

Frightened Rabbit, Backyard Skulls

All our secrets are smothered by dirt, underneath paving stones
Lying, waiting to be told
Some stay hidden, while some get found
Like a long lost soul, like a skull beneath the ground

Backyard skulls, deep beneath the ground
All those backyard skulls, are not deep enough to never be found

Here lies the first time that I was wrong
But there is no sign, no X's mark this spot
Of the ancient encounters with foreign skin
All but perished by now, but you can't erase the grin from those

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Through patio doors, lies century upon century
Of skulls untold, hushed as suburban adultery
Below our homes, underneath the lawns we keep
White silent skulls are smiling at the hypocrisy

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