

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
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