## Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, Death To Everyone

I am here Right here Where god puts None asunder And you In black dress and black shoe You do Invite me under Go on Go there You can See me aging Stars turn Balls burn Coming kids Are raging

Death to everyone Is gonna come And it makes hosing Much more fun

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La la la ...

Every terrible thing Is a relief Even months on end Buried in grief Are easy light times Which have to end With the coming Of your death friend

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La la la ...

So strap me on
And raise me high
Cause buddy I'm not
Afraid to die
But life is long
And it's tremendous
And we're glad
That you're here with us
And since we know
An end will come
It makes our living
Fun

Death to everyone

Is gonna come And it makes hosing Much more fun

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Death to me
And death to you
Tell me what else can we
Do die do
Death to all
And death to each
Our own god-bottle
S'within reach

Death to everyone Is gonna come And it makes hosing Much more fun