

# The Dead South, Yours to Keep

Walking tipsy, briskly from the scene of the crash,  
It felt too good how high you stood it would not last  
You broke a few hearts .. a couple promises too –  
Left arm, Left leg, your Eye socket's blue, oh  
Will the throbbing in your head ever stop?  
The taste of blood encased in mud -  
it aches on the top You'll take a 7... and a SEVEN once more  
Take it down, await the town, and break on the floor

You won't make it. Take it  
You cannot sleep  
Living day to day, it shakes you – they struck you deep  
You're a blatant stranger changer until you're deceased  
This is yours now, your pain to keep

Grab a cutlass, a rope, and frame from that shrine  
Don't forget the angel sent from lord divine  
Able men won't come, so it's just me and you  
We need to show them why they're out,  
They only knew  
Table any thought because it's time to shine  
Any disappointment come and meet me this time  
In the wrong? Please... just take in that view  
Can it for your sisters and your mothers too

You won't make it. Take it  
You cannot sleep  
Living day to day, it shakes you – they struck you deep  
You're a blatant stranger changer until you're deceased  
This is yours now, your pain to keep

Drift out in the ocean - Goshen. Take the leap  
Shadows only haunt the children of the discreet  
Sway until the day it makes it, they will fall right  
Bright away the chains and stakes and fall down for the night