

It's A-Coming

Natalie Merchant

It's a-coming.

Wild fires, dying lakes,
landslides, hurricanes,
apocalypse in store
like nothing ever seen before.

It's a-coming.

Third-generation refugees,
street mob burning effigies,
revolution, civil war
like nothing ever seen before.

It's a-coming.

Pale-horse rider come,
blistered by the morning sun,
tell about what he can see,
crystal ball of mercury.

It's a-coming. It's gonna come.

Jungle slashed and jungle burned,
the monkeys and the painted birds
climb the vines, the limbs and leaves,
the lungs that let the whole world breathe.

It's a-coming.

All the ones that failed to thrive,
starved out and buried alive,
something evil, something free,
calamity.

It's gonna come.

Space Race, the old Cold War,
atom bomb was gonna settle the score.

You wait and see. It's a long time coming
but it's a-coming. It's gonna come.

Third-generation refugees,
street mob burning effigies,
revolution, civil war
like nothing ever seen before.

Like nothing ever seen before.