

Cosey Mo

SubRosa

O Cosey Mo, I feel your pain
When they all want you but they don't know your game
I guess your death will pass in time
But in the meantime let me build your shrine

I promise you that I will find you
I'll dig up every unmarked grave
I promise you that I will find you, darling, find you
And on your tomb I'll carve your name

Oh Cosey Mo, I feel your rage
When they hunt you down and put you in their cage
I understand your need to hide
Not from fear from losing you mind

Burning instead of beauty