

# Don't Speak Ill Of The Dead

David Keenan

Wielding words like butchers knives into the room  
I held you though you patronised  
And spoke I'll of the dead  
In my arms the tundra thawed the table rocked  
A generation was reborn a well earned rest the mocking ceased

What became of baby ray when the father fired his shots  
Was it for fame and money that a lineage was lost  
Where are you returning to the sweet spot of the day  
It takes more than just hopeful notions to love without delay

Retreating like an argument  
Into a shell our misinterpretations cast out for words are spells  
Dissolving I'll timed ego trips we fuelled the flood  
I hoped it would remove your hood the settling suds

What became of baby ray when the father fired his shots  
Was it for fame and money that a lineage was lost  
What was it that dropped them to a place of no reprieve  
Was it for lack of trying that their bond became diseased

Where are you returning to the sweet spot of the day  
It takes more than just hopeful notions for us not to be afraid

It takes more than just hopeful notions to love without delay