

And Also The Trees, Scarlet Arch (W: S H Jones)

Lie in the pale summer heat
Find a clock as it ticks
Oh, to never sleep
But the clock ticks so loud
Like the cracking of whips
Till the sun slowly heaves
>From the blood hungry land
To its heaven of blue
Run, through the dust and the stones
Like a stream as it flows
Through the kingdom of peace
But a beast roamed his head
Like the aching of guilt
As it bakes in the heat
As its swollen tongue speaks
Robs the old of their breath
Hang beneath dawns scarlet arch
Where the wind ever moans
Like the slaveship it drifts