

Death Final

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

God bless us as we cross from green sides into darker.
God love us as we lay in puddles of our own.
Our qualities will raise us in a light that blinds our
mothers.
Our fists will serve to clear out debris of those days.

In a pit of bodies,
I am of my own.
By ham hock and by handkerchief
by damsel and by dawn.
Angel warns us with its unfinal call.
It was not death final,
it was only fall.

Summer has me holding little one high in the hair.
Oblivious packs of dogs go running over there.
Our beauty's tried to crush us, it's from faces that they
wear.
A smile is hidden in the working faces.

In a pit of bodies,
I am of my own.
By ham hock and by handkerchief
by damsel and by dawn.
Angel warns us with its unfinal call.
It was not death final,
it was only fall.