

Petersburg, Liberty Theater, 1914

Swan Lake

If when you call she comes for you: give your all, boy...
we shot the holes in the portable well:
and that's why your boyfriend tracked us
in the wastes that the demons of hell avoid as the road bends
and the pity of woman is the seed of our sainthood:
born from a slack din done blasted
done, by the archangel's light, "I hate your new boyfriend!"
we sow the songs the earth bears our wrong our pales wrongs all along!

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