

Gone is the garden, stalks rot dry
Gone are the children whom we learned to water
And all the chicks died at dawn
Starving in a feather pile of their dead mother

New milk is draining; soft curd draws
Within the muslin cloth we hung to filter
And all the cows died in line
Stretching the electric fence to the open pasture

Nobody can tell, nobody can tell
Nobody can tell, nobody can tell
Make love with yourself
The body can't tell
Nobody can tell, nobody can tell

Cradled in his hand, a flame glows
Inside the hay loft, he climbs up the ladder
And all the bats died at once
Fighting in a burning pile of the boy's wonder

There is a lesson, careless eyes
Prying the fruit out from behind the story
And all the kids lost their sight
Clutching at their bellyaches from the poison berries

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