

## 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