

Fat of the Ram

SubRosa

I live in a place where the horizon rises up to meet the sky
And a dead lake lies fallow underneath a burning sun
In the houses people dream what life would be like without a t
ally

In the houses people dream what life would be like shadowless

Cities by dead lakes and million miles of barbed wire
Come to the altar and lay down your numb consecration
Sorrow, desolation

There's never shelter for me in the halls of the righteous
All preserved corpses and mummified dancers

They are all gentlemen
They only kill by common consent

Everywhere I look all I see is famine
A famine of form instead of feeling
Everywhere I look all I see are blanched bones
And a loud starvation that drowns out the cries of the holy

There's no shelter for me in the halls of the righteous
They're too busy anointing themselves in their finest

After all, they're gentlemen
They only kill by common consent
They are all gentlemen
They only kill by common consent

She stands like statue of a deer in the moonlight
Listening to the sound of a faraway band only she can hear
The wind pours down the canyons to the lakeshore
And the ancient trumpets cry

Mute applause and no perception
No perception of these mountains upon mountains