

# Marigold

## Periphery

Latch to this life like a death grip,  
We're satisfied  
With the mundane I'm keeping out of sight,  
But still we are young  
We are young I'll steer the angels down  
Keep him in the back room, shut the door  
Let go And now he's there at the grave, cold, dead paralyzed  
Pushing daisies while we still feel the sunshine We are young  
We are young Sift through the marigolds to please our damaged souls This place is haunting me  
Jump through the rope let's make it credible  
When blood is all we see,  
Life is impossible Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling  
We're on the clock and the needle's turning  
The misery's killing me slowly  
Give me a spine to work it out I'm just another one wandering endlessly on to the grave The signs of the times  
are upon us  
So we're pitting for tomorrow  
Sucking on the mother's dead tit  
Of sorrow  
Sorrow  
It's all right  
We learn it all before we go  
Snapped by the neck as we swallow  
Chin up  
I'm tying the rope  
Leaving all hollow This place is haunting me  
Jump through the rope let's make it credible  
When blood is all we see,  
Life is impossible Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling  
We're on the clock and the needle's turning fast  
The misery's killing me slowly  
Give me a spine to work it out  
No funeral No pyre that's burning  
This body's dust in the wind that's hurling past  
The misery's killing me slowly  
Give me a spine to work it out I guess I will just leave things the way they are This place is haunting me  
Jump through the rope let's make it credible  
When blood is all we see  
Life is impossible (Death is coming 'round like a hurricane swirling

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Songwriters

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