

Dawn on a Funeral Day

Tsunami Bomb

Did you ever realize why there are no stars in the sky?

Because they're on the ground.

The air is brown.

We're trapped in this town.

Let me go -- I can't breathe.

I drag myself through the debris.

I never felt more alone than on this starry road. The air is warm but I feel grey.

The chill of dawn on a funeral day.

(I lie in unrest) while heavy dirt falls to my chest.

(I fade away) and the hollow phantoms stay. Imagination in a chokehold, I've been steamrolled by gold records.

Inspectors are watching over me, under lock and key.

Chalk my outline; they'd talk of this if I'd died from a broken heart.

They've taken art, turned it to something they think we'll buy. The air is warm but I feel grey.

The chill of dawn on a funeral day.

(I lie in unrest) while heavy dirt falls to my chest.

(I fade away) and the hollow phantoms stay. My blood is their liquid vitamin.

Their madness festers under their skin! The air is warm but I feel grey.

The chill of dawn on a funeral day.

(I lie in unrest) while heavy dirt falls to my chest.

(I fade away) and the hollow phantoms stay. I have never felt so alone in my whole life.

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