

# Pillars Of Salt

## Murder By Death

Our fingers are missing, they litter the ground  
Grass will never grow near this town, again  
The frames on the walls are crooked and empty  
Our shoulders bend low towards the dirt I've made a deal to get us out of this place  
But I am falling apart with each step I take  
And as the pieces fall I count them all

Songwriters

Pete Agnew; Darrell Sweet; Dan Mccafferty; Manuel Charlton  
Published by BIENSTOCK PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>