

Diamond Mine

Hop Along

Waxen nun in her bed
"I had to do it!" She said
If you let a child
Be a child, you ain't
Doing her no favors in the end
Which brings us to her portrait
The photograph
Of the orphan they ripped
In half
And left what was left
In the forest a hell
Of which there is
No name

Most love comes around
Second hand
It's a starving age, better take
Take what you can and
Maybe you've been orphaned
Unforgivably, if so, I bet you know
Of some traditional wretch you left
To catch her death out in the snow
So

Unhappy child
Flash me your
Rottweiler smile
Don't let no
Modern kind of love bring you down
There's plenty of
Decent tail in this town
Did you grow up in a trailer park
Did you grow up
In an immaculate and humorless place
Where the holy spirit, when you came crawling in
Turned away from his face

There are some parents
Whose children long for divorce
Now that you've buried your head
In this time
Where dust sharp and fine
Rises from the mouth
Of the diamond mine
Where hungry pickaxes tear at the rind
And cut men up from the inside

Oh gun toting urchin
What do you need
Of it's nothing
She ain't coming
Back to me

Marrow knowing orphan
What can I bring
Oh it's nothing
He already took

Everything