

## When Death Does Us Apart

Druhá tráva

When horses fly away to the night, to the peaks of Jericho  
When our hug disappears to the fog on the shore  
When the lips of yours are doublelocked  
As if I kissed one of the troyan gates  
I'm just a pariah without name  
Undrunk, unloved and full of hates

When shots of firearms do subside on the streets by the bay  
When death does us apart by the blue waterway  
When the smell of booze clears this nest of doves  
And your rosy cushion does the same  
Then it's the end of song, end of love  
End of war, end of shame