

Dead Rope Machine

Rishloo

When your Dead Rope Machine grows cold
I'll make you another one out of gold
oh, and when we die - a beast like everyone
we'll find you and remind you
you shined once
C'est la vie, la vie
what may be has already been - it's all the same
and you dance your magic dance
and you try so hard you try
to retie all those bitter ends and push them back inside
here's my halo...
I don't think I'll need that
There's a Stranger at the door
He cuts with frayed incisions on the rope we hold
oh and when we die - a beast in all of us
will find you and remind you
you shined once
C'est la vie, la vie
what may be has already been - it's all the same
and you dance your frantic dance
and you try so hard you try
to retie all those wicked skins and push them back inside
here's my halo
I don't think I'll need that
And I...
wherever I will go
wherever I go
I wear that coiled fear
and in a way the riddle ends
when we can but only, and always doubt
so let it all out, let it all out
you and I will cut our nooses loose
you and I will draw a course
if you and I can find a few more minutes
to find a way to find a road
you and I will never be alone