

The Church, Drought

The earth is sucked bare by the sun
The empty clouded sky
The dazzling drone of pure heat rings alone
Seeing tears flash dry
On a sailing boat out to sea
Their mouths have all been parched
The of land drags the life from their glands
February and March

From a year without rain
From a year without rain

The weather is bare
The weather is bare
The weather is bare of flies
The house is full of dust
The taste of black trees like a tune on the breeze
Thirst that you can trust
The shadows contain no more cool
The windows all let in the heat
Dead things on the road as their insides explode
My hands are full of water and weeds

From a year without rain
From a year without rain

The weather is bare
The weather is bare