

# 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 then  
A 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 humour  
A 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 flowing  
He 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 convictions  
A 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.