

Hoarse Yodel

Death, tastes so alive when coupled with salt
The tears of whom loved trickle down to despair
I watched him grab at his soul, it fled the flesh uncaught

A loss is a loss mad blame and no fault
A house sits full of darkness, but bare
Death, tastes so alive when coupled with salt

It can't be had in the next life, relinquish all you've wrought
Deviant demons and devils teased by dare
I watched him grab at his soul, it fled the flesh uncaught

I wonder if his ghost is haunted by my thought
Frozen by a soul less and blank stare
Death, tastes so alive when coupled with salt

Boarded door official tape body imprisoned by, chalk
Clues are many and few, footprints defined in thin air
I watched him grab at his soul, it fled the flesh uncaught

When an old man does with young men test
Then an old dies a young man's death
And death tastes so alive when coupled with salt
I watched him grab at his soul, it fled the flesh uncaught

For Sam "Yodelin' Yoke" Stallworth
RIP 1953-February 11, 2000