

## Untitled

Daphne Loves Derby

Under the newborn tree, oh  
we left your body in a box.  
I've waited for your ghost to  
haunt this home and keep us warm.  
I hope you've finally found your way.

Don't you worry,  
death will keep you company.  
I've been worried for you.

Abide the ancient words.  
Your body turns to soil without a fight.  
And I can finally hear your ghost tonight,  
but what's the point?  
I hope you're too ashamed to speak.

Don't you worry,  
death will keep you company.  
I've been worried for you.