

Lovedrug, Dying Days

Even my mouth says,
"Let the body grow";
Turn off the light
And disappear
My yellow fingers
Pulled out a cigarette
Turn on the light
And reappear
With my head down
Keep that head down
These are my dying days
No love
No funeral parade
Even this blue sky
Watches my lung collapse
Breathe in the water
And let me drown
My broken fingers
No more cigarettes
All of this love won't reappear
With my head down
Keep that head down
These are my dying days
No love
No funeral parade
These are my dying days
Turn the spotlight off
It wasn't mine anyway
Even my God says,
"Let this body go";
Turn off the lights
And disappear
Yellow figures swallow the wishing well
Follow the accursed, what I am called
These are my dying days
No love
No funeral parade
These are my dying days
Turn the spotlight off
It wasn't mine anyway
These are my dying days
No one knows
That I've gone away