

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