Come to Bed

Anna Ternheim

Two black holes
Eyes of hate in a dream
Never seen so much blood
Red dark colored mud

On my hands down the street
Piles higher than a mind can reach

Come to bed if it’s hard to believe
Come to bed if it’s hard to believe

Broken windows, fallen trees
Walk in ashes to the knees
Filth and dust in our hair
The smell of ruin is everywhere

Get their toughs, leave the bones of
Anyone who comes close to our home

Count the dead if it’s hard to believe
Count the dead if it’s hard to believe

Day one there was light
Day two dived sky from the sea
Then came you and me
Some things are written in the stars
As we were always meant to be
We both know, you’ll never leave

Come to bed if it’s hard to believe
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