

Los Campesinos!, What Death Leaves Behind

I was the first match struck at the first cremation, you are my shallow grave, I'll tend you as a sexton
If you're the casket door that's being slammed upon me, I'll be a plague cross painted on your nape
Well summer sighed and summoned up hail. Dirty in dish rack drips the holy grail
May be heartslob but I want 'em to know, cut and shut us like a portmanteau
We sit around jus' spitballin', all the witches cackle round my cauldron
Recognise the lies from my poker tongue (is it true...?)

They say you and me are tautology
What grows from the seeds,
can you quite believe?
through cracks come the weeds,
Long time listener, first time caller,
no need to remind me
What death leaves behind me

Why must I lie awake, from dusk until the morning, through fear of bein' impaled upon errant mattress
Within a waking dream I finally made my heel turn, lived life as Super 8 when you were promised H
Propose me as a pardon for sins, led on barbecue I'm burnt offerings
I proof-read the Book of Job for the Lord: edit one, League Cup 2004
We, delicate as a filigree, cleared a place for us in the chicory
Colosseum blood will dry in the sun (is it true...?)

We tread it carefully, we feel around in kid-gloves
What death will leave behind, death will leave behind love
We will flower again, I have surely seen it
WE WILL FLOWER AGAIN