

Peacock Skeleton With Crooked Feathers

The Blood Brothers

If the sea shakes like an empty maraca
I know [x4]
and she falls in love with the sounds of ships sinking?
I know [x4] Which peacock is beast? Which peacock is priest?
If the heavens part and nobody, nowhere, nothing,
every apartment is vacant, every home for rent?
Hey Peacock?
What's that?
I just want to know what your feathers are made out of.
Is it bruises or roses or cradles or coffins? (It's all those!)
Which peacock is beast? Which peacock is priest?
If your friends are all cripple, all wither, all wilt,
I know [x4]
and you smile at their pain on your angel bone stilts.
I know [x4]
Which peacock is beast? Which peacock is priest? If the brick you throw puts a bullet in your skull
and a police boot lands atop your gaping jaw?
Hey Peacock?
What's that?
I just wanna know what the babies mouth is full of.
Is it flies or cries or straw?
Which peacock is beast? Which peacock is priest?
Which peacock's police? Which peacock is thief? If machine guns come knock, knock, knocking
Who's cashing out your bad luck?
If wedding bells sound like death knells baby
is a wealthy groom worth all this gloom?
If tuxedos slither off corpses
and copulate wild on wedding cake
and the priest starts snapping photos?
There's a peacock on your shoulder
pole dancing around your neck
while reciting the Book of Revelation. So who do you love?
Who do you trust when your friends take a match to your front lawn?
A panicked face makes the peacock proud.
So who do you love? Who do you trust?
Who do you kill when your senator drags out your first born?
A panicked face makes the peacock proud. If the forests turn to static and the gnarled branches, too?
I know [x4]
Your body starts to fall into a concrete tutu?

I know [x4]
which peacock is beast? which peacock is priest? If you strike for better wages at the cola factory
and they drink champagne as they kick in your teeth?
Hey Peacock?
What's that?
I just wanna know what his blood tasted like.
Was it like sugar or vinegar or whiskey or dirt? (It's all those!)

Which peacock is beast? Which peacock is priest? If machine guns come knock, knock, knocking
Who's cashing out your bad luck?
If wedding bells sound like death knells baby
is a wealthy groom worth all this gloom?
If tuxedos slither off corpses
and copulate wild on wedding cake
and the priest starts snapping photos?
There's a peacock on your shoulder
pole dancing around your neck
while reciting the Book of Revelation. Things are never what they seem, the peacock's static melodies.

The peacock spreads its crooked feathers. [x4] So who do you love?
Who do you trust when your friends take a match to your front lawn?
A panicked face makes the peacock proud.
So who do you love? Who do you trust?
Who do you kill when your senator drags out your first born?
A panicked face makes the peacock proud.

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