Graves

P.O.S

Pack your rations, pack a watch
Change of clothes and a face cloth
Meet me where your mother lies
We'll dig graves on both her sides
And lay ourselves inside
And a thousand suns will set and rise
Our hair tangled up in hers
Fingernails beneath the dirt
Sharing all her blackened brains
Our blood running through her veins
Leaving as we came

Our bodies are one and the same
'Cause you're trading me for the lump sum
You try but I'll never be a gentleman
You're trading me for the lump sum
You try but you only ever treat the symptoms
'Cause you're trading me for the lump sum
You try but I'll never be a gentleman
You're trading me for the lump sum
You try but you only ever treat the symptoms

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