

Thistledown Tears

Jeffrey Foucault

Take me down to the bottom land
Good as any and we'll make our stand
Hide our money in the bucket of the well
Keep your head down low it's blowing like hell
Reverend said it's a Judgement Day
Land turned to dust where it used to be clay
There's a darkness coming and it's well past dawn
Roomful of candles and the lights all gone

So don't cry your thistledown tears
Blood and water both run clear
The time to wrestle the angel is here
And the night is quickly passing

Hymn songs drumming the dusk of the rooms
Glory go marching in the thread of a tune
Light up your lanterns and lay down your cares
Saint John he's riding the four white mares

(Ref)

Churchbells ringing in the pounding wind
Ringing the dead men to rise up again
There's dust comin' in at foot of the door
The moon and the tide and the earthly shore
The pull and the spin of a timed out reel
Hearts made of flint and words made of steel
The wind comes down off the Texas plain
Abel's calling to raise up cane

(Ref)

The dawn rolls under the fenceline wires
Oily and cold but breathing of fire
The cock he's crowing the daylight of dreams
For Judas and mercy and every in between
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(Ref)