

Waves of Grain

Two Gallants

Who has betrayed the deceased?
Such an infamous freedom, such a militant peace.
How dare they distrust.
Do they know who we are?
Your progeny's brave, their tract house waiting, pre-plucked and pre-paved:
To the ends of the earth, sweet salvations scar.
But oh no I see them falling.

Let's all pray for rain.
And your children are reared by panic and fear.
But what when your fields are all rotten,
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?
Your work is yet done: inbreed us all 'till we're all the same.
Your collection of tongues you keep framed in parlor with your bibles
and guns,
the fetus of christ with a fistful of scars.
And your vision is clear while you blind your own kind behind a curtain
of fear,
your words twisted skywards distracted by mars.

But oh no the sky is falling.
Let's all pray for rain.
You pour out your prayers and weep 'cause you care.
But what when all your fields are rotten,
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?
And you hide the dead while my friends head to die in your name.
"This playground is yours," spoke god when you met behind closed doors,
"Gesture your hands and the pawns shall subside."
And though you play alone, you never get lonely, you never get bored.

Who needs a friend when God's on your side?

But oh no I see them falling.
Let's all pray for rain.
And ever I can't pretend we're not near the end.
But what when all your fields are rotten,
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?
When your days are done, I hope you've had fun with your game.
And it was written as fact: Behold a white horse with you on its back,
a long dozen.
Arrows locked in your stare.
And the oceans shall rise up and slap of the shores of mountain sides
.
Great waves of progress shall wet the air.

But oh no the sky is falling.
Let's all pray for rain.
And you fools in the back with your heads in your hat,
what when all your fields are rotten,
your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?

And my words won't be done,
They'll never be done 'till the end.