

I Love You Too, Death

Mgmt

Who is much more than a friend,
But never by my side?
All beginnings are an end,
In the blackness there's a light
Maybe you will only read
One or two letters at the most
Shipping crates might line the streets,
Every stranger is a ghost
Cashiers won't deduct the pain,
Loneliness sleeps on the couch
Only noticing the stain
Once the color's faded out
Let's go camping in the cold,
Make a fire, buy a tent
Envision leather getting old,
Re-send pigeons that were sent
Try to memorize your smell,
It reminds me of a field
Crickets clearer than a bell
Have all their guts recast in steel
Birds don't cry when echoes quit,
They trail off into the fog
Autumn hurts far less than sticks,
Knowing winter's five feet tall
Generations of defeat
All assuming your the worst
They never tied the cans
To the back end of a hearse
Take your hand against my own,
If there's a finger I can grip
Reassure me at the ace
Mine's a black heart you could flip
I've come to terms with what I have,
What's been given, what's been asked
Turn my back against the sea,
And beg the serpent for a dance
But in the red dirt muddy towns,
Celebration of the dark
Children walking hand in hand

With the pygmies in the park
I can't touch you only once,
You always leave me wanting more
So keep my feet within the house,
And stick my toes just past the door
Let me know when I'm in love,
Let me die when I'm in love

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