Score From Augusta

Beulah

Aah Aah

The room wallpapered with pages of your letters that you once sent (you once sent)
And wrestled with their bodies that wash like untamed rivers against your shore (against your shore)
And armies wait in their secret places that gently twist around your bed

The south will be spared
Bullets flying fast from her eyes
With Confederate fire

Aah Aah

They etch our names in candles
They're heart-shaped and they flicker
Inside our chests (in our chests)
And ghosts of our brethren
Speak tales which are hidden
Much like ours (much like ours)
Of brothers fighting
Of holy fields
Where their new loves come
And their old loves go

And they just wilt
Like Spanish moss with dew in their eyes
Tears for our Lord
And for the ones he spares
When they've lost their way it's off-off-off with their heads

And the whores he loves
And the lepers he claims that he can cure
Can not compete
With those humid summer days that we would share

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