

Captain Beefheart, The Host The Ghost The Mos

Why, not even a rustler'd have anything to do
with this branded bum steer world
this pirate flag headlong disaster course vessel
misguided charted this nautical numbskull hull
sink in silence smoke - blow your chest out in hope
sits spread-eagle on poor men
piled high on truth mountain - last link in clarity's chain
you'll not be thrown but dive and sink
your pockets filled with earthly burdens
when they could be filled with light and back with wings
the sky is dark in daytime
and still the blackbird's beauty lyrics clean
sing ye brothers and end this miserable thing
and brush the dark sky in light
and let the moon bell crack and ring
upon the mast of mercy
for she is a beautiful thing
I watched her cut with clarity
the sea of Satan's red rolling water
that stung my eyes with vile vile brine
and clung to the vine that choked Mary's only Son
God in vain to slaughter
I can't darken your dark cross door no more
the light lovely one with the nothing door
and oh that pours life water