

# And Also The Trees, Virus Meadow

Rattled chime, slow ringing echo  
Roll around in virus meadow  
Suck enchanted nightshade twine  
Hear the bells beneath us chime  
Sinking sermon, priest head murmurs  
Holy words across the meadows  
Kissed the plagues' black rolling hand  
Through his lips the virus sang  
And the rooks, they seemed to follow him  
Wherever he goes  
Flapping in the flat sky  
Shrieking in the spire  
Hanging from the lead sky  
Dangling from the sun  
The rooks, they seemed to follow him  
Wherever he goes  
Nodding thistle, english sun dew  
Swansneck woman, child-bed meadow  
Aching shoulders sink and grow  
As the bells from ditches toll  
And the smeared skin wrapped limbs  
Of the night brothers  
Struggling.... crawling  
Through the empty crack of morning  
Of the night brothers...  
Of the night brothers....

---

If you find some major mistakes, or simply wanna chat with  
a licensed die-hard Trees-head, just mail me.....  
Slow Pulse Ulisse &lt;d92-upe@nada.kth.se&gt;