

Made Out Of Babies, Death In April

Small body on the road coat still sheened with Spring
It's eyes still black And soft and warm and clean
It's legendary quickness of feet too slow for the truck's wheels or teeth
Matter of minutes and hours all gone Picked up for someone else's feast
And again, and again and again and again Body on the road Coat still sheened with Spring
It's eyes still black and soft and warm and clean
It's legendary speed Outrun by hungry truck wheels
The song was short as it was sweet
His song was short as it was sweet
Soft with Spring Warm and Clean Bright and Mean Short and Sweet Hungry Teeth Dull the sheen
Make the Feast Soft with Spring