

# Chandelier, Cat's Worst Grave

I remember yearnings, so long ago  
Hiding in your helping hands, feeling low  
Every line I know, every song I learned by heart  
You stopped the flow from my bleeding soul  
After lover's grief had torn it apart  
Your comfort and your purity encouraged me  
To keep my dreams alive, to stand up to the storm  
In your tenderness, in your peacefulness you smiled  
You were so strong in your morality  
And so lovely like a child  
Heart of gold turned to stone  
Heart so old stop to pray  
"Salman must die! The arrow's on its way!"  
What has become of you, which devil burned your mind  
I know in wintertime it's hard to catch a leaf  
In your loneliness, in your rain you saw no light  
You who healed so many wounds, were killed in the fight  
Torturers must have robbed your corpse  
Torturers taught you to pray  
"Salman must die! The arrow's on its way!"  
I can't believe my ears  
It's not true what you say  
It's not you. You pray  
The divine satanic verses revealed satanic minds  
A grey old man without a smile, the cheering mob behind  
Inside their blinded hearts, mercy rebels in vain  
And their hate destroys unrestrained  
Is this a world you like, a heaven on earth, my friend  
Teaser and the firecat would've been tortured 'til the end  
I hope your god is merciful, more merciful than you  
Sad Lisa won't trust you no more  
Heart of stone return to gold  
Heart so old stop to pray  
"Salman must die! The arrow's on its way!"  
I can't believe my ears  
It's not true what you say  
It's not you. You pray  
Back in his hiding place, a poet tries to cry  
Last lines on a yellow sheet  
So cold without you, love