Undead Son

Tarot

I hear, I speak, counted the words all of my life
I see, I dream, if world's a womb, I'd be the knife
I run, I flee, your fingers just won't leave my head
I hear you speak for those I left for deadI hear, I speak, the tongues are forked, the ears distort
I see, I dream, your world's a horde against my fort
I run, I flee, the vermin stalk within my walls
I hear them speak, their dirt within my hallsMother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let me go, undead son, ohI walk, I'm dead, I'm slowly eaten from inside
I walk this walk, been walking since I diedMother help your undead son
Let go of your undead son
Mother help your undead son
Let me go, undead son
Undead sonMother help your undead son
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Let me go, undead sonMother help your undead son
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Undead son, undead son, undead son
Mother help your undead son

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