

## Poisoning the Well

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Jilted tongues  
In sorrow sleep  
Leaving long hard words  
To lie in deep

Follow home  
The awful truth  
Feel the silent loss  
Of guileless youth

A dead man walks  
A crowded street  
Into the place the grand  
Assembly meets

Guilty hands  
Stitched on their mouths  
And arrowed fingers aim  
To point you out

Oh, strain to tell  
Sound the mission bell  
The magistrate  
Is poisoning the well

Innocent blood  
Has stained the tree  
Heads in sorrow hang  
While walking free

Seven days  
Beneath the storm  
The bottle washed up on  
A desert shore

Oh, strain to tell  
Sound the mission bell  
The magistrate  
Is poisoning the well