Black Sky

Sam Phillips

The trees are listening
Each time a missile's made
They hide three mystics
The earth sends from her graveTo tell us the future has been stolen away
By diggers, drillers and sellers
We won't stop till we're underneath the black skyHe took my picture
In the cemetery sun
My body was tempted
To crumble into oneReunion of dust until creation's done
Returning ashes to ashes
We won't stop till we're underneath the black skyLa, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, laThe commerce the intrigue
Self-slaughtered souls
Cry out to dead poor men
For a drink at the water holeTheir 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 skyLa, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la
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