

Apostle Of Hustle, Song For Lorca

The line of her headband
into the night of her ears
the fountain of hair between those lips

drink it before it's not pure anymore
drink it before it's not pure anymore

Gypsy won't have anything with her
she said the line in her hand is too new
and he'll come from across the water

Well his victory comes slow but true
victory comes slow
victory comes slow but true
victory comes slow

I
Death in Seville

The moon's coming in for the kill

Death in Seville

The moon's coming in for the kill

Sunrise attacking a finger
she writes a word in the sand
so green
so fast
so good

poetry came true this time
poetry came true
poetry came true this time
poetry came true

We're blind
Death in Seville