

Corpse Dance

Father John Misty

His body is a Gelson's
Her soul, the fallen star
At midnight twice a week she comes, she leaves
And no one's hassled her so far
The courtiers have arrived in nail polish, in tailored slacks
Reformed past, all recognition
Resplendent in donor class panache

It's a scheme to enrich assholes
What the godhead had in mind
When he hid here such revelations
As only singers could describe

Mahashmashana
All is silent
And in the next universal dawn
Won't have to do the corpse dance with these arms

The one about the country's boyfriend
That he never ever would live down
Must not have made it to the angels
Who passed the holy Roman noses 'round

His pale bullets found your bloodline
In a midnight blue cayenne
She is patient, the act of creation
May one day produce a happy man

Shaken like a pawl fly
Obscene as a lick
Love's the birthright of young people
And she ain't leaving without his

Mahashmashana
All is silent now
And in the next universal dawn
Won't have to do the corpse dance with these arms

He spoke into a hot mic
He sang like a bird
He hadn't had a single drink yet
There's no mistaking what you heard

A perfect lie can live forever
The truth don't fare as well
It isn't perched on lips mid-laughter
It ain't the kind of thing you tell

Like there's no baby in the king cake
Like there's no figure on the cross
They have gone the way of all flesh
And what was found is lost

Yes, it is