

Fallen Peaches

The Handsome Family

We came down a black dirt hill
Between the rows of blooming peaches
And we scattered leaping fawns
As we fell into the ditches

Ahead of me ran Jackson
Who took a bullet to the chest
And beneath the swaying peaches
Jackson slowly bled to death

But as his green eyes dimmed
I saw a fiery mist
Drift softly to the clouds
From between his cold blue lips

Now my eyes were open
I stood up between the guns
I saw trails of smoke and fire
Flying everywhere I looked

Like hands of glowing light
Trailing up from fallen peaches
And around the running fawns
Leaping through the branches

Across the corpses on the hills
The sunset spread her flames
And her glowing fingers held me
As she dug my shallow grave