

Dead River

Lydia Lunch

Take the right bank to the night river
Watch the dreary soul seekers wretched
What flies by night, dies by daylight
Under broken trees we rest our weary hearts, our weary feet

On the banks of the river deadly
Souls are swallowed dead and lonely
I could live so deaf and dumb dull, accompany this unholy bunch
And I for me don't wanna know those secrets that you leave behind those blue-black eyes

text: Lydia Lunch

hudba : Rowland S. Howard