

Our wagons got a busted wheel
It's rusted on some back road
Near the border of utopia and hatred
We all just counted six black crows
The dead man's eyes we failed to close
Pierce through flesh to stare into our souls

Dog's howl in the dead of night
Howl for death before the light
Or all our mirrors should come crashing down
Broken chimes begin to toll
Our mothers corpse in pitch black clothes
Go on put that bullet in my skull

A white moth and a robin
Flew right though our window
Blew out all those candles that we light after the first
Seems like were all in the middle
Of this photograph a mirror shows us our reflections
In the storm
(A mirror all at once did fall
To spread across the floor the reaper's on his way
Sooner or later my friends we'll call a casket home)

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Umbrellas hit the fucking ground
Thirteen people sit on down
For supper only twelve of them will live
Still I never hear the thunder
Following the funeral
So I guess everybody rots in hell
In hell in hell
Work till you die to buy what they sell

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