

Salem Sisters

Black Country, New Road

Salad days aren't balanced
Laughter from below
As the conversations flow
And the bark that I traced
For to reach my final place
Estranges me

Happily
There's no use fearing what you said
In a tree
It's all just the fuel on fire
The fire beneath
In time I'll waste you anyway
Bites at me

Quail thighs
Grilled on both sides
There's a young man holding tongs
As the party sings along

To the song that I wrote
Of a pharaoh on a boat

But between the howls lie whispers
They hum like faint transistors
And conspire to light the cinders
Burn the tree for all to witness
Curtains for a Salem sister

Happily
We heard you on the radio
Up a tree
You're trapped right above the pyre
As the fire beneath
Just pray the rain will come to pass
Creeps up to me
Oh, as the leaves
There's no use fearing what you said
Bend and breathe
It's all just the fuel on fire
Ain't it plain to see
In time, I'll waste you anyway
Oh yeah, that's what summer is for