

# Los Campesinos!, What Death Leaves Behind

I was the first match struck at the first cremation, you are my shallow grave, I'll tend you as a sexton  
If you're the casket door that's being slammed upon me, I'll be a plague cross painted on your nape  
Well summer sighed and summoned up hail. Dirty in dish rack drips the holy grail  
May be heartslob but I want 'em to know, cut and shut us like a portmanteau  
We sit around jus' spitballin', all the witches cackle round my cauldron  
Recognise the lies from my poker tongue (is it true...?)

They say you and me are tautology  
What grows from the seeds,  
can you quite believe?  
through cracks come the weeds,  
Long time listener, first time caller,  
no need to remind me  
What death leaves behind me

Why must I lie awake, from dusk until the morning, through fear of bein' impaled upon errant mattress  
Within a waking dream I finally made my heel turn, lived life as Super 8 when you were promised H  
Propose me as a pardon for sins, led on barbecue I'm burnt offerings  
I proof-read the Book of Job for the Lord: edit one, League Cup 2004  
We, delicate as a filigree, cleared a place for us in the chicory  
Colosseum blood will dry in the sun (is it true...?)

We tread it carefully, we feel around in kid-gloves  
What death will leave behind, death will leave behind love  
We will flower again, I have surely seen it  
WE WILL FLOWER AGAIN