Death's Diary

Marc Almond

On monday I took a flower
Dried it in my hand
Covered it in poison
And I threw it on the land
On wasted ground it tried to root
But choked upon the sandAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn tuesday I took a bird
Such pain to hear it sing
I blackened it with petrol
And oiled it's little wings
I tainted the breeze
As I threw it to the windAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn wednesday I took a man
He begged please help me die
For he lay in pain and suffering
It made his loved ones cry
I can be terrible and gentle
In the blinking of an eyeAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn thursday I took a woman
Heavy with a child
My old friend rape had paid a visit
Had stayed a little while
In a back street I touched her
With a wire and a smileAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn friday I took a city
Cursed it with a plague
Powdered crystals, smoking pipes
To crush and to enslave
And a row of dirty needles
Lines the route onto the graveAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn saturday I took a country
Praying for the rain
Parched throats and swollen lips
Without a harvest grain
And I wiped out generations
And I'd do it all againAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youOn sunday I took the world
A bomb I did employ
Seven days to create life

And one day to destroy
Every woman every man
Every girl and boyAnd there's room in my diary for you, my friend
And there's room in my diary for youNow as I close my diary
And I've made my final date
I blow away the ashes
And I stoke the smoking grate
I've no distinction between pain and joy
No line twixt love and hateThere's no room in my diary for you, my friend
There's no room in my diary for you

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