

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
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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