

Noah And The Whale, Death By Numbers

As our rotting bodies
Pay back the earth its love
In a vile fleshy matter
We'll crumble into dust
I'll be picked up by the wind
And blown into strangers eyes
Defuse into their bodies
And their tears when they cry
'Til I have 5000 people carry me
'Til I have 5000 people carry me

Oscar and Lucy
Will buy themselves a coffin
Oh a single box of wood
That, together, they will rot in
And their bodies will decay
And combine with one another
Oh a single act of love
Far greater than any other
And in death they'll leave just a part of them
Oh in death they'll leave one part of them

Oh when I'm minerals in the soil
I'll diffuse into a tree
It'll have 5000 brances
Which will have 5000 leaves
And I'll be in every one
Oh and when a leaf blows free
I will land upon the earth
And grow another tree
'Til I have 5000 trees made of me
'Til there are 5000 trees made of me

When Darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness is all I can see
When Darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness is all I can see
When Darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness is all I can see
When Darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness surrounds me
Oh when darkness is all I can see

I will have 5000 bodies
I will have 5000 trees
Which will have 5000 branches
Which will have 5000 leaves
And I will have 5000 lovers
And I'll have 5000 bees
Made of me