

# Curtains Closed

## Tenement

Paper snow, flakes of fire  
Seven deaths in a row.  
They burn up together  
A bird upon the wind  
Travelling all alone  
That lost all its feathers  
Do you believe me?  
Do you Believe me?  
I put up with all of the sticks and stones  
To know that you mean me  
Is it just a way to be in me?  
or is it the real thing?  
I don't need these aching bones  
If you don't need me  
Such as the wall up in the moon  
With all of your curtains closed  
When it's all you know  
Those that burn that you sdljflsdjfl

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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