

Sam Phillips "Black Sky"

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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
We won't stop till we're underneath the 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 the black sky

La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la

The commerce the intrigue
Self-slaughtered souls
Cry out to dead poor men
For a drink at the water hole

Their tongues will burn dry
As the day they were sold for forests
Raped into deserts
We won't stop till we're underneath the black sky

La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la

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