

Into the Ink

The Jezebels

It calls the Victorian lady back from the dead.
She rises from the cold ground
And enters through the door as a draught
To you and I

If you and I could ever, ever go back,
We'd see her on the other side of a dusty frame,
Running through the field, pale of salt water in hand.

She races through closed and open shutters,
In search of lovely little ones,
The ones your hearts with,
The ones you love.
They asked for her to come.

They asked the man in the bright red suit
And wrote it on their list, too,
But never would he hear them,
Through all the snow.

And despite being hung on the walls
Of all the ocean liners the Queen herself
Could not get the water to put the fire out.

And when I call you won't come running,
Now a dark spectre to me.
No returning in white chariot.
Frozen teardrops fall and melt into the ink.

Oh, the dust is falling heavy out on the hills,
My portrait and my windowsill.
We'd kiss but we are made of clay.

You loved me most when love was young.
Now, even the setting sun
We dance beneath is made of clay.

The dust falls heavy on the hill.
My portrait is my windowsill.
And out come the little ones with burning, flailing arms.
Take up your drumsticks and
Batter my heart like an antique tom.

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