Bleed Until You Die

Lincoln Durham

Fingers firm against the shank of a straight-razor
Gripped tightly, with thumb against the heel
Lets the blade slide, without disturbance
Melancholy daydreams, watching warm blood congeal

La la la la la
La la la la lie
Born to be buried
Born to cry
La la la la la
La la la la lie
You better get to prayin' child
You're gonna bleed until you die

Shut-up now
Listen to them
Can't you hear them?
They're making me beat my head against the wall
Listen voices in my head
They're saying
"Hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em all"

La la la la
La la la la lie
Born to be buried
Born to cry

La la la la la
La la la la lie
You better get to prayin' child
You're gonna bleed until you die

Brother John, look at that tree
It's a mighty fine tree, but it casts a long shadow
Brother John, beware of that tree
If you stand in the shadows it'll make you dark too
Brother John, look at that tree
It's a mighty fine tree, but it casts a long shadow
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