

Agents Of Oblivion, Slave Riot

long ago i kissed her skull
sunbleached and beautiful
slick-wet with diesel fuel
we'll watch the midnight movie
painted with the sky
bleeding white butterflies
after surfacing from the mirror
(where the rabbits lead us)
woman shaking death from her hair
i swear the wind sounded like spirits voicing all the things that tortured them
(when they were men)
the fire light was an offering to the god
that runs through the bark of the trees, i believe
like the sky above me
we won't live to see it end
now lets not pretend
that it could've been
(any other way)
long and slow i kissed her skull
sunbleached and beautiful
slick-wet with diesel fuel
we'll watch the midnight movie
painted with the sky
bleeding white butterflies
older ghosts than you and me
listen to the whispering
whisper to the listening
the old grey ghost and i
whisper to the listening sky
by the gods above us
we won't live to see it end
now let's not pretend
that it could've been
(any other way)
bleeding white butterflies
long and slow i kissed her skull