

# Speak With the Dead

Foxing

Last night the smoke from the bonfire followed me  
It is a radio to the gates  
I'd rather hear your old voice follow me  
But there is nothing to do but wait

So here I wait  
Here I wait  
Until I fall asleep  
To speak with the dead  
Here I wait  
Until I fall asleep  
To speak with you again

Some nights I hold old faith in the rituals  
If the left hand path should cross your road  
Pray with grimoires and swinging thuribles  
Their incense dissipates all the same

And in my dreams I'm on a porch with you  
I promise you I've been doing well in your name  
And I won't try to speak with you again  
Until I watch my last breath dissipate

But when I wake  
There I'll wait  
Until I fall asleep  
To speak with the dead  
Here I wait  
Until I fall asleep  
To speak with you again  
Oh, to speak with you again

Wherever I go  
There you are  
Wherever I go  
There you are  
There you are

Wherever I go  
There you are  
Wherever I go  
There you are

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