

The Dead Singer

Daughters

Hey there, on that cross, with your breath turned sickly and stale.

Your eyes sunk back in your skull. That disaster through your hands.

Hey there, little girl, with that charm hanging down 'round your neck.

The damned are awash at your feet and asleep in your dress.

There's a voice in our ears and its promise sits empty and bare.

It can change the look on a face. Though it's not really there.

Now here in the ground, with out lids and breasts covered in dirt.

We can't seem to get to our feet. We can't seem to breathe.

The dead sing along.

You can't be that boy.

You can't be that girl.

You can't be that voice.

You can't let it go.