

# Black Sky

[Sam Phillips](#)

The trees are listening  
Each time a missile's made  
They hide three mystics  
The earth sends from her grave To tell us the future has been stolen away  
By diggers, drillers and sellers  
We won't stop till we're underneath the black sky He took my picture  
In the cemetery sun  
My body was tempted  
To crumble into one Reunion of dust until creation's done  
Returning ashes to ashes  
We won't stop till we're underneath the black sky La, la, la  
La, la, la  
La, la, la The commerce the intrigue  
Self-slaughtered souls  
Cry out to dead poor men  
For a drink at the water hole Their tongues will burn dry  
As the day they were sold for forests  
Raped into deserts  
We won't stop till we're underneath the black sky La, la, la  
La, la, la  
La, la, la  
...

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