The Explosion, Grace

We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs in straight lines
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while

I could pass away
Pass away and not much would be left
Ashes ashes on the ground
I guess I never left the ground
Murder murder on the walls
Late night curtain calls are heard by skeletons in closets
Man they'll reach out and grab your hands

'cause you've got grace on a bad day
'cause you've got grace on a bad day
'cause you've got grace throw everybody's face under the falling eyes

We hold onto this moment all our lives
We all stand in a circle what's yours it was mine
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while

I could pass away
It still wouldn't feel real to me
This illusive walk of death
Holding hands with skeletons
Learners, teachers will provide
Their own sweet style of elegant lies
But I won't stop trying,
No I won't stop trying

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