Dead Language Blues

Miles Kurosky

Based on a book based on his life
A song I was hired to write
I stole every line and plot device
From his journal that I read at night
The characters were all stiff robotic whores
But there was one intriguing role
The slick missionary with a penchant for stealing and
Hypnotising the
Girls with boys' names and boys with girls' frames
So I set to work with my blueprint
And the aim of a dead poet's pen
I filled my prescription and thenA cold war, bible like tyrant was calling my name
He told me needed someone to detail each moment
His history, the ink started flowing
He first took drugs in '84
But he's never been the same as before
It's the fault of the suburbs, prog rock and his mum
She still calls him all the time
To see if he's failing 'cause nothing keeps it's shape when
Tempted each day
By European ways, speed freaks and strays
It's so hard to say
If nature has more than a sick sense of humourA cold war bible black tyrant was taking my hand
He told me he needed someone to proof read each sentence
A dead language, the ink started flowingHe told me it felt like a whirlwind of heat
Just east of Juarez, a border town soiree
He knew it before he could breathe
The air was filled with the smell of baby's breath
Stale sex and baby's breath
It feels like he's failing, 'cause nothing keeps its shape
When tempted each day
By heartfelt inscriptions and sinking convictionsA cold war bible black tyrant was calling my name
He told me he needed someone to detail each moment
His history, the ink started flowing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/