

Cigarettes / Orchids For A Wake

Typhoon

I've picked the perfect suit
Matching shirt and shoes
To complement my skin

Pale, pasty paper white
Flowers bloom in spite
Frosty winter chills

She shakes her head
Lights the one last cigarette, she says
"I'm not ready yet"

And so we separate
The years in to days
The days to dust

Discard me down
Discard me all the way down

To bury our bodies under the soil and seed
We'll not be blowing leaves

Just lay me down, go to sleep
I promise you won't feel anything