

The Spill Canvas, Black Dresses

In muddy grass we stand side by side
With our knuckles interlocked
Black dresses flood the cemetery
In this cliché tragedy

Just do as you're instructed and....
Take this razor and cut your palms
I'll do the same until a river of crimson begins to flow
Now drip your ruby red over the casket
A funeral for my once loved youth

My secret is fatally gorgeous
I'd die for you
But in this Bonnie and Clyde kind of romance
Tell me what would you do?
My secret is fatally gorgeous
I'd die for you
But when your precious life is at stake
Tell me would you die for me too?

The quivering liquids in your stomach
Will eat away at the bad habits that have made you
A real character in the story of your now distant life
Goodnight and goodbye, quickly

In gentle greens we stand side by side
With your head buried in my chest
Black veils send me shivering
The fear that part of me is dying

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Goodbyes are said and roses thrown
And the crowd starts to weep
But the irony of the story is when I fell to my knees
And began clawing at the dirt in front of the tombstone
Of my bashful childhood
With you by my side, you're screaming at the
Top of your lungs, "let it go"
And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs
"The ceremony was not proper, there was not enough people,
And who picked the music?
Those melodies almost made me physically sick"

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