

# ...And That's Where They Found My Body

## Trophy Scars

Those Are the Dead stars Those Are the Dead stars You said you'd drown in my words Pushed by the ink of my pen Those Are the dead stars He climbs to the highest branch of the tree He won't come down; you need to cut him down And now your shadows will know Why your flowers won't grow Thos branches are denser than blood Shoot him shoot him shoot him shoot Electric ink on a feather Cleaned by the salt of the sea I'll pas it on to the insects So they can document me Those Are the dead stars He climbs to the highest branch of the tree He won't come down; you need to cut him down And now your shadows will know Why your flowers won't grow We bludgeon the cut To open the scab We burn off our roots And pretend that we're sad Repeat Until we believe That this is the life that we lead This is the life that we'll lead This is the light that you'll keep So John, get the gun If this is the road We'll have us some fun We'll stay up all night And say our goodbyes These are the dead stars that march by your eyes Razors listen We grind our teeth Dig our plots Ten feet deep That way No one has any reason to complain Caught by the spine We complain Those Are the dead

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