

Vincent Crane

And Also The Trees

It was late afternoon
She sat watching never come to Vincent Crane
Under the wet weather swollen door
Never came
She pressed her knee up
Underneath the wooden table
As in her midriff
Dread flutters like the thread of love or pain
There was a bowl of fruit
Shrinking on the table by a rusty spoon
Over the mist weary distant hills
Never came
Through piles of wrecked cars
>From the stagnant pools of water
>From the abattoir flies
That swarm leech and crawl in Clamour Lane
She walked towards the door
Pushed it open and stood behind Vincent Crane
He leaned back and locked his arms around her
Thin awkward legs
They watched the sunlight
Slide in cold squares across the walls

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