

Crime in Stereo, Small Skeletal

As they laid my bones down at the crossroads, I saw my ghost sell my soul to the inferno for petrol
Now each day I sink a bit faster into my father's fate.
Four packs a day.
Four decades straight.
Right to an unmarked grave.
I used to think it would sleep.
As I laid my cross down at the bones beneath my feet, she came.
The face of a saint.
The voice of a sympathy.
She says "The future will be devoid of weaknesses."
Free cigarettes for all the kids to make small skeletons.
I used to think it would sleep.
I used to think as I aged with time that it would shut its eyes and just let me be.
Then I'd seen its designs to kill and hide deceitfully inside my skin.
I've been hunting it ever since.