

Faces of the Gone

Pink Turns Blue

My face bends to the ground
Seven last words are said
Fragments are streaming by
And days will find their end
The last act's finally done
There's no one dead as me
Take me whenever you like
It's calling from the sea
From the sea

Who can read the signs of decay
Who knows whether christ was
Good cause it's me

Kneel down to the ground
There's no escape to see
Try to clean my inside
While you pray for me

Can read the faces
Of the gone.