

# Bells Dark Above Our Heads

## Old Man Gloom

Drones carry my body  
to the top of the mountain of gods  
carrion circle the corpse  
of pale faces ears sewn shut  
and poke like fingers towards the waiting sun  
and I see the hole in your skull  
where your soul leaked out dead

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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