

Pillars of Salt(good)

Murder By Death

Our fingers are missing, they litter the ground
Grass will never grow near this town, again
The frames on the walls are crooked and empty
Our shoulders bend low towards the dirt I've made a deal to get us out of this place
But I am falling apart with each step I take
And as the pieces fall I count them all

Songwriters

Pete Agnew; Darrell Sweet; Dan Mccafferty; Manuel Charlton Published by
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