

Virus Meadow

And Also the Trees

Rattled chime, slow ringing echo
Roll around in virus meadow
Suck enchanted nightshade twine
Hear the bells beneath us chime
Sinking sermon, priest head murmurs
Holy words across the meadows
Kissed the plagues' black rolling hand
Through his lips the virus sang
And the rooks, they seemed to follow him
Wherever he goes
Flapping in the flat sky
Shrieking in the spire
Hanging from the lead sky
Dangling from the sun
The rooks, they seemed to follow him
Wherever he goes
Nodding thistle, english sun dew
Swansneck woman, child-bed meadow
Aching shoulders sink and grow
As the bells from ditches toll
And the smeared skin wrapped limbs
Of the night brothers
Struggling.... crawling
Through the empty crack of morning
Of the night brothers...
Of the night brothers....

If you find some major mistakes, or simply wanna chat with
a licensed die-hard Trees-head, just mail me.....
Slow Pulse Ulisse

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