

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

### The Field

Par La Dispute

*Album : No One Was Driving the Car*

Carried off by boredom from the deer blind  
Followed older brothers footsteps  
Through the thick brush in behind him slow  
Approaching where the forest broke  
Saw him standing at the tree line  
Hunter orange distorted in the boughs of pines between us in the woods  
Where I stood now in my hand-me-downs in the cold  
The same ones my uncle wore in that framed page from the press  
Both of them up north above dad's desk  
A couple years after their father's death and his brother left  
Stood and watched him scan the open field with his rifle scope  
About a mile deep twice as wide at least  
To where we could see military netting draped across the canopy of trees  
Tried to keep up where he walked on  
There appeared to be some compound on the far side of the clear-cut  
We knew the rumors of militia grounds in the north heard on our radios  
Locals poaching does talk in voices down by the bait piles on the ridge

And father waited patient eyeing deer sign from his blind by the lake and I

On the other side of it, kept on walking through the field

To find my brother standing posed

With his gaze locked in the ground down in a pit

Scattered with carcasses skin on their bones

Dried skulls sawed for the antlers of the dead

Like some portal to nowhere now for forever

And no time I watched trancelike with the vultures overhead

Heard his boots in the grass again, the fading of footsteps away

Knew he was walking off to the compound up ahead

And I knew I had to break from the trance

Follow fast in that direction or I'd never find a way to close the gap

That if I stared down in the corpses there transfixed

He would go that way forever

And I would stay here staring downward and I did