

# Calexico, Cruel

Cruel, cruel grounds  
Leak truths never found  
Torturous ways  
Whisper from the grave  
A slow spun song of distortion

Bitter, bitter mouth  
Spitin' out seeds of doubt  
Rituals seek root  
Razed before they're told  
Stories break like branches in the cold

Seasons trial finds man's mistakes fair game

Careless hand  
Lay and law of the land  
Falls by the side  
Silenced sentient cries  
All within the lines of divine right

Better bury the tracks in an unclosed case  
Weeds of discontent choke a broken ghost landscape

Cruel, heartless reign  
Chasing short term gains  
Right down to the warning signs

Birds refuse to fly  
No longer trust the sky  
Drifting out beyond the signals

Even the horizon is gone  
Weather flees underground  
Future's left to wallow in fortune's waste