

Cruel

Calexico

Cruel, cruel grounds
Leak truths never found
Torturous ways whisper from the grave
A slow spun song of distortion Bitter, bitter mouth
Oh, spitin' out seeds of doubt
Rituals seek root, razed before they're told
Stories break like branches in the cold Seasons trial finds man's mistakes fair game Careless hand
Lay and law of the land
Falls by the side, silenced sentient cries
All within the lines of divine right Better bury the tracks in an unclosed case
Weeds of discontent choke a broken ghost landscape Cruel, heartless reign, chasing short term gains
Right down to the warning signs
Birds refuse to fly, no longer trust the sky
Drifting out beyond the signals Even the horizon is gone, weather flees underground
Future's left to wallow in fortune's waste

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