

## Score From Augusta

Beulah

Aah Aah

The room wallpapered with pages of your letters that you once sent (you once sent)  
And wrestled with their bodies that wash like untamed rivers against your shore (against your shore)  
And armies wait in their secret places that gently twist around your bed

The south will be spared  
Bullets flying fast from her eyes  
With Confederate fire

Aah Aah

They etch our names in candles  
They're heart-shaped and they flicker  
Inside our chests (in our chests)  
And ghosts of our brethren  
Speak tales which are hidden  
Much like ours (much like ours)  
Of brothers fighting  
Of holy fields  
Where their new loves come  
And their old loves go

And they just wilt  
Like Spanish moss with dew in their eyes  
Tears for our Lord  
And for the ones he spares  
When they've lost their way it's off-off-off with their heads

And the whores he loves  
And the lepers he claims that he can cure  
Can not compete  
With those humid summer days that we would share