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 sowyou'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 orchardthe 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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