

In some forgettable rhyme
We crawled across the border line
We kissed the enemy till
I thought we traveled out of time

You couldn't have heard me speak
There was, so it did seem, I say
A fog so heavy that I
Could not tell if it was night or day
Hand over all water
You know that means business
Scum

Under the stone
We find the scum
Under the stars
We find the scum

I thought a beautiful thing
A fire was lit within my mind
On ruby hummingbird wings
Went shivering up and down my spine

The water that quit our thirst
Was not from earthly vineyards mined
And then we drunkenly sailed
The gutter of our invisible shrines