

Voltaire, Underground

Six feet of earth above my head
keeps me safe from what she says
six walls of wood to keep them out
their smart remarks, the screams the shouts
they scream, they shout
theres only one way to drown them out

I hear your voice I hit the ground
you looked for me but I'm not around
In that small cafe there I wrote it down
I looked for you, you were not around
you're the buring lie that kills my child
he's gone underground
I've gone underground

I've gone underground
I've gone underground

Some come to pay their last respects
or beckon me to come around
they leave dried flowers in the air
or place their feelings on the doorstep
at best they try to understand
and offer plans, most futile plans
here in this darkness I can see
your skin is the closest thing to grace
it dancelike goes upon my fingers
and feelings fly, they're still alive

There's only one way to drown them out
I hear your voice I hit the ground
you looked for me but I'm not around
In that small cafe there I wrote it down
I looked for you, you were not around
you're the buring lie that kills my child
she's gone underground
I've gone underground

I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground
I've gone underground

Underground

Six feet of earth above my head
don't keep me safe from what she says
six walls of wood don't keep them out
these frightful screams come from inside
they lay with me here through the night