

Wax Face

Vundabar

Wick wore down, I let the candle drown
In the wax that bound its namesake
Candle knows at the very most
You'll get enough heat to kill a flame
And when the wax is free, make a figurine
And put it in a museum
Oh, the curator was always so damn sure
They'd picked the perfect presentation

Oh, I am
Laughing
So hard
I shed a tear

Oh, Dani, we got nothing
Oh, Dani, ain't that something?
Oh, Dani, what you humming?
Oh, Dani, the sun's coming and that's something