

# Eudora, Rehearsing In Hearses

We are so perfectly aligned  
the wind chilled calls a seizure  
I'm much colder than you know  
You marvel at the story  
from third story windows  
that spell out betrayal  
the traitors always look the same from here  
I'd save them if I could  
The dawning hits I sleep  
I pause to hear her fall  
she spoke of perfect silence  
but all I got was  
A lifetime I've been waking up  
on the road  
a lifetime I've been hunting ghosts  
we shoot to kill the lights  
on the way down I see her  
(she spoke of lower altitudes  
I'm much colder than you know)  
We're so perfectly aligned  
the winds call as seizure  
and I'm much colder than you know [x2]  
Your fairytale is ending from the tale end  
at this perfect vanity we've lost  
she spoke of broken knees  
and burning trees  
I'd save them if I could  
the dawning hit I sleep  
I pause to hear her fall  
she spoke of perfect silence  
but all I got was  
a sudden loss of words  
leaves us colder than you know  
I try to fall asleep  
but this story it goes on and on  
we shoot the lights