

Build your little fort out in the garden
Kill your little men and bake their bones
Build our little guns out of their counterparts
Peel their skin for paper on the walls, oh

I would be your graveman, I will suspend them
As many fathoms down as your voice goes
And I would be your gunman, have you follow me
As many fathoms down as your voice goes

You are the shadow time won't take away from me
Lost seeds of moonlight in our veins
I'll be the blanket fallen round and round you in
Echoes of your throat calling my name

Where have you been, my turning dream?
Brass like the beams run in between
Black as the shining from your eyes
Where have you been, my turning dream?

I would say out loud whatever runs through me
Irreverent as the altars of our birth
Whispering in train tunnels of unhallowed things
Echoes of blood tied winding days, oh

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As many fathoms down as your voice goes
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