

Sam Phillips, Black Sky

the trees are listening each time a missile's made
they hide three mystics the earth sends from her grave
to tell us the future has been stolen away
by diggers, drillers and sellers
but we won't stop 'till we're under a black sky

he took my picture int he cemetery sun
my body was tempted to crumble into one
reunion of dust until creation's done
returning ashes to ashes
we won't stop 'till we're underneath a black sky

the commerce the intrigue
self-slaughtered souls cry out to dead poor men
for a drink at the water hole
but their tongues will burn dry
as the day they were sold for
forests raped into deserts
we won't stop 'till we're underneath a black sky