

# Corpses

Saint Sister

We stand hand in hand like corpses  
Our friends are corpses too  
And the man who took the photograph  
Likes the look of you  
We stand hand in hand like corpses  
Our friends are corpses too  
And the man who gave the epitaph  
Said I wouldn't do

Darling, I have tried to fix you  
I can't count the times that I have kissed you  
I never thought that when you built our home  
You'd make it out of blood and bones  
Darling, one of us should go

My eyes were the first to disappear  
Then went my nose, then went my ears  
With no eyes and no nose  
This death that I chose  
No eyes and no nose  
This death that I chose

You're dead  
I'm dead  
You said  
I bled you dry

Darling, I have tried to fix you  
I can't count the times that I have kissed you  
I never thought that when you built our home  
You'd make it out of blood and bones  
Darling, one of us should go

It's contagious, my fear and your pain  
We look like corpses and our friends look the same  
And we all stood together for worse or for better  
We all stood together for a photograph  
Yes, we all stood together for worse or for better  
We all stood together for a photograph

You're dead  
I'm dead  
You said  
I bled you dry

Darling, I have tried to fix you  
I can't count the times that I have kissed you  
I never thought that when you built our home  
You'd make it out of blood and bones  
Darling, one of us should go  
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Darling, one of us should go  
Darling, one of us should go