

Underground

Voltaire

Six feet of earth above my head
Keeps me safe from what she said
Six walls of wood to keep them out
Their smart remarks
The screams, the shouts
They scream, they shout
There's only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice
I hit the ground
You looked for me
But I'm not around
In that small cafe
There I wrote it down
I looked for you
You were not around
You're the burning lie that killed my child
He's gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground

Some come to pay their last respects
Or beckon me to come around
They leave dried flowers in the air
Or place their feelings on the doorstep
At best they try to understand
And offer plans
Most futile plans
And here in this darkness, I can see
Your skin's the closest thing to grace
It dances like ghosts upon my fingers
And feelings fly
They're still alive
There's only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice
I hit the ground
You looked for me
But I'm not around
In that small cafe
There I wrote it down
I looked for you
You were not around
You're the burning lie that killed my child
She's gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground

Underground

Six feet of earth above my head
Don't keep me safe from what she said
Six walls of wood don't keep them out

These frightful screams come from inside
They lay with me here through the night