

## Dead Body Moving

Devil Makes Three

I sing a ragged and crooked song  
The sun is setting and it won't be long  
My body's weak but this soul is strong  
I am shadow dressed up in these skin and bones

We weave our story in a worthless yarn  
Trying to escape with all these tricks and charms  
It's far too late to ring the alarm  
We are just babies falling into the spider's arms

I am a dead body moving, I've got lightning in my hand  
I won't be here for long so you got to understand  
You can dance with the demon, look him dead into the eyes  
I've already been where we go when we die

We are dancing on the graves of the past  
The clock is running and the spell is cast  
Nothing before our eyes will last  
We walk forever in circles on this well-worn path

So many songs to sing before they blow those horns  
Will it be harvest or a killing storm  
No time to bury and no time to mourn  
This race started on the day I was born

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