

Pale Man

The Vincent Black Shadow

At the doorstep it hung vertical
No one noticed, cold like icicles
That a tall man cut down the string
And set me free

He cut another down and set it free
He cut another down
He cut so hard he screamed

In the closet picking clothes for me
Nothing pink though, it won't fit the theme
That a pale man looked sad and had
Done closed my eyes

He cut another down and it was me
He cut another down
He cut another down
He cut another down and it was me
He cut another down
He cut another down

Hunger, it beats you to the line
It's teeth are chattering
That little beat skips out of time
So simple and cold