

Parchment Pavement

Brieve Morison

Across the parchment pavement
Outside the railway sheds
They gunned them down like foxes
Turned the pavement red
A lonely truck was waiting
Half in half out the road
To move protective clothing store directors
Across the board

A shameless corner crossing
Stands empty and unused
The advertising lights were out
A long time since blown fuse
Neglected and unmended
The road looked like the moon
A walking sign spelt out death
It could not come too soon

The road that faces west
Owes a debt to hell
Pays a toll to satan
How much I will not tell
From the highest towers
From the narrowest backstreets
People travel in rolls royces
Others on their feet

There's people living in palaces
People living in pens
Those who will take anything
Others only what god sends
Equality a selfless goal
Stands in the sunrise east
Plans are laid in a false dawn
To battle with this beast

An open heart's an open book
An open book gets read
And words cannot be changed so quick
As thoughts left in the head
Which cannot be accused of change

Or welshing on a deal
For no one knows just what you are
Or how you think and feel