

# Geggy Tah, She Withers

Out of the way there is a quiet place  
Where there' s no skin to scar  
And there' s no time to waste  
Full of emptiness I cannot touch the bottom  
Lines on her face falling in her autumn  
With her while she withers  
Away  
In a mangel-wurzel for the cattle  
Washing for the battle hymn to hurry up  
and hold on  
Slaughter is to you a manicure her nails  
on impaled palms  
Springing out of this flesh stirs a life at the bottom  
With her while she withers  
Away  
With her while she withers  
Away