

Pieta Brown

"The Blood Slicked Highway"

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Who's cooking at the stake tonight?
Is it the black, yellow, the red or the white?
The majority's meat is the minority's poison
So you keep your head down and run with the boys on
A phalanx of phallic power and contempt
There are berries for the bullies and the thoroughbred
turkeys
Who won't mourn your loss as they rule in your name
You know it mocks sense but you shut your face

I spy love but it's highly debatable
I hear lies and they're inescapable
Fire, fire, toil and trouble
The wall is down now watch that rubble burn
Watch that rubble burn

There's a blood red lining to every lie
A calamity in every alleyway!
I'm an uneasy rider on this blood-slicked highway
There ain't one way to cook a goose
There ain't one way to tie a noose!

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A blood-slicked highway
On this blood-slicked highway
On this blood-slicked highway

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