bay
Pluckin' that lode in float copper code till natural conduction takes wing
Feel Owl Creek sing billion year old electromagnetic wisdom
Mined at high midnight under auroral flight

I saw a comet's tail glow late that winter in the sky
Hyakutake beside Polaris in the cold moonlight
When we left Dad's funeral I felt I nearly could have drowned
In the sound of silver troutstreams trickling where we once fished
His favorite wish
Dead blinding booms can plumb the depths of a mining tunnel
Till it tolls through ancient tombs
Down a submerged stream the fall goes rushing unseen
Unseen

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