

Circles In Red Dirt

Jarboe

Now Michel was a man
He rode his horse high
A knife in his hand
Cold rain in his eyes
A knife in his hand
He curses the sky

Come woman come woman
Out from the deep
Take the knife from my hand
Make your love to me
We leave blood in the sand
As we swim in the sea

Take a branch from the tree
Draw circles in red dirt
A branch from the tree
A stick from the ground
A stone from the deep
Draw circles in red dirt

"Cold rain in my eyes,
A knife in her hand
We draw circles in red dirt
And curse the land"

In her red velvet
She holds her cigar
Looks in the mirror
Drinks blood rum
Chants in the mirror
As smoke fills her face

We light the candles
Send them out to sea
Light the candles
Send them out to sea
In silent boats
We send them out to sea

Take a branch from the tree
Draw circles in red dirt
A branch from the tree
A stick from the ground
A stone from the sea
Draw circles in red dirt

Now Michel was a man
He rode his horse high
A knife in his hand,
cold rain in his eyes
A knife in his hand,
he curses the sky

Come woman come woman
Come out from the sea
You took the knife from my hand

And you made love to me
You left my blood in the sand
As I sink to this deep.

Eshu Eshu
Eshu Eshu
Eshu