

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