

## Deep Red Bells

Into It. Over It.

He led you to this hiding place  
His lightning threats spun silver tongues  
The red bells beckon you to ride  
A handprint on the driver's side  
It looks a lot like engine oil  
And tastes like being poor and small  
And popsicles in the summer

Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done

It always has to come to this  
Red bells ring this tragic gun  
Lost sight of the overpass  
The daylight won't remember her  
When speckled fronds raise round your bones  
Who took the time to fold your clothes  
And shook the Valley of the Shadow?

Deep red bells, deep as I've been done

Where does this mean world cast its cold eye?  
Who's left to suffer long about you?  
Does your soul cast about like an old paper bag  
Past empty lots and early graves?  
Those like you who lost their way  
Murdered on the interstate  
While the red bells rang like thunder

Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done