

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