Dressed In Smoke

Deadboy & The Elephantmen

Dressed up in smoke,
And yellow,
Wolfskin.
You spin and spin.
The skeleton girl with,
Eyes like the dream,
I woke up in.
Old tales and ?,
She held a red apple,
Up,
To my lips.
Ghost of brother at my head.
Her taste,
Like blood,
On my fingertips.
Ghost of brother at my head.
Are you near me?

The spirit the,
Bones that shelter me.
We spin and spin.
She opened her legs,
To show me,
Show me mercy.
Ghost of brother at my head.
She held a red apple,
Up,
To my lips.
Ghost of brother at my head.
Her taste,
Like blood,
On my fingertips.
Ghost of brother at my head.

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