Song For The Dead

Sea Wolf

Awake without warning
The black of the morning
All shimmery jewels
From the voice of a fool
Echoes through the halls
Of the building
He built in her place

He'll shake through the winter
And dream of her mister
The picture he drew her
Resembled her sister
Oh how the wind
Can pull you in
Or push you away

You'll move like a tiger
Into the thicket
Claws in the dirt
You'll sing like a cricket
Song of the mystery
Song of the system
Song for the guilty
Song for the living
Song for the dead

A comma of silence
Relieves all the violence
You've dragged into bed
With the sheets soaking red
It's a glimmer of light
Through a prism
That's calling a truce

With your beautiful hair
So displayed on the chair
And your head on the arm
And your legs in the air
And the words dancing out
From your lips

Like a sad ballet

Now move like a tiger
Into the thicket
Claws in the dirt
You'll sing like a cricket
Song of the mystery
Song of the system
Song for the guilty
Song for the living
Song for the dead

You'll move like a tiger
Into the thicket
Claws in the dirt
You'll sing like a cricket
Long for the mystery
Long for the system
Long for the guilty
Long for the living
Move like a tiger
Into the thicket
Claws in the dirt
You'll sing like a cricket
Song for the mystery
Song for the system
Song for the guilty
Song for the living
Song for the dead
Song for the dead
Song for

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written by ALEX BROWN CHURCH
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