

# Blood in the Orchard

**Bobby Long**

smoke's flowing from the musty pit, with the breakers low  
and swelling coming from the orchard,  
we're losing him with all your woe, from the glory you have stolen  
and his that you have changed  
you may think that no one knows  
but your mother's gonna reap and then she'll sow you're not a duty of mine, you're there to walk your own line  
I'm gonna tell people I know  
someway you've been altered  
I see the blood flow red down in the orchard the trees are bound with oil and rags  
the fruit lies bitten and eaten on the damp floor  
the wings of birds have been clipped and picked  
to save themselves from carrying him away  
is this a glimpse of your troubled mind  
into the barren mist of murder and seduction

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