

8 Days And Waiting "Life On The Farm"

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they bled your piggybanks and maimed your pride,
the straws were finally dry enough to light,
when did the rats begin to bite your legs?
try and grasp a few more tracts of life.

all those scarecrows burning?
all those scarecrows burning?

in the flames i watched the last geese fly,

the embers floating, as you cursed the light.
on broken knees you will make a prayer,
these burning bridges will not last the night.

are those scarecrows burning?
are those scarecrows burning?

will i see them bleeding soon?
like slaughtered hogs, burnt by the moon?

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