

Mad Marge And The Stonecutters, A Shadow

Now you're just a shadow.
Just a shadow on the floor.
Now you're just a shadow
Forever more.

Second coming and you're running
And you're wondering why you're staring
At the back of my head.
Perhaps you're fleeing as you're reeling
On the feeling of the fact
You just might wake up dead.

Now you're just a shadow.
Just a shadow on the floor.
Now you're just a shadow
Forever more.

Time was wasted but you tasted
All the pleasures of a mortal
In a sinners bed.
Keep forgetting that it's ending
And we're sending it back
To be a shadow of the living dead.

Now you're just a shadow.
Just a shadow on the floor.
Now you're just a shadow
Forever more.

At the set of the sun
I can see what you become.
Just a hollow shell.
No soul to sell.
Oh well.

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