

Hitchcock Robyn, Acid Bird

Sucking on a tap that never dries,
could you take it right between your eyes?
Bending blood, bending blood,
the father stood, the fathers hood.
Like shadows of an acid bird,
that etched her way across the field,
so long ago.

Walking through the field in the summer weeks,
look at all the creatures round your feet.
Pumping blood, pumping blood,
the mother gave, the mother saves,
White ointment of an acid kiss,
that burned upon the lips she gave you,
so long ago, so long ago.

Fun in the sun, locked in the blood stream,
shallow bodies writhing on the grass.
Fun in the sun, hair in the slip stream,
tadpoles shooting through a hollow glass.

Cutting out a silhouette between,
everything is older than it seems,
son of blood, son of blood,
the baby shakes, the baby snakes,
who crawled across the acid ring
and flicker from your corpuscles,
one sunny day, one sunny day,
Fun in the sun, everyone knows it,
we could be as mellow as the hay.
Fun in the sun, everyone blows it,
they grow up and instantly decay.
Like shadows of an acid bird
that etched her way across the field
so long ago.