

Sarah Roehrig

Tar Creek Runs Red

Heavy, Heavy song.
Rosebuds Recycle rain
Move the people up stream,
And the voice of Pain.

Repeat, Repeat, mountains Recoil
Dead like the Queen of the Nile;
Pitchers of souls mine the coal,
Smile a Smile all the while,

The backhoe pulls, Rolling Right.
Cut through the plug,
Blood stains the biting clouds,
Move the Artificial Light.

There is no beauty nor Rest here,
Rivers of Blood,
Cold, Mechanical lies,
Drag through the mud.

Ashes fall, the fire is lit
One day they will arise.
Spirit moving through bones and Rhythm so strong,
To Hear their troubled cries.