

Sub-Urban Tribe, Ill Trees

Trees, trees hum
and birds sing
screaming the moon to come
Moon, smiling wide
it colours the scene
blue, red and deep green
Green, green trees
they scrape the clouds
nothing can bring them down
Down and up again
white seagulls float
between zeppelins
Fight the wars but never on my side
paint the face of every unborn child
I feel, fullmoon shines on me
and on trees
Ill Trees
Dirt, a bucket of dirt
a barrel of air
antennas have no roots
Roots, root are deep
they spread around
dig deeper in the ground
Ground, hollow ground
made out of bones
but still it feels like home
Home, home is green
green is mud
and mud is paradise