

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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