

Pretty Girls Make Graves, The Grandmother Wolf

Here's to you cause you take what you give
Make no excuses for the way we live
While we try to ignore and we try to pretend
Our conversation isn't so loaded

When you're done competing
We'll be waiting
When your heart stops beating
We'll be waiting right here

Count down the hours
And we will be waiting

Switch hands to the hand that can feed
We want more than memories
Ghosts love in the way they please
But won't we all

You aren't the ones who fascinate us
Not enough time
To clear the smoke away from your lies