A Crow's Trial

Vane Lily

Guests line up to leave their moldy bedrooms
In a dimly lit, moonlit motel
The turtles are dancing with raccoons
A zombie joins but gets a firm "no thank you"

The mannequin's calling for a taxi
With a fee of twenty-thousand yen
A familiar voice cries out to me
A feathered creature I have never seen

The crow offers me a smoke
He says, "It'll take you for a joyride"
No, sir, I think I'd rather choke
Oh, I'll be fine
"You're in a web of lies"

On a busy street you'll see the city folk
Run at the mercy of the singing crows
The raven ponders if he enjoys the gore
While he takes the frontal lobe and eats some more
Little miss, don't sit, come join the fun!
We've only got twelve hours 'til the party's done
Paramnesia rules this world
So fake a smile
Take a shot, some scotch
And wait until your trial

Crows line up to greet the local mushrooms
Sticking fliers on their spotted head
The turtles are eating the raccoons
A zombie sits alone and cries "I hate you"

The mannequin's calling for a taxi
For a crow who knows we have a deal
A familiar voice cries out to me
A feathered creature, and he's come to see me

The crow offers me a smoke
He says, "It'll help you kill the third eye"
My, my, you think this is a joke?
"I swear, it's fine!"
He's in a web of lies

The clocks take shots as the dolls relax under the morning sky
They wonder if time would still proceed if they were to die

The devil's work life, suffice to say, is comedy at best
He wonders if there will come a time when he can leave the nest

In a burning town around inferno's court
The crows are laughing with a glass of port
The woman ponders if she enjoys the gore
Still, she takes the devil's heart and eats some more

"Little miss, this isn't the deal we had!"
Oh, did I mess it up?
I guess it's just too bad

Paramnesia rules this world
So fake a smile
Take a shot, some scotch
I'll see you at your trial

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