

# 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 in the 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