

Dead Passengers (live)

Sondre Lerche

When there is light from up above
Then there will come a sacred dove
To the basement, to the basement When there is fear you won't have to cry
Napkins are here, they'll dry your eyes
And blind them, and blind them They will come to your home
When they are here
Faces down When there is greed taking control
Moving the bricks and starving the older people
Oh, people If you seek shelter from your past
They'll come to point their fingers where you cast your shadow
Cast your shadow They will come to your home
When they are here
Faces down But you
Have been fooled
You knew the rules
By heart
There is
No guarantee
Against infamy
Out there When there is trouble on the road
Dead passengers will guide you home
They will lead you
If they can just feed you They will come to your home
When they are here
Faces down

Songwriters

SONDRE LERCHE VAULAR Published by

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