

Year Of Our Lord

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

They'd been watching the farmhouse for a while, maybe all day. Every so often those young and fit and desert-hardened. They were large and where they lived and they had no farm teachings from white men or Mexicans, except for one thing: they hated the Mexicans more than the white men because of their cruelty. They had learned cruelty from the Mexicans very well in return.

The smoke from the mudhouse curled up into the sky like an albino snake. The two young men watched and counted the white men down in the farmyard. A tall man and two shorter ones, maybe his sons. A woman would occasionally come out from the shack, get water from the well in the front yard and carry it back inside. A small child would be with her.

The men watching on the rim had no calendars so they didn't know the date. 12th of June, year of our lord, 1854.

But one thing they did know, about an hour away were the rest of their party. Eight men, all armed, running smoothly and trackless over the rocks, one of the watchers moved away to tell the main party of what they had seen; the raid was about to start.