May Seem Macabre

Peter Bjorn And John

We're both swept up in white
Through misty eyes they say
the fabric's nice
Your eyes shut peacefully
Your hair's combed straight
and we are both washed clean
We're pale and cold and dry
They've done their best
to make us go in style
May seem macabre, but it's beautiful
If the body hosts our souls
They're homeless now

and circle over us

Can still inherit a sense of belonging when they're seeing us as two sculptures lying entangled

I never felt as home as when I'm next to you

May seem macabre, but it's beautiful

You're white from powder

Our mothers talk

as if they were best friends

May seem macabre,

but to have you there

Makes leaving seem fair

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