

Romance Valley

Hammers of Misfortune

Someone call the water
It's freezing up the spokes
Like any deal or device
It worked until it broke
Whistle past the graveyard
Where the river runs uphill
Let us juice the roundheels
No ink is gonna spill

Your insiders - Newborn spiders
Starve the sentry - Clear re-entry

Thoroughbreds who should be dead
Run faster 'round the track
All the swans down at the pond
Are turning turning black

Crumpled up and sodden
Receipts upon the floor
Trodden on and trampled in
The stampede to the door
Dance between the raindrops
And cue the violins
All the river-boaters know
The killer always wins