

# Joy Electric, Post Calendar

Sent to the liars  
With my neck being hung by the wires  
Climbed out to feel  
All the spiders below at my heels  
Rush to the trees  
But the dark-coated ones heard us breathe  
Rather than yield  
We could drown in a pond by the field

Younger than who came before  
Lost all that was built and stored  
Who will know what became of us?  
Ending on, the saddest note that ever was  
Calendar, Post life calendar

Find out who's there  
Hide the key to the diary there  
Run through the snow  
And our blood is like ice to the bone  
We'll make a way  
They won't find even hints or a trace  
Buried in fields  
All the soil fills and covers our grief

Younger than who came before  
Lost all that was built and stored  
Who will know what became of us?  
Ending on, the saddest note that ever was  
Calendar, Post life calendar