

# All the Dying

Mother Mother

When I see a face of anonymity  
Crying on the street it does something to me  
I make believe malady  
Tragedy

Flowers on the grave is a beautiful thing  
'Cause flowers on the grave still means they're getting something  
But when the flowers ain't there  
And the grave is bare  
I think of old dead bones that don't get theirs

I think of all the butchers and all the beef  
I think of all the flies in all the heat  
I think of all the dying and dying and dying

Dying and dying and decomposing  
Dying and dying's for real

When I see the damned in their dier straights  
Damning all the men with those American names  
I say, don't damn the man damn your hand  
For making a fist and shaking it all around  
Damn the hand  
Damn your hand

Or you can damn the butchers and damn the beef  
Or you can damn the flies in all the heat  
Or you can damn the dying and dying and dying

Dying and dying and decomposing  
Dying and dying's for real  
Dying and dying and pounds of posey  
Dying and dying's forever

When I hear the crying of a siren in the night  
I think of piles of writhing people  
Fighting for their lives  
I see an image of a body  
Broken and beet red  
I hear the a cappella angels  
Singing for the dead

I think of all the butchers and all the beef  
I think of all the flies in all the heat  
I think of all the dirt that lays a bed for bones  
I think of all the words that get written on the stones  
I think of all the surf that come crashing over souls  
I think of all the dying  
All the dying  
All the dying  
All the dying